The Saturday Evening
POST
February 4, 1956 — 15¢

RALPH EDWARDS
TV'S BIGGEST TEAR-JERKER

BALDWIN-WALLACE COLLEGE

THE REDS' NEW GIMMICK

By JOSEPH and STEWART ALSOP

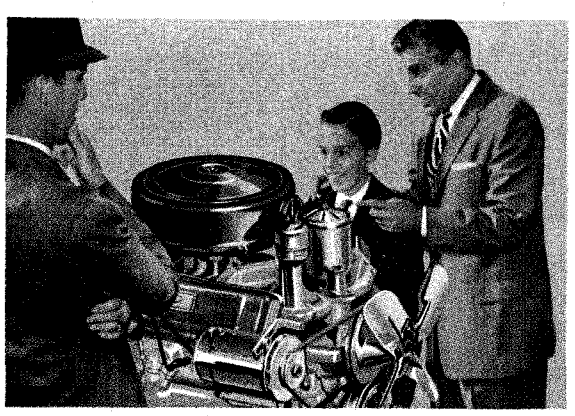
LIBRARY BALDWIN-WALLACE COLL BEREA OHIO 25-56

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

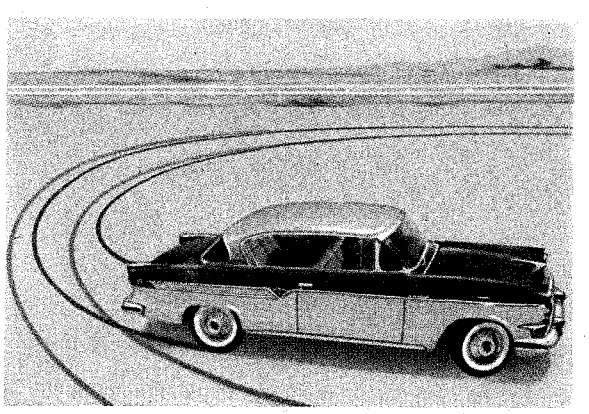
IT'S NEW! DIFFERENT! DISTINCTIVE!
THE BIG CAR WITH THE BIG CHANGES

New Hudson Hornet V-8 Custom Four-Door Sedan

New, high-fashion '56 Hudson Hornet flashes from 0 to 60 m.p.h. in just 1/5 of a minute, turns 3 feet shorter than other big cars



New, Safer Passing Power — just feather-touch the accelerator, and the most powerful Hornet V-8 engine ever built whisks you away—out of danger, or into effortless cruising that's pure relaxation! Advanced, low-friction V-8 design gives you instant engine response at every point in the driving range.



Turns Shorter, Handles Easier — no big-car clumsiness here! New Hornet V-8 turns more sharply, maneuvers more easily in traffic; gives you surer command, in any driving situation, than you can possibly get in most cars. And Hudson's new Deep Coil Ride is three times softer and steadier!

Distinctive, New V-Line Styling — inside, outside; front, sides and rear! Choose any of 21 smart, new two- and three-tone finishes, with 17 interiors beautifully color-matched to exteriors. And beneath all this beauty is exclusive Double Safe Single Unit car construction—you're always safer in a Hudson!

Hudson Hornets • Wasps • Ramblers • Metropolitans
Built the Better Way, The American Way
Products of American Motors
Tune in **"Disneyland"**—ABC-TV Network

Hudson Hornet V-8

The most beautiful performer of them all

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

More children have been tucked in for the night by Westclox time than by any other

WRIST BEN—popular standby at "Sandman" time—a great favorite any time. Good-looking and sturdy. Shock resistant; anti-magnetic. Sweep second hand. Stainless steel back.

KIM—handsome helper day-in-and-day-out. Chrome finish front with stainless steel back. Anti-magnetic. Has a sweep second hand. Non-breakable crystal.

TROY—a small, graceful watch—makes mother look like a queen! Gold-colored case; stainless steel back. Anti-magnetic. Sweep second hand. Non-breakable crystal.

JUDGE—smartly styled, with features galore! Water, dust and shock resistant. Anti-magnetic. Stainless steel back. Sweep hand. Non-breakable crystal. Luminous dial.

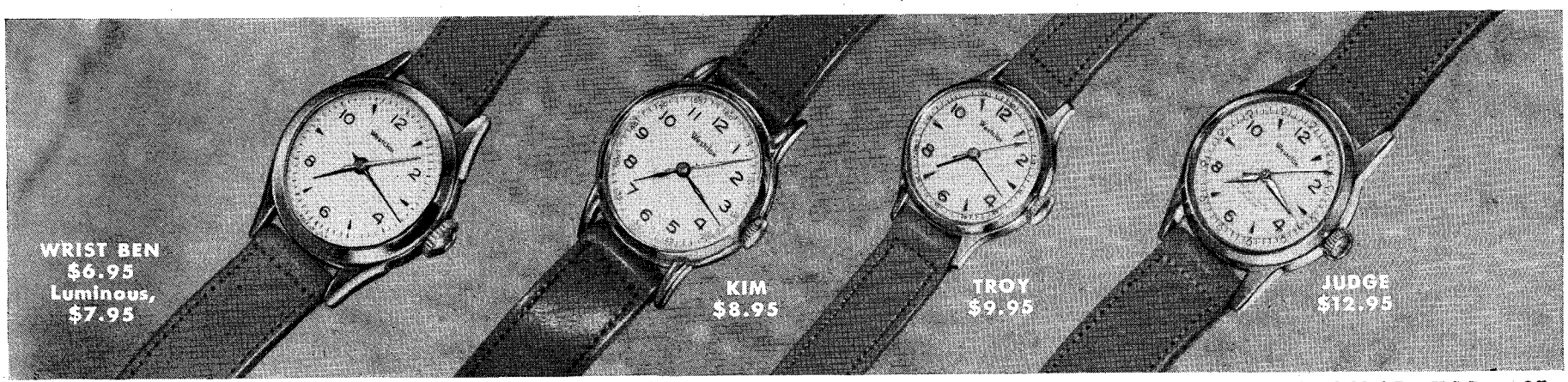
Written guarantee for one year on all Westclox Wrist Watches

WESTCLOX*

. . . dependable as the day is long

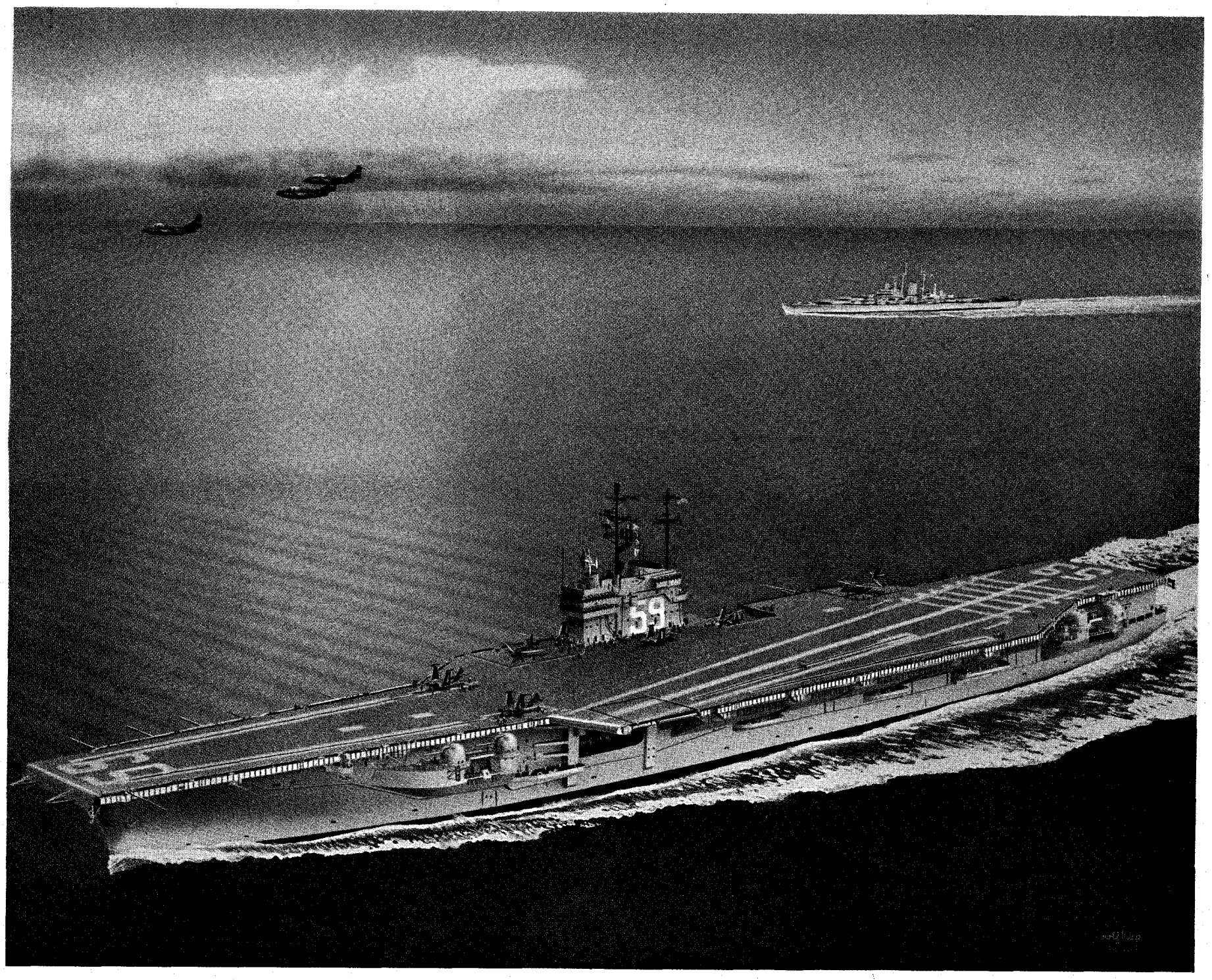
Made by the makers of BIG BEN

PRODUCTS OF GT GENERAL TIME CORPORATION



WESTCLOX, La Salle-Peru, Illinois • In Canada: Western Clock Company, Ltd., Peterborough, Ontario. *Prices quoted for U. S. A. only, do not include tax and are subject to change.* *Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Patent Office.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



U.S.S. Forrestal, now in commission, required a lubricant as modern as the ship herself. Such an oil was developed by Shell Research.

Never before such power afloat

Navy's newest fighting lady, the U.S.S. Forrestal, packs a record punch *in two ways*—airpower and horsepower, too.

Out of the Forrestal's mighty turbines pour 200,000 h.p. handled by gears of an unprecedented lightness for the job in hand. Naval engineers, while designing the gear system, called for a lubricant with protective qualities never offered before.

Into the search for the needed oil went the engineers of Shell Research. Out came a new formula for Shell Turbo Oil 37 that plates gears with a cushion that remains on the metal under thousands of pounds' pressure.

Working with the military to develop better petroleum products is one of many examples of how Shell Research enables America to have better things, more for your money, with petroleum products bearing the well-known Shell name and trademark.

SHELL

Shell Research leads to finer Products—
more for your money

© 1956, SHELL OIL COMPANY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY — CYRUS H. K. CURTIS, *President, 1883-1932*

Ben Hibbs, *Editor*
Robert Fuoss, *Executive Editor*
Robert Sherrod, *Managing Editor*
Kenneth Stuart, *Art Editor* — Martin Sommers, *Foreign Editor* — Beverly Smith, *Washington Editor*

Associate Editors: E. N. Brandt, Richard Thruelsen, Stuart Rose, Pete Martin, Demaree Bess, Jack Alexander, Frederic Nelson, Arthur W. Baum, Harley P. Cook, Robert Murphy, Marione R. Nickles, Wesley Price, Peggy Dowst Redman, Ernest O. Hauser, H. Ralph Knight, Steven M. Spencer, Hugh Morrow, Harry T. Paxton, Arnold Nicholson, John Bird, Ashley Halsey, Jr., Harold H. Martin, Robert L. Johnson, Jr., James P. O'Donnell, Merrill Pollack

Day Edgar, *Assistant to the Editor* — William J. Stevens, Jr., *Assistant Managing Editor*
Frank Kilker, *Associate Art Editor* — Douglas Borgstedt, *Photography Editor*

Editorial Assistants: Edward H. Saile, William J. Bailey, Richard L. Lehman, Gwen Lysaught, Patricia Walsh, John R. Wells, Janet M. Harper, Bill Breisky, Ben Allen, Peter F. Petraglia, Robert N. Taylor

IN THIS ISSUE

February 4, 1956 — *Vol. 228, No. 32*

4 Short Stories

Miss Revolution . . . *Richard Stern* 24
The Boy Who Worked Too Hard . . . *Margaret Craven* 31
The Faithful Wife . . . *Nancy Pope Mayorga* 32
Busdriver, Beware! . . . *Kingsley Tufts* 36

8 Articles

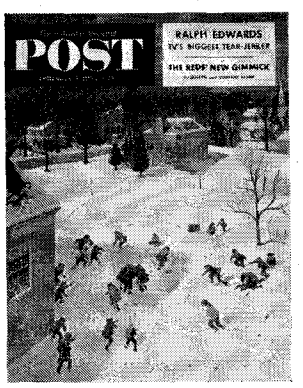
The Reds' New Gimmick . . . *Joseph and Stewart Alsop* 17
It Makes Him Happy to See You Cry . . . *Dean Jennings* 18
Chrysler Comes Back . . . *Arthur W. Baum* 22
Wisconsin Throws Them Out of Jail . . . *Robert M. Yoder* 25
My Battles in War and Peace:
3. The Making of a Soldier (Third of six articles)
Gen. Matthew B. Ridgway, as told to Harold H. Martin 26
The Face of America: Queen of the Campus . . . *Photographs by Ivan Dmitri* 28
The City That Refused to Die . . . *T. E. Murphy* 30
The Wolves in Our Tent . . . *Lois Crisler* 34

2 Serials

Sioux Uprising (First of two parts) . . . *William Chamberlain* 20
The Floods of Fear (Third of seven parts) . . . *John and Ward Hawkins* 41

Other Features

Letters . . . 4
Editorials . . . 10
Post Scripts . . . 38
Verse . . . 63, 75, 93, 100
Keeping Posted . . . 108



THE COVER

How wonderful it is to be full of youthful vim and vitamins, and go forth to gambol in the refreshing climate of winter. It is even more wonderful to sit in a warm office and look at a picture of somebody else doing so. Thank you, John Clymer. Looking closer, one observes that the youthful frolic is following a course customary in mixed company; the more romantic boys are showing what girls they like best by belting them with snowballs, and the girls are shrieking with displeasure, showing how pleased they are at such chivalrous attention. This is a typical early manifestation of the battle of the sexes. Nothing to worry about, unless a misdirected missile should make contact with the school window, which would do no good to the glass or the mood of the pedagogue behind it.

The Saturday Evening Post, copyright 1956 by The Curtis Publishing Company in U.S. and Great Britain. All rights reserved. Title registered in U.S. Patent Office and foreign countries.

Published weekly by The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

The names of characters used in all Post fiction and semi-fiction articles are fictitious. Any resemblance to a living person is a coincidence.

Subscription Prices: U.S., U.S. Possessions and Canada, 1 Yr., $6; 2 Yrs., $10; 3 Yrs., $14; 4 Yrs., $18. Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Guatemala, Haiti, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Republic of The Philippines, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain and South America (except the Guianas)—1 Yr., $8. *All other countries, 1 Yr., $11. Remit* by Money Order or Draft on a bank in the U.S., payable in U.S. Funds. All prices subject to change without notice. All subscriptions must be paid for in advance.

Unconditional Guaranty. We agree, upon request direct from subscribers to the Philadelphia office, to refund the full amount paid for any copies of Curtis publications not previously mailed.

How to read expiration dates from your address label on the cover: The first number shows the expiration issue, *the second the year. Post Number 1 is the first issue in July* (the number of this issue appears on this page). A few examples: 49–56 or June 2, 1956; 10–56 or September 8, 1956. You always count from the previous July first.

The Curtis Publishing Company, Walter D. Fuller, Chairman of the Board; Robert E. MacNeal, President; Mary Curtis Zimbalist, Sr. Vice-Pres.; Cary W. Bok, Sr. Vice-Pres.; Benjamin Allen, Sr. Vice-Pres. and Director of Circulation; Donald M. Hobart, Sr. Vice-Pres. and Director of Research; *Arthur W. Kohler, Sr. Vice-Pres. and* Director of Advertising: Brandon Barringer, Treasurer; Robert Gibbon, Secretary; Edward C. Von Tress, Vice-Pres. and Executive Director of Advertising; Morton S. Bailey, Vice-Pres. and Advertising Director of The Saturday Evening Post. The Company also publishes Ladies' Home Journal, Jack and Jill, and Holiday.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Send your new address at least 30 days before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect. Address

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILA. 5, PA.

Send old address with the new, enclosing if possible your address label. The Post Office will not forward copies unless you provide extra postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.

MOMMY FIXED IT WITH

Weldwood® Presto-Set* Glue!

LOOK WHAT YOU CAN DO WITH...
WELDWOOD PRESTO-SET GLUE!

- Ready-to-use! Sets fast! Bonds like magic!
- Bonds wood, leather, paper, cloth!
- Makes "Do-It-Yourself" easier!
- Dad can machine jobs 30 minutes after gluing!
- Odorless! Clean to work with!
- 25¢, 45¢ tubes, pint and quart jars!

LOOK WHAT YOU CAN DO WITH...
WELDWOOD *Plastic Resin* GLUE!

- Makes glued joints stronger than the wood itself!
- Repair furniture . . . do all jobs like a professional cabinet maker!
- Best wood glue made!
- Highly water-resistant!
- 15¢, 35¢, 65¢ and larger sizes!

LOOK WHAT YOU CAN DO WITH...
WELDWOOD CONTACT CEMENT!

- Bonds Micarta and other laminates without clamps or presses!
- Install plywood paneling *without nails!*
- Bonds instantly . . . permanently on contact!
- Bonds any combination of wood, leather, glass, paper, cloth and metal (including do-it-yourself aluminum)!
- 1001 daily uses for home, hobby, garage!
- 25¢, 35¢, 60¢ and larger sizes!

At hardware, paint and lumber dealers. For a perfect wood finishing job ask for Firzite® and Satinlac®.

FREE! HELPFUL LEAFLETS MAIL COUPON NOW — *Trademark

UNITED STATES PLYWOOD CORPORATION
Box 525, New York 46, N. Y.
Send me leaflets on: SEP 2-6
☐ Weldwood Presto-Set Glue ☐ Satinlac
☐ Weldwood Plastic Resin Glue ☐ Firzite
☐ Weldwood Contact Cement

NAME_____
ADDRESS_____
CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE____

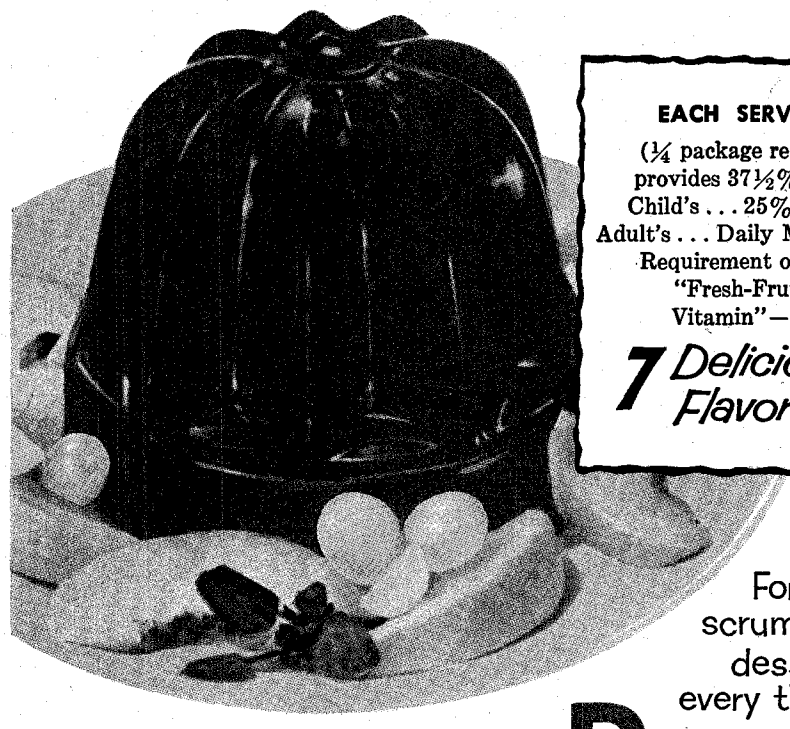
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW! Better for You! First and Only!

Only New Royal Gelatin Dessert Gives You the "Fresh-Fruit Vitamin"-C

And Tastes so Delicious ... Like the Fresh, Ripe Fruit!

Yes, new ROYAL Gelatin Dessert gives you the vitamin so important to sturdy bodies, good teeth and bones. The vitamin you should get *every day* because the body stores up very little of it! Precious "fresh-fruit vitamin"—C. *No other gelatin dessert does this for you!* Get ROYAL today.

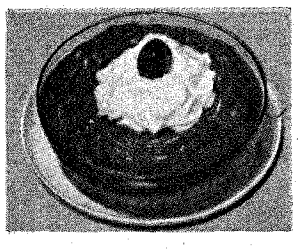


EACH SERVING
(¼ package recipe) provides 37½% of a Child's . . . 25% of an Adult's . . . Daily Minimum Requirement of the "Fresh-Fruit Vitamin"—C

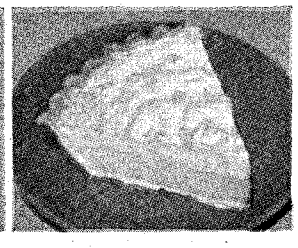
7 Delicious Flavors!

For scrumptious desserts every time . . .

Always Reach For Royal



Royal Pudding and Pie Filling



Royal Lemon Flavor Pie Filling

Royal Instant Pudding and Pie Filling

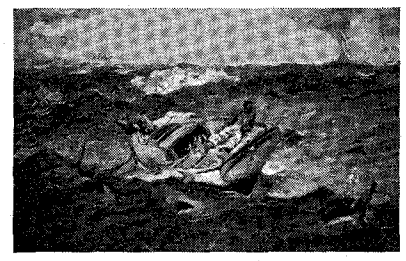
Letters

Tales of the Sea

Dear Sirs:

Enjoyed reading Jan de Hartog's GLORY OF THE SEA [Dec. 31].

I spent several years in the North Atlantic trade and have taken worse beatings there than on any other ocean, even the Pacific during typhoons. Hell, a



typhoon is a pushover when compared to western ocean winter gale.

The inclusion of Frederick Waugh's *The Roaring Forties* and Winslow Homer's *Gulf Stream* [see cut], two pictures I have always admired, added considerably to the article. . . .

CAPT. LEANDER JEFFREY, USNR, *Ret.*
Sebastian, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

. . . It is the literary treat of the year. But I must call your attention to one slight error in geography in the section on fish. Every former resident of New Zealand will probably take his pen in hand to remind you that Pelorus Jack, the white dolphin that had a special law passed to protect him, lived in Pelorus Sound, an arm of Cook's Strait, and he did not follow the ships in; he frolicked ahead of the daily mail boat from Wellington until some poor fool took a shot at him and probably hit him, for he disappeared for more than a year, and when he came back to resume his place as official greeter the New Zealand Parliament promptly passed a law for his protection.

W. H. BABCOCK
Lakeland, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

Only a sailor in every fiber of his being like Jan de Hartog could see, feel and relate so convincingly the majesty, mystery and aweful immensity of our oceans. . . .

ALEX MC GILL
Dearborn, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

. . . Tremendous. Keep up the quality.

J. L. BARNA
Dravosburg, Pa.

The Pied Piper

Dear Sirs:

. . . A hearty round of applause for James P. O'Donnell's Pied Piper article [WHAT HAPPENED TO THESE CHILDREN?, Dec. 24]. The piece shows that history doesn't have to be dull or colorless, and the Post should be especially commended for using its highly popular pages to drive this idea home. . . .

RODERICK MAC LEISH
Boston, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

. . . It's things like this that bring pleasant reminiscences of early school days and the pleasant story telling teachers of that era. I actually called the only remaining school teacher (that I know of) of my youth and spent a pleasant quarter hour reviewing the Pied Piper of Hamelin story as she presented it forty-five years ago and the subsequent water color drawings we made of the piper followed by the rats (and children) of Hamelin town.

DEL BRAND
Evansville, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

. . . Mr. O'Donnell states that most of us in the English-speaking world recall the story from Robert Browning's dramatic, bouncy poem. It is regrettable, however, that few of us, in the English-speaking world, know Julius Wolff's poem *The Pied Piper of Hamlin*. . . .

Wolff . . . makes use of the popular legend, but he states in his poetic preface (written in 1879) that nowhere could there be found any reference to the subject. It is not generally known that Wolff conducted extensive research work, including the Hamelin town records. So he went ahead and fashioned a story in which not the 100 Silver Marks of which the piper had been deprived, but a deeply human reason caused him to take revenge on the town, by depriving it of its children. . . .

FREDERICK F. FLETCHER, *Philol. D.*
Woodland, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

. . . One of the finest articles I have ever seen in any magazine. . . .

JOSEPH A. WHEELOCK, JR.
Greenville, Del.

Loyal Kentuckian

Dear Sirs:

[Re: THE LAND WHERE LAUGHS ARE BORN, by Beverly Smith, Dec. 17.] I met Irvin S. Cobb in Havana, Cuba, in 1928 when he visited there with the late Will Hogg of Texas. . . .

One evening we had a couple of beers in the bar of the Sevilla Biltmore Hotel

and upon leaving the bar, I was asked by a young woman free lance reporter, Bertha Reeves of Cherryvale, Kansas, if that wasn't Mr. Cobb. She said she could write a feature about him, could sell it and that she needed the money, so I introduced her. She asked, "By the way, Mr. Cobb, aren't you from Kansas?" Cobb replied: "No, my dear girl, I am not from Kansas, and furthermore it were better to have been born a hopeless foundling in Kentucky than orthodox twins in Kansas." . . .

CHARLES R. HOUSTON
Stone Mountain, Ga.

Godfrey on Air Power

DEAR SIRS:

OUR POLICY COMMITTEE HAS REVIEWED CAREFULLY ARTHUR GODFREY'S ARTICLE [THIS IS MY STORY, AS TOLD TO PETE MARTIN] DECEMBER 24TH (Continued on Page 6)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Thrifty, nifty lunch with STARLAC®—*the heart of milk*

STARLAC TUNA CHOWDER

(makes 4 to 5 servings—approx. 5 cups)

1/2 cup finely sliced onion
1/2 cup chopped celery • 2 tablespoons butter
1 7-oz. can tuna fish, flaked
1 quart liquid Instant Starlac • 2 tablespoons flour
1 teaspoon salt • dash pepper

Lightly brown onions and celery in butter in large saucepan. Remove from heat . . . add tuna fish. Add flour, salt and pepper to liquid Instant Starlac. Beat with rotary beater until just blended. Add to tuna fish mixture. Cook over low heat until thoroughly heated. *Do not boil.*

©1956 by The Borden Company

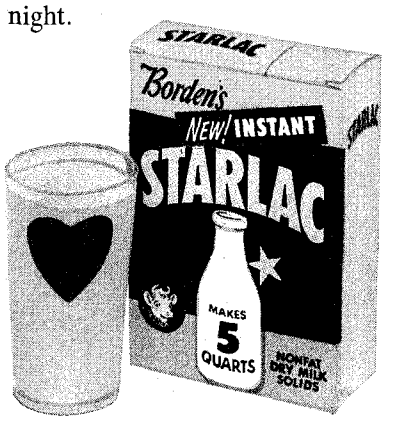
Borden's Starlac brings you all the nutritious food elements of milk, minus the water and fat.

It brings you the heart of milk—to build strong and healthy bodies with harder muscles, sturdier bones and sounder teeth. That's Borden's Starlac!

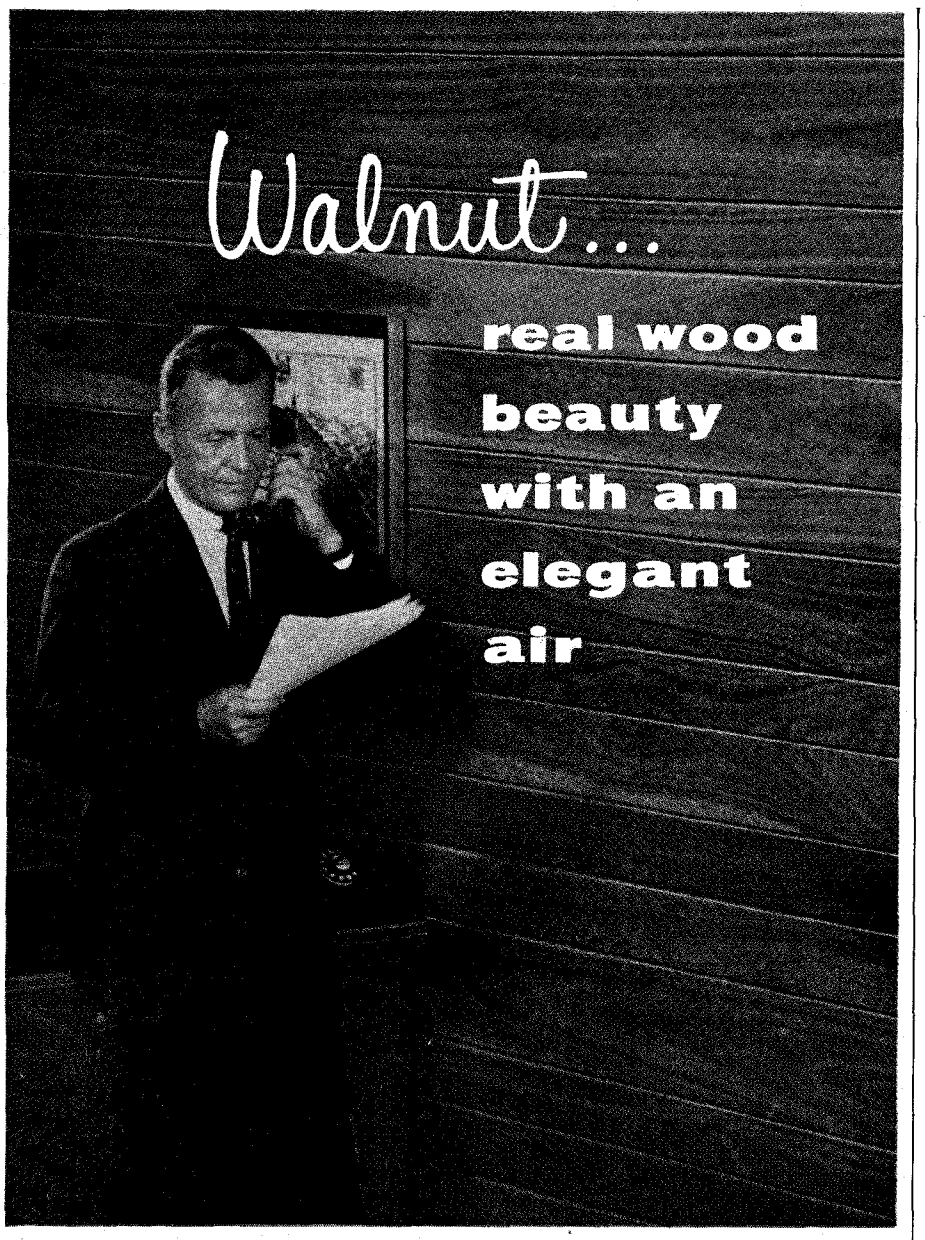
It tastes milk-sweet, milk-fresh. It mixes instantly, even in ice water. Grand for drinking! Grand for cooking! Be sure to serve Borden's Starlac morning, noon and night.

Borden's **STARLAC**
-the heart of milk
-about 8¢ a quart

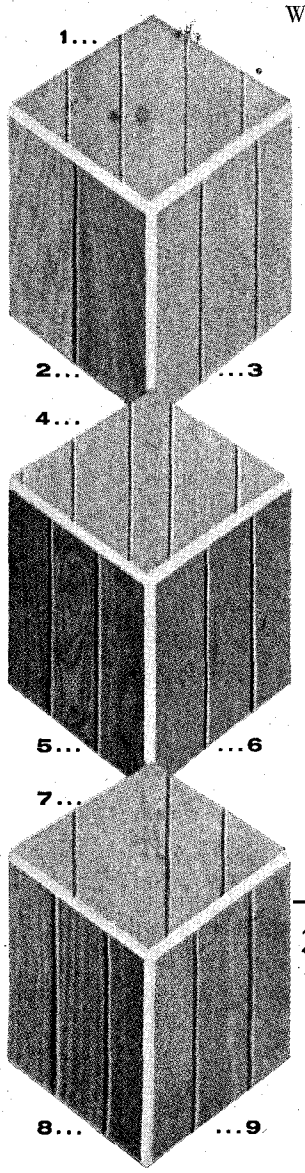
Available in 5-qt. blue package; 3-qt. pre-measured red package; giant 12-qt. package.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Walnut Craftwall for an 8 by 12 ft. wall costs about $67.00.



Craftwall®
GENUINE WOOD PANELING

Professionally finished with that hand-rubbed look

Beauty for business, beauty for home — you'll find what you want in the *Craftwall* parade of nine inspiring woods. All are skillfully finished . . . arrive on the job with that look of hand-rubbed perfection. Perfection that stands off oil, ink, water and abuse . . . wipes clean in a jiffy. And, since the beautiful wood tones complement any decorative scheme, you can change fabrics, furniture, carpeting without touching the paneling . . . *ever!*

Craftwall paneling is easy to install . . . comes in three convenient sizes — 48 by 96 inches, 16 by 96 inches and 32 by 64 inches.

Nine natural wood beauties — *(1) Knotty Pine, (2) Oak, (3) Elm, (4) Blonde Limba, (5) Walnut, (6) Cherry, (7) Maple, (8) Mahogany, (9) Birch.*

See your lumber dealer or use coupon for facts about Craftwall. **When in New York, visit the Roddiscraft Rockefeller Center Showroom, 620 Fifth Avenue.**

Roddiscraft RODDIS PLYWOOD CORP. Dept. SEP-256, Marshfield, Wis.

Send me your "Idea File" — packed with facts about Craftwall plywood paneling. I enclose 10¢.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....Zone ....State .....

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

ISSUE . . . . THE AIR FORCE ASSOCIATION SHARES HIS CONCERN THAT THE AMERICAN PEOPLE ARE INADEQUATELY INFORMED ABOUT OUR MILITARY SITUATION. WE BELIEVE THAT HIS ENLIGHTENED AND COURAGEOUS STAND ON THE AIR-POWER ISSUES OF THE DAY WILL HELP TO GENERATE THE THINKING AND THE ACTION NECESSARY TO REMEDY THIS SITUATION . . . .

GILL ROBB WILSON
PRESIDENT AIR FORCE ASSOCIATION
WASHINGTON, D.C.

DEAR SIRS:
. . . THE OVERWHELMING THREAT TO OUR SURVIVAL IS THE BUILD-UP OF SOVIET-LONG-RANGE NUCLEAR CAPABILITY. THE ONLY ANSWER TO THIS THREAT IS AMERICAN SUPREMACY IN THE AIR, WHICH IS PRIMARILY OUR OWN LONG-RANGE STRATEGIC CAPABILITY. . . . THE ARTICLE WILL, I HOPE, OPEN THE EYES OF MILLIONS TO THESE COLD AND UNPLEASANT REALITIES.

GEN. CARL A. SPAATZ
USAF, RETIRED
WASHINGTON, D.C.

How to Reduce

Dear Sirs:

I compliment you on the very commendable story in the last issue HE CUTS PEOPLE DOWN TO SIZE [by W. D. Mogerman, Dec. 31].

The article, however, failed to give information about the actual location of the clinics referred to. . . .

HARRIET GROSS
Brooklyn, N.Y.

● *The Nutrition Clinics are at 600 W. 168th St., 341 E. 25th St., 204 W. 64th St. in Manhattan; 259 Bristol St., and 250 Baltic St., Brooklyn; 1309 Fulton Avenue, The Bronx. Call for appointment.* —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

. . . Why not loosen up and have him finish it by getting Doctor Jolliffe to tell all your readers how to do it? . . .

JOSEPH K. KIDDER
La Crosse, Wis.

● *Doctor Jolliffe tells all in his book, Reduce and Stay Reduced (Simon & Schuster).* —*ED.*

Cub Scouts

Dear Sirs:

By unanimous action, the Executive Board of the Blackhawk Area Council, Boy Scouts of America, wish to commend you . . . for the excellent picture and article on the Cub Scout program in your December 17 issue [The Face of America: DEN MEETING, photograph by Frank Ross]. . . .

H. J. HOMANN, *Scout Executive*
Rockford, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

. . . The photo . . . really catches the mood of boyhood. . . .

Throughout Chicago the reactions were interesting. . . .

Several local radio and TV programs carried the feature with excellent publicity for both S.E.P. and B.S.A. The Executive Board of the Chicago Council received special copies of the issue. . . .

The warm and really touching aspects were found around the Den and the rather marvelous Den Mother [Mrs. Raymond D. Hall] in the picture. She stated that beginning on Tuesday morning when the partners in an important law firm, made a conference call to her, (she worked there 11 years ago) through the calls she got from many well wishers, to the contact a "lost" branch of the family made with her, it was a wonderful experience. . . .

RICHARD L. SHOTKE
Chicago Council, Boy Scouts of America
Chicago, Illinois

Donora's Record

Dear Sirs:

. . . The article THE TOWN THAT SPAWNS ATHLETES [by Jimmy Breslin, Oct. 15, 1955] . . . has many erroneous statements. . . .

Donora is still dramatized by many writers, including Mr. Breslin, because it has had one fog disaster in fifty-five years. . . . We have well in excess of two hundred bright sunny days a year. We have many beautiful lawns, and have had them for fifty-five years. Our mills are a good place to work, and our citizens, including the parents of Stan Musial, Dan Towler, Arnold Galiffa, and Bob Gaydos, have always been able to properly provide for their families. . . . Out of our graduating classes averaging 149 in the past five years, we have six times more students who go to college on scholastic scholarships than those who go because of football. . . .

We have won only two Western Pennsylvania Interscholastic Athletic League Championships, and tied one; and won only six Monongahela Valley Championships, since Mr. Russell became coach in 1931. Our average attendance at football games does not exceed four thousand and during the past three years our average profit per home football game has amounted to less than two thousand dollars. . . .

PATSY M. AMATANGELO, *President*
Board of School Directors
Donora, Pennsylvania

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

18, 19–National Broadcasting Company. • 20, 21–Harold Von Schmidt. • 22–Harry Saltzman. • 23–Harry Saltzman, anonymous, Harry Saltzman. • 24–Harvey Kidder. 25–Larry Keighley. • 26–Wide World. • 27–Anonymous, Champlain and Farrar; Penneli, four anonymous; two from U. S. Army. • 28, 29–Ivan Dmitri. • 30–Harry Saltzman, two from Woonsocket Call. • 31–Larry Kritcher. • 32, 33–Robert Meyers. 34, 35–Lois and Herb Crisler. • 36, 37–Lynn Buckham. • 41–Austin Briggs. • 90–Lois and Herb Crisler. • 108–Don Holloway, Herb Crisler, anonymous, Larry Fried.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Watch for GEORGE GOBEL *in* "THE BIRDS AND THE BEES," *A Paramount Picture in VistaVision—Color by Technicolor*

"S-u-r-e, Karo's® delicious...'specially with a *spork!*"

says George Gobel

Alice (The real Mrs. Gobel): A spork! Why, George . . . I never had so much fun eating pancakes and Karo Syrup!

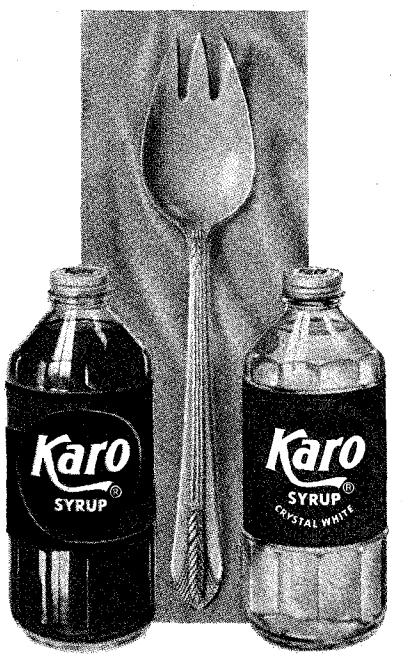
George: Well, sur-r-re you never, Alice. Karo's *spork* is a spoon and a fork in one . . . and you can't hardly get them like that any more. No, sir-e-e, Bob!

Alice: Pancakes taste so good this way . . . my delicious Karo Syrup stays right on the *spork!*

George: Every pancake lover'll want one, I reckon, I reckon! An' take it from ol' lonesome George, pardner . . . nobody makes real, rich-pouring syrup like Karo. That's the best kind!

Alice: And this new maple-y Karo Waffle Syrup is just wonderful! It's so rich-flavored without over-sweetness!

George: It shore is, Alice! And, sa-a-a-y, neighbor . . . you better send for your Karo *sporks* right away!



Get **KARO SPORKS** *for pancake eatin' fun!*

3 SPORKS FOR $1.00

and 2 Karo labels.

● Send today! Nothing like it! Smart, beautiful, useful Original Rogers Silverplate *Spork*® (a spoon and fork in one) for wonderful fun eating pancakes, waffles, desserts. Perfect for children, too. Mail $1.00 and two Karo Syrup labels for each 3 *Sporks* you want to: Karo Spork, Box 512, New York 46, N. Y. Print your name and address clearly.

Offer void in any state, territory, or municipality where prohibited, taxed or otherwise restricted. Offer expires June 30, 1956.

3 KINDS OF KARO

• **DARK** (blue label) • **LIGHT** (red label)
• **WAFFLE SYRUP** (maple-y)

Produced by Corn Products Refining Co.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

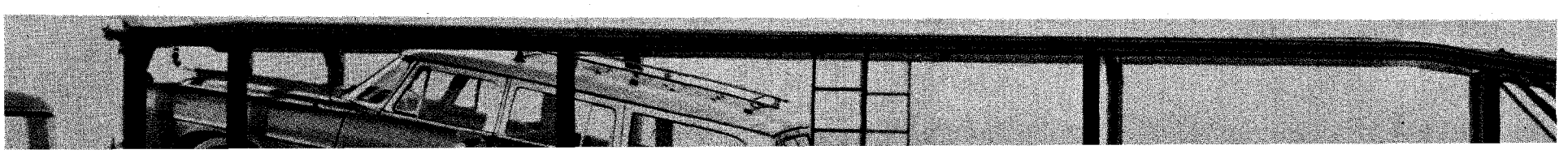
All-new Aerodynamic Plymouth '56

A dazzling all-new line..

8 magnificent new station wagons...2 and 4 door. Biggest, longest in the field...new V-8's and 6's ...your Plymouth dealer has a new kind of "Top Deal" making it easy for you to own one!

Now, from the people who *created* the modern all-steel station wagon, comes a complete line of long, spacious Plymouth Suburbans . . . all new in Aerodynamic beauty . . . packing far greater power and getaway thrust . . . bringing *tomorrow's* styling today!

They're poised and ready to do your errands . . . whisk the children safely to school . . . carry you on wonderful vacation trips. Your Plymouth dealer has a dollar-saving deal making it *easy* to own one!



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Plymouth '56 Suburbans

Plymouth 4-door Sport Suburban. 28 other all-new Plymouths, including fabulous 2-door and 4-door hardtop models. And a wonderful deal on every one of them!

He's selling cars a new way . . . selling *more* by giving *you* a better deal. It means a deal you simply can't match in the low-price 3 or anywhere else. *Plus* these exciting Plymouth advances—

PUSH-BUTTON DRIVING, the ultimate in driving ease . . . TOP THRUST AT TAKE-OFF! No other low-price car offers so much torque for breakaway and passing power in *all* models. Driving is *safer* with new 90-90 TURBO-TORQUE plus POWERFLITE fully automatic transmission.

The all-new Suburban line—priced for every purse

4-door Sport Suburbans. 6 or 8 passengers. V-8 or 6. Luggage rack standard equipment.
2-door Custom Suburbans. 6 passengers. V-8 or 6.
4-door Custom Suburbans. 6 or 8 passengers. V-8 or 6.
2-door DeLuxe Suburbans. 6 passengers. V-8 or 6. *(All shown left to right below)*

Get the news: "PLYMOUTH NEWS CARAVAN" with John Cameron Swayze, NBC-TV. "SHOWER OF STARS" and "CLIMAX!" CBS-TV.

The car that's going places with the Young in Heart

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Editorials

Who Says The "People" Want Public Power?

One "issue" which the Democrats had relied on for 1956 took a turn for the worse last November when Stevens County, Washington, voted by about seven to three to keep a private-enterprise power company in business rather than see it sold out to the competing "public-utility district." It has long been suspected that the public-ownership lobby and its journalistic allies had less popular support than they pretended to believe, and the victory of the Washington Water Power Company, in an area which was supposed to be overwhelmingly in favor of public power, confirms that suspicion. Furthermore, the Stevens County result ought to convince President Eisenhower and his Cabinet that the Administration's effort to "retreat from socialism" has plenty of mass support.

Electric power is one of very few items in the cost-of-living index which have remained steady, and in some places even declined, in an era of explosive inflation. Nevertheless, the private power industry has been the target of continuous virulent assault. Why? Couldn't the answer be that the power business is more easily socialized than most other types of industry? That, at any rate, is the view of Kinsey M. Robinson, president of Washington Water Power. Mr. Robinson also believes that "the American people anywhere will vote in favor of free enterprise if they are given the opportunity to do so."

Unfortunately they seldom have this opportunity. Although public power has doubtless provided healthy competition in some areas for the private industry, the issue is usually fogged with irrelevancies and alleged scandals designed to divert attention from the central issue—socialism or free enterprise. The current smoke screen is the "Dixon-Yates issue." This is presented as some sort of blot on the escutcheon of the Eisenhower Administration, but it is really only an elaborate and complicated façade to conceal the expansionist ambitions of TVA and public power everywhere.

The chatter in the newspaper columns and from TVA senators over the part played by Mr. Adolphe Wenzell, of the First Boston Corporation, in the negotiations, or the alleged failure of the Atomic Energy Commission to tell President Eisenhower what was up, is strictly for confusion. Mr. Wenzell's assignment—without fee, incidentally—was mainly to assist the parties in determining a reasonable interest rate on the money needed to construct the new plant. There was some bungling on the public-relations side. But the real crime in the Dixon-Yates deal was that it threatened to curtail the effort to socialize electric power in the United States.

The Dixon-Yates contract was for the construction of a steam plant contiguous to the TVA domain, thereby making it even less likely than it is now that Congress would appropriate money for new TVA steam plants. President Eisenhower rightly pointed out in 1953 that, if the National Government must undertake to provide the TVA area with all the power it needs, "generated by any means whatever," then it has a similar responsibility "with respect to every other area and region and corner of the United States." Although most people think of TVA as based on water power, the fact is that more than 60 per cent of TVA electric energy is produced by steam plants. Its future expansion depends on the building of more steam plants. A privately operated steam plant at the edge of the TVA empire was not to be tolerated.

Therefore, the Dixon-Yates contract had to be killed, and a hundred smears poured upon men whose offense was an enthusiasm for the Eisenhower Administration's effort to check the gallop toward socialism. Unfortunately, there is no simple method like that employed in Stevens County, Washington, to determine the views of the whole population on this issue, but the Washington experience ought at least to have a reassuring effect upon defenders of private enterprise in the electric-power field. The public-power bloc will do its best to make Dixon-Yates look like a synthetic Teapot Dome, but that is a tough assignment. Few appear to be listening.

DUFFY'S CARTOON

The Full-Time Thinker.

New Red Maneuver: Missing Communists Give Themselves Up!

Up from the underground lately has come one communist leader after another, ending years of disappearance. Each refuses to say where he has been. Some of these men have been under criminal indictment. Obviously they are all acting under Communist Party orders, just as they were doing at the time of their flight.

The object is to wage a propaganda battle in order to make communism respectable. The Communist Party decided to use the "spirit of Geneva" as the excuse for demanding that the United States soften up its attack on the communist conspiracy at home. If the Kremlin is no longer a menace, how can Reds here be a menace? That is the argument the CP decided on.

Suddenly, therefore, back came Fred M. Fine, an alternate member of the communist high command in the United States. In 1951 a Federal grand jury in New York indicted twenty-one high leaders of the CP. But four of them, including Fine, disappeared. The FBI caught one in 1953 in California. The three others could not be found. But toward the end of 1955, Fine showed up and surrendered.

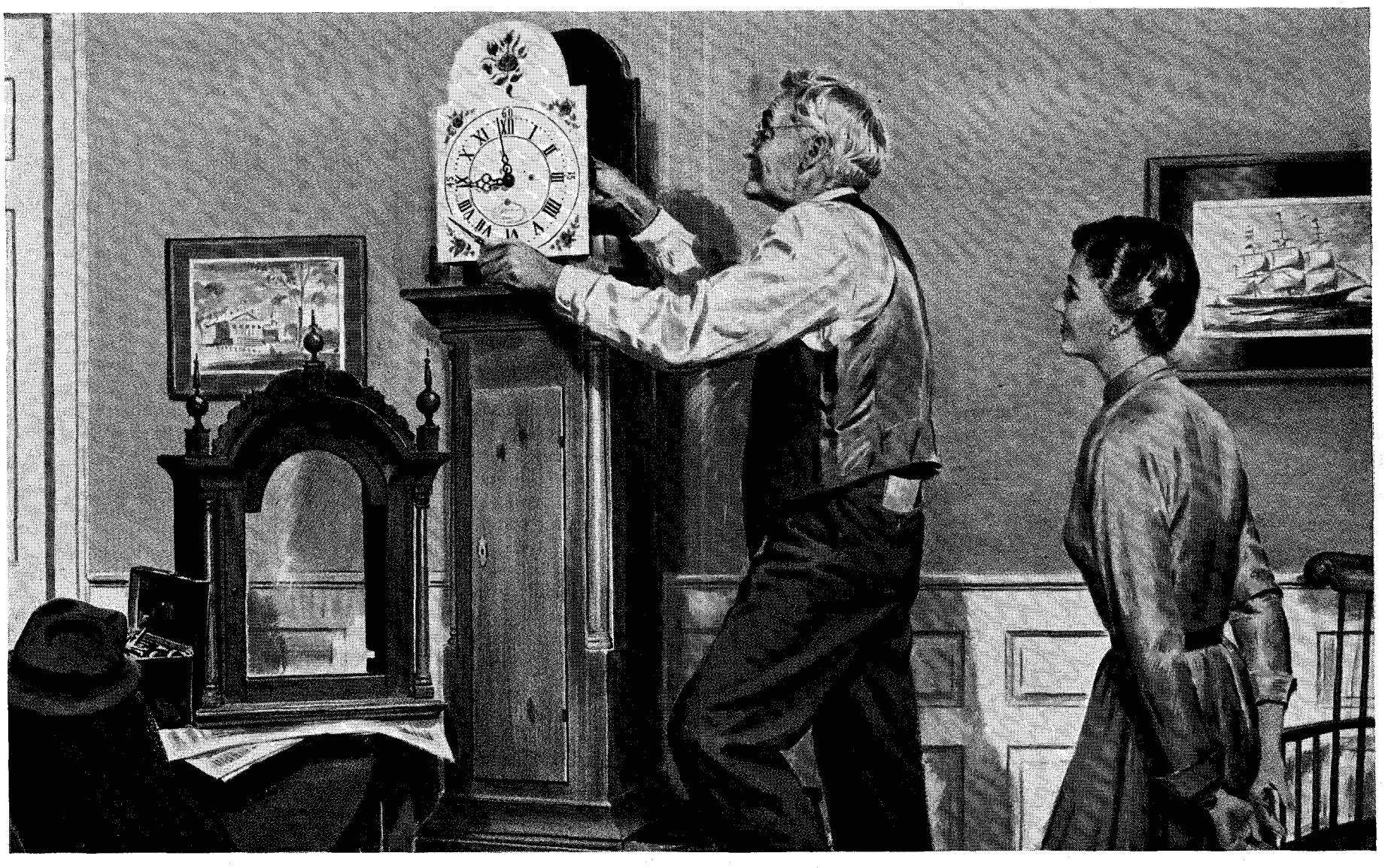
Refusing to say where he had been hiding, he issued a written statement. This servant of a 100 per cent despotism declared that his return would "further serve the popular fight to restore the Bill of Rights."

Two days later another of the same group of fugitives popped up from the underground and surrendered. He was James E. Jackson, the CP's top official in the South. And soon afterward the last of this particular batch of missing men, William Norman Marron, executive secretary of the New York State CP, reappeared to stand trial.

Even earlier, Daniel Boone Schirmer, a communist leader in Massachusetts, came out of hiding. He had been indicted under a state law against the promotion of anarchy. And on the previous night the top communist in Wisconsin, Fred Bassett Blair, suddenly appeared at an open communist meeting. Though Blair had not been indicted, he had been underground for four years.

(Continued on Page 12)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Can you help **your heart** "tick" longer, too?

Sometimes a clock that has kept perfect time over the years will get temporarily out of order. With skilled attention, however, it can go on ticking again for years to come. The same is true of your heart.

There are a number of things that can happen to your heart. Among the more serious of these is the form of heart disease due to hardening of the coronary arteries. The coronary arteries nourish the heart itself. They are truly the "life lines" which make it possible for the heart to beat some 2,700,000,000 times during the Biblical age of three score years and ten.

Heart disease caused by coronary-artery trouble is becoming increasingly recognized. In fact, many of the conditions vaguely called "heart trouble," or "heart attack," are caused by partial or complete blocking of the blood flow at some point in the coronary arteries. The common form of such occlusions is known as coronary thrombosis.

The outlook for those who have had coronary thrombosis is good and is steadily improving. Studies show that four out of five recover from first attacks of this severe form of coronary heart disease.

Today, the great majority of those who successfully withstand their first attack can, if the heart has repaired itself through rest and skilled medical care, safely resume activities with little or moderate restriction.

In fact, many such people have not only been able to resume full-time work involving great responsibility, but have continued at work for many years. Indeed, being at work was actually "good medicine."

Thousands of other people with various heart impairments are also living happily and filling useful places in life. They can do so because they have learned, with their doctor's help, how to lift the important removable burdens from the heart —such as those imposed by overweight, strenuous physical activity, fatigue and emotional upsets.

These examples should bring new hope and comforting reassurance to all of us. We cannot be complacent, however, about heart disease, for it continues to be the leading cause of death in our country. So, if you are approaching middle age, now is the time to do these things to help protect your heart:

1. Keep your weight down. If you *are* overweight, follow your doctor's suggestions to bring it down.

2. Exercise regularly, but moderately. Stop *before* you get overtired.

3. Have periodic health examinations. Never wait for heart symptoms to jolt you into seeing your doctor.

4. Follow your doctor's advice about healthful living habits, particularly as regards diet and rest.

Remember, the normal heart is strong, with a great reserve of power and a wonderful capacity for comeback. Even an impaired heart can carry on and, with sensible care, can usually be expected to do its job to a ripe old age.

If you want to know more about this subject, write for your free copy of Metropolitan's booklet entitled *Your Heart*, which tells more about protecting a healthy heart and caring for the impaired heart.

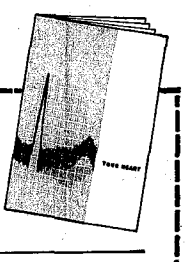
The Life Insurance Medical Research Fund, supported by over 140 Life Insurance companies has, since 1945, awarded more than $7,200,000 for heart research. Studies which the Fund has made possible have thrown new light on many heart and circulatory diseases, and have opened up new avenues for attacking these maladies. These and other studies bring new hope for preventing and curing heart disease.

COPYRIGHT 1956—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 10, N. Y.



Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
1 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

Please send me the free booklet, 256-E, *Your Heart*.

Name_____

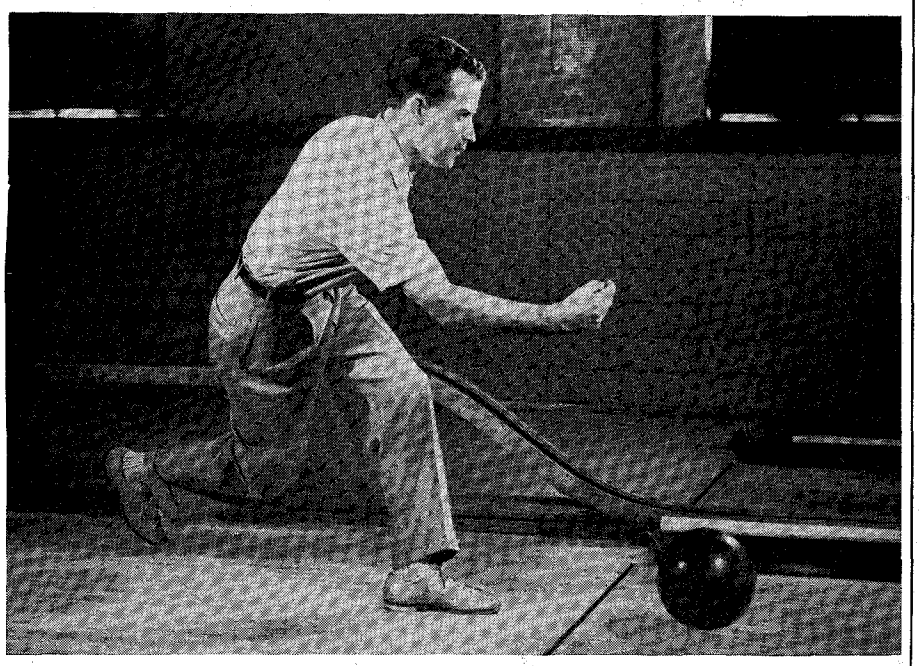
Street_____

City_____ **State**_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Here's How Bayer Aspirin Helps Millions

FEEL BETTER FAST!



WHEN YOUR MUSCLES ACHE—Whenever you get too much exercise, or when you use muscles you don't ordinarily use, you're almost sure to have aches and pains from it. In this case, Bayer Aspirin is a life saver. It relieves muscular aches and pains quickly and effectively . . . helps you to feel "as good as new" again. Try it yourself.

FOR QUICK RELIEF, millions *more* people use Bayer Aspirin than any other pain reliever—***without stomach upset!*** You can take Bayer Aspirin with *full* confidence—because no one has ever discovered a safer, faster and more effective pain relieving agent. So, to feel better *fast*—get

BAYER® ASPIRIN

Mothers!

Wonderful New First Aid for Children's Skin Injuries!

Unlike iodine and other harsh liquid antiseptics which may sting and actually burn delicate tissues—new Unguentine works these four ways:

1. **Relieves pain fast!**
2. **Provides long-lasting protection against infection!**
3. **Promotes healing!**
4. **Prevents gauze from sticking to the injury!**

For scrapes and burns—helps ease the pain! Soothe on—no sting! Wash off—no stain!

New improved UNGUENTINE® with Dianestol®

—the miracle pain-reliever!

A Norwich Product

Editorials (Continued from Page 10)

"Where I went and what I did is not important," he said, "but what is important is what has happened at Geneva. I decided to come back because the people now realize that the whole story of the communist danger is a myth."

The CP isn't discouraged by the recent setbacks to the "spirit of Geneva." For it is convinced that the Kremlin achieved a permanent victory at the Summit conference, by greatly weakening the anticommunist determination of the free world.

Therefore, up from the underground come many Red leaders, along with others of lesser rank. Now they have all begun a propaganda show for "democratic liberties"—that is, liberty to conspire against the safety and liberty of the United States. The question is whether the American people will let themselves be fooled by this transparent maneuver.

Oklahoma Woos New Industries Practically

A plan for attracting industry to Oklahoma is worth watching by other states. Oklahoma is not offering free taxes, free sites, free buildings or free machinery to tempt factories to move from long-established industrial areas. Neither does it promise low wages or freedom from labor unions.

Instead, Oklahoma is going after the new branch plants, warehouses, industries which must migrate to keep pace with migrating markets, and the little fellow who will fail if he attempts to survive in the shadow of an overpowering competitor.

For five years the Oklahoma Development Council has organized "industrial tours" to which 60 to 100 business and professional men give two weeks of their time, and pay their own expenses. They call on executives in industrial cities and tell their story. The industrial salesmen work in teams of two, using prospect cards prepared from available business reports on firms "which need Oklahoma as much as Oklahoma needs them." The Oklahomans offer financing at favorable interest rates, sites at reasonable prices and lease-purchase contracts for new buildings. They talk up their towns as good places for workers to live and be contented.

Oklahomans who have made these tours are able to inform the state legislature as to legal changes which may be needed to give business a chance to grow. Taxes are based on net profits and not on capital invested. These and other laws have been passed on the recommendation of Oklahoma's business ambassadors.

Industrial-development officials of at least one often "raided" New England state have furnished the Oklahomans with lists of prospects—weak firms in crowded industries, strong firms which could grow weak because they have quit growing. Thus, these New Englanders hope to keep their "home offices," without a "flight of industry" and loss of jobs.

Any new area must have industrial payrolls to balance agriculture and production of mineral wealth. Oklahoma's way of going after them may be a bit slower than methods practiced elsewhere. But it wins friends.

First of the Top Ten Fruits is the Apple

Ever since the Garden of Eden, the apple has been a mighty enticing fruit. It still appeals almost irresistibly to the old Adam in small-boy orchard raiders, usually urged on by small-girl connoisseurs of stolen fruit.

Some theological scholars hold that the term "apple" in the original language of the Bible was generic, and could be translated to apply to any of a number of fruits. For most Americans, however, the most tempting fruit of all is the familiar apple that simmers in its own delectable juice inside golden-brown piecrust; that bakes in its rosy skin until the kitchen is as fragrant as the first garden; that stews into a cinnamon-scented ambrosia; that crushes into sunlighted sweet cider; and may be at its very best when simply held in the hand for a crunchy, mouth-freshening bite.

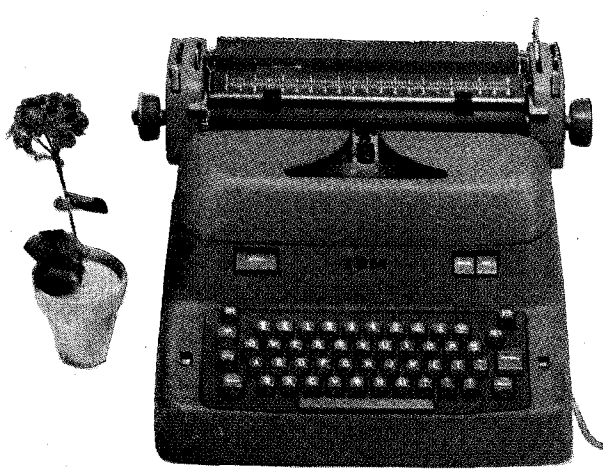
At any rate, the apple has certainly provided many tangy recompenses for any trouble it may have caused long ago. The only debate possible about American varieties—even among theologians—concerns what sections of the country grow the best fruit, and the relative merits of Baldwins, Spies, Delicious, Pippins, McIntoshes and a dozen other favorites. There are also outspoken partisans for each of the almost innumerable recipes that appear in the sectional cookbooks, whether it's brown Betty, apple fritters or apple dumplings.

In addition, there are probably substantial numbers of unregenerate original sinners all over the country who feel that the apple's most ineluctable distillation of taste, fragrance and beneficence is caught in a bottle of applejack or, according to old tradition, bored out of the heart of a barrel of frozen hard cider. On the whole, the American apple—wherever it is grown and however it is prepared and consumed—comes as close as anything else to being a "national institution." It is, in fact, "as American as apple pie."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

No...
the IBM Electric
can't answer the phone
but...

...it will do more than any other typewriter to make a secretary's life easier...a boss's business more profitable!



Saves energy! *Electricity* does the work! In fact, typing on an IBM Electric for one hour takes less "finger-effort" than three minutes on a manual typewriter.

Saves time! The IBM Electric provides such time-saving features as the exclusive "Speed Level" keyboard—high-speed carriage return that's automatic at the touch of a key—automatic continuous underscoring and continuous spacing. Typing gets done so much easier and faster, secretaries have more time for other work.

Saves money! An IBM Electric increases office efficiency . . . eliminates errors due to "typing fatigue" . . . makes it possible to handle more business without added secretarial expense. An IBM pays for itself—*fast!*

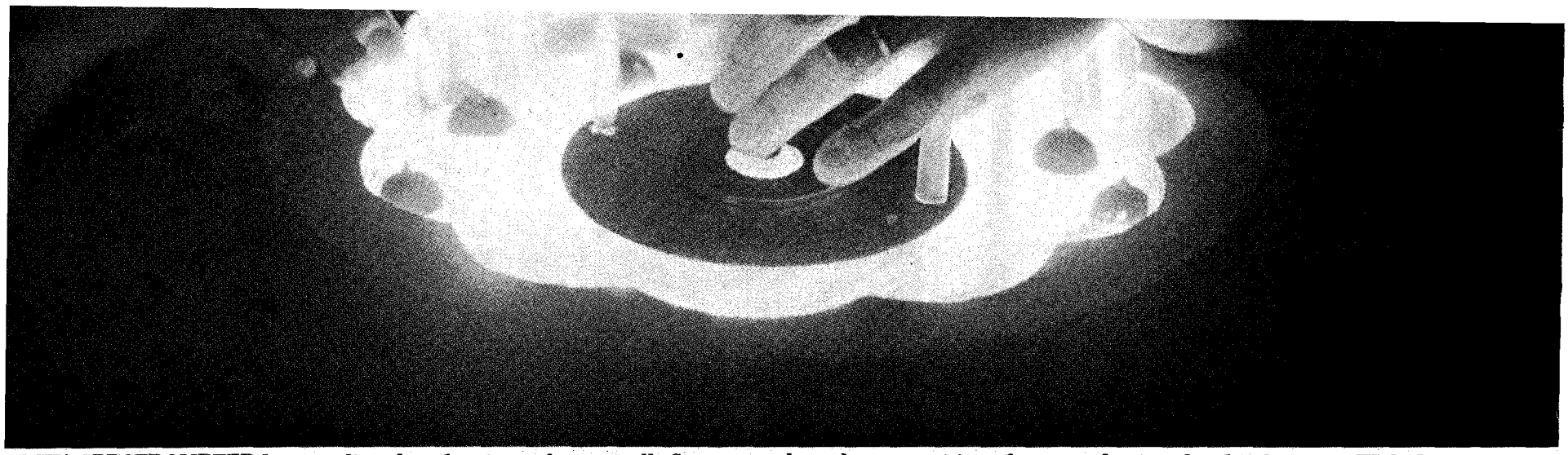
Call your nearest IBM office today. Remember, IBM is the favorite electric by far, yet it costs no more than other electrics.

Copr., International Business Machines Corp.

IBM ELECTRIC TYPEWRITERS

—OUTSELL ALL OTHER ELECTRICS COMBINED!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

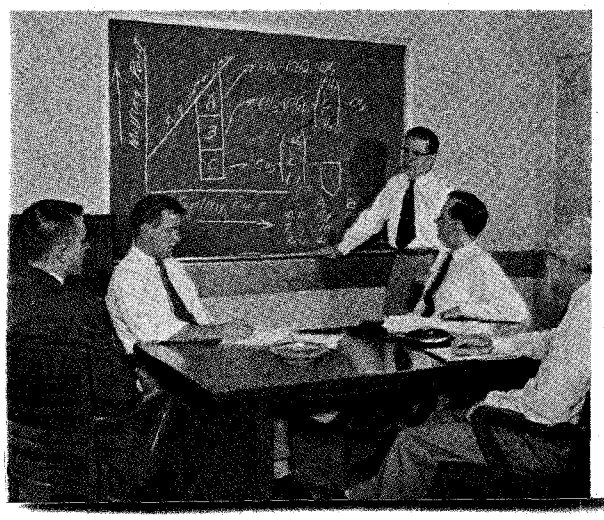


THIS SPECTROMETER by revealing the vibrations of atoms tells Sun researchers the composition of new products under development. With this device they look into the heart of a molecule much as a doctor uses the X-ray to look into the human body. Modern equipment like this is vital to modern research.

They mix Crude Oil with Ideas at Sun's Research Laboratories to bring You Products for Better Living

By CHARLES SLATER

RESEARCH BEGINS WITH PEOPLE. At Sun imaginative people stimulate each other's thinking. From young minds, unfettered by tradition, often come ideas, the lifeblood of research.



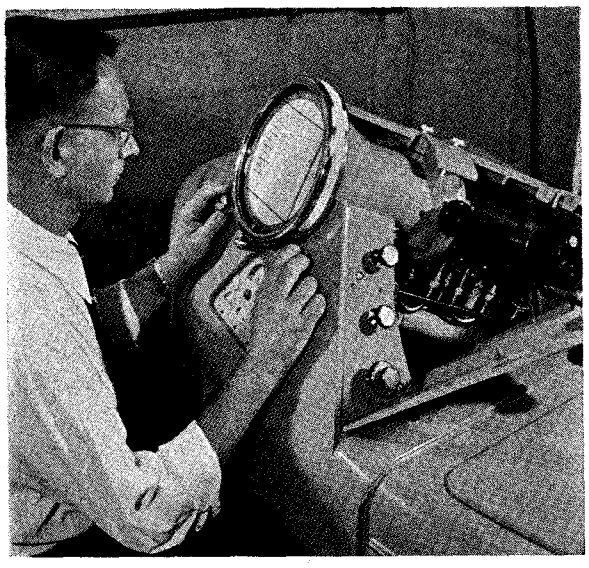
At Marcus Hook, Pa., there's a group of men and women who are never satisfied with yesterday's accomplishments. And the things they do with petroleum hydrocarbons to improve your daily living are nothing short of miraculous.

"RESEARCH IS PEOPLE," says Sun Oil's research director, a man who should know. "It's people and ideas, not white coats and test tubes. The researcher's job is to think—to persist in finding out—learning from each experiment—continuing to probe the unknown until success is his."

I found the real meaning behind the words at Marcus Hook, Pa., where Sun's great refinery sprawls along the Delaware River. I visited Sun's Research and Development Center. Room after room is devoted to experimentation with crude oil, its products, and its by-products. Engineers in one room are testing the resiliency of rubber, looking for ways that petroleum products can improve the

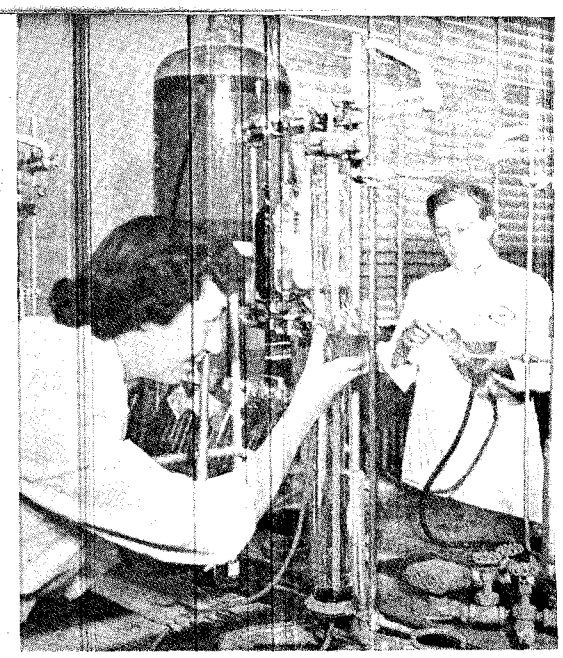
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ADVERTISEMENT



ELECTRON MICROSCOPE is one of many electronic devices used in Sun research. By use of this machine an object can be magnified 60,000 times.

HOT METAL MEETS QUENCHING OIL in research project with steel producer. On-the-job research helps Sun's customers make better products.



SUN'S RESEARCH depends on the creative thinking of its people plus the completeness of its lab facilities.

wearing qualities of rubber tires. Researchers in other rooms experiment with new ways to improve plastics, textiles, and synthetic fabrics. One room buzzes with the sound of an industrial blender which mixes oil with special additives in search of a stickier grease, to keep the giant cables supporting a suspension bridge lubricated despite the constant friction as they sway.

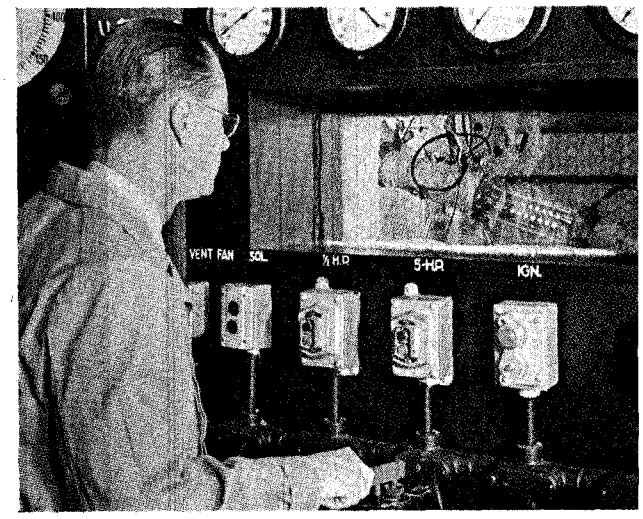
Wax Paper to Gasoline

Close by is the "wax room" where they're experimenting with waxes of a hundred consistencies, looking for the secret of better wax paper, or stronger milk containers. In another laboratory, researchers are working with asphalt, helping to solve the riddle of our roads, make them last longer, make driving safer. Whole buildings are devoted to the study of today's automobiles, and the motor oils and fuels required to keep them working at their best. Even all outdoors becomes a laboratory for testing motor fuels and lubricants under various driving conditions.

Forward Looking Organization

Not all of Sun Oil research is devoted to improving tomorrow's products—there's the day after tomorrow, too. A large part of the experimental work is pointed toward the study of products for the future, products that must keep pace with the incredible progress being made in industrial centers throughout the world.

For example, an entire new era of jet propulsion is being studied in order to develop the "Formula X" fuels that will power the transportation of the future. This is still another example of the way Sun's forward-looking organization holds fast to the 69 year old formula of its founder: "The way to be successful in America is to give the people better quality and value." Sun Oil Co., Philadelphia 3, Pa., Sun Oil Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ontario.

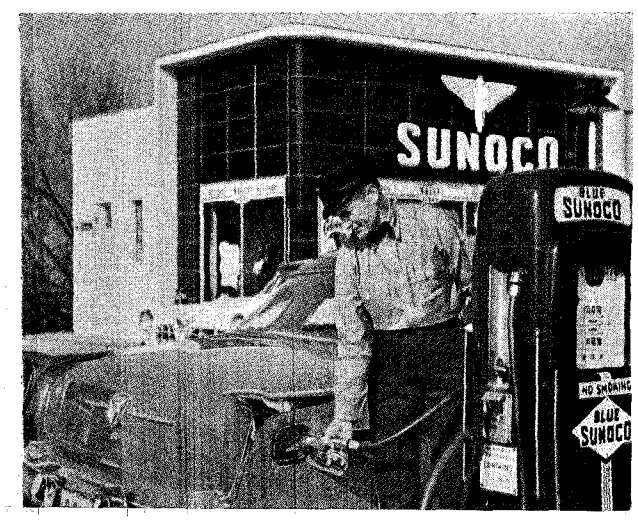


MINIATURE "COMBUSTOR" is used to test burning characteristics of jet engine fuels. Combustion research is vital to Sun progress.

IN THE FRIGID NORTH or blazing heat of the South—nature in the raw, too, is a Sun laboratory. At Lake Placid area, N. Y. in sub-zero weather, Sun test cars prove efficiency of Sun Oil products.

EVERYTHING IN THIS PICTURE is a Sun product or has one used in its manufacture. Sun refineries produce over 475 products.

INDEPENDENT BUSINESSMEN operate over 8,000 Sunoco stations. On the average, they sell twice as much gas as competitors.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Who says men don't understand women !

Whitman knows better!

Because it's the men who buy the Sampler more than anybody.

They buy this famous box of chocolates to give away—to the ladies! Especially on February 14th, Valentine's Day.

Shows their heart's in the right place. Shows they know a thing or two about fine candy, too. Whitman's chocolate is an artful blend of the choicest cocoa beans from Ecuador, Trinidad and Venezuela.

Remember *your* Valentine with a heart package of Whitman's. $2 to $7.50. Or with the Sampler at right. $2, $4 and $10.

Whitman's CHOCOLATES

a gal never forgets the man who remembers

Stephen F. Whitman & Son, Inc., Philadelphia

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Evening

FOUNDED IN 1728 BY

Benj. Franklin

Now the arrogant masters of the Kremlin are bidding for allies in all the disorganized and underprivileged countries. Must the Middle East follow China into the communist orbit? An expert team reports on

The Reds' New Gimmick

By JOSEPH and STEWART ALSOP

Only a few short months ago, the longed-for end of the cold war almost seemed to be in sight. Yet today, most of those who know the ugly facts agree that the cold war has become more perilous than ever. Just what went wrong? And just where do we stand now?

These questions rather urgently demand answers. In seeking the answers, it is wisest to begin by revisiting the famous meeting at the Summit. Here was the source of all the high, delusive hopes. Here, if anywhere, there was a sort of turning point. And here we shall discover the best measure of where we stand now.

As one looks back on this strange gathering at Geneva, the monstrously grinning Khrushchev and the elaborately benevolent Bulganin no longer seem the key figures the world took them for at first. We know now, alas, that the new Soviet geniality was only assumed for a purpose—to peddle a phony bill of goods.

It is now clear, in fact, that the key figure at Geneva was Dwight D. Eisenhower, who grinned for the photographers, too, but grinned because he was earnestly and sanguinely seeking an enduring peace for a troubled world.

The boldness of the President's aim at the Summit is the first point that has to be firmly grasped. It was not admitted at the time because Eisenhower was making a highly personal gamble which somewhat alarmed his more cautious advisers, including Secretary of State John Foster Dulles. It is not admitted now because the President did not win his gamble. But the truth is that at Geneva the President was not just promoting a misty and meaningless "relaxation of tensions." He was seriously trying to lay the foundations for a solid agreement to live and let live between the communist and noncommunist halves of the world.

For this great gamble, moreover, Eisenhower had what looked like excellent reasons. Some of these reasons do not look so convincing any longer, like the many hints the Soviets were then giving of sincere interest in disarmament, which helped to inspire the President's dramatic proposal of mutual aerial inspection.

But Eisenhower's main, predominant, truly decisive reason remains as valid now as it was then. It is still a cardinal fact of the world scene. It may yet prove the chief source of future hope. In brief, it is the obvious awareness of the new masters of the Kremlin of the ultimate horror of H-bomb war, which makes them just as anxious to avoid such a war as the leaders of the democratic West.

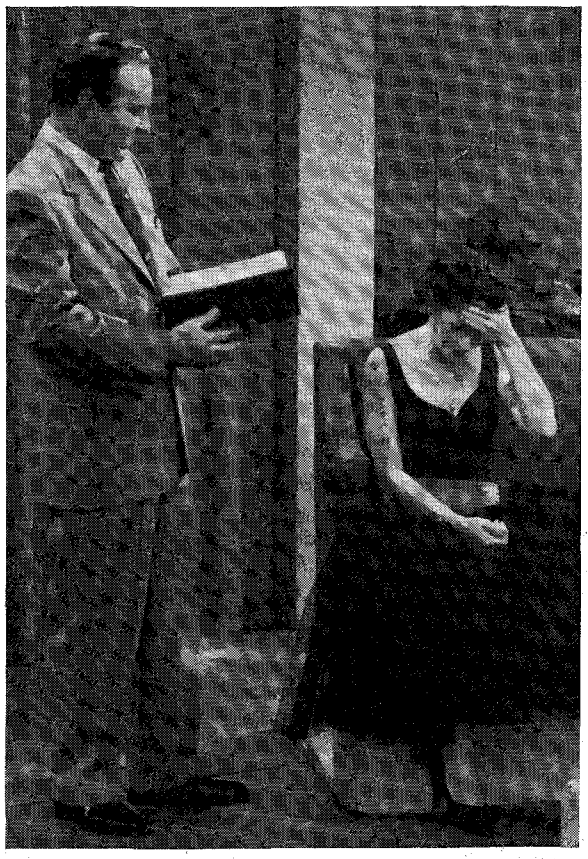
Eisenhower knew, of course, that the odds were against his gamble from the outset; he was willing to make it, in truth, only because the stake to be won was so enormous. Yet he argued, quite logically, that a strong, common aversion to fighting was the best imaginable basis for an agreement to live and let live. In order to convince the Soviet leaders that (Continued on Page 86)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Weepiest show on television is This is Your Life, an emotional half hour in which almost everyone winds up in tears—everyone except the unabashed master of ceremonies, Ralph Edwards.

It Makes Him Happy to See You Cry

By DEAN JENNINGS



Edwards keeps his own poise as he gives comedienne Martha Raye the full treatment.

When Ella Wheeler Wilcox wrote her immortal lines: "Laugh and the world laughs with you; weep and you weep alone," she could not have foreseen that an ingenious but dry-eyed young man named Ralph Edwards would one day create a television program called This is Your Life which would not only invalidate her poetical premise but would start some 30,000,000 Americans weeping in unison once a week.

This curious and unprecedented mass sobbing is set off by a deceptively simple detonator. Edwards tricks an unsuspecting war hero, an invalid, a graying widow or a movie star on stage before a live audience in Hollywood, and with the help of friends and relatives he re-creates important events in their lives. Mothers are reunited with long-lost sons, a sister meets a brother she thought had been executed in a concentration camp, an elderly bachelor embraces a forgotten childhood sweetheart, an alcoholic reminisces with the doctor who saved her life. It is a soap-opera format frothy with real blood and genuine hot tears and, as some of the Hollywood snipers say, is guided by a man who has mastered the gypsy violin.

Edwards' skilled twanging of the heartstrings will probably make him a millionaire, if, indeed, he has not already reached that bracket, but the show has also given him the dubious distinction of being the most bitterly criticized emcee on television. "I call it plain ordinary commercialized sadism," John Crosby once wrote indignantly in his syndicated column. On the other hand, the program is so

General Mark Clark wept when confronted with wartime comrades. Only once has a subject managed to stay dry-eyed.

Dorothy Lamour is reminded of the old days when she piloted an elevator, in a Chicago store, before she made the sarong famous.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

remarkably successful that NBC gave Edwards a new four-year contract, and his sponsors happily pick up a $90,000 tab every Wednesday night when, at ten P.M. (EDT) Edwards turns the spigot for his miniature Niagara.

Edwards, who likes to recall that one particular program was a special triumph because "everybody involved was crying with happiness," stoutly resists the poisoned darts and says, "The show is a mirror of people's lives, and they can identify themselves with it. It has to be commercial, and that means drama. But we are not there to send people crawling away from their television set. We always end on a happy note."

The happiest note for Edwards, of course, is that This is Your Life has consistently held its place in the first ten, has won some twenty-five national awards, has sometimes attracted an amazing 5000 fan letters a week, and has raised more than $1,000,000—though not by design—for various worthy causes. But more than all this, the surprise format of the show has become a national fad played in churches, schools, hotels, clubs and private homes.

Old Joe Broom, let's say, is retiring as a school janitor, but if his employers are television addicts they are not likely to give him the old-fashioned banquet-and-gold-watch routine. Instead, they whisk Joe to the stage of the school auditorium, bring in relatives he's been avoiding for years, and with a fanfare announce, "Joe Broom! This is your life!" The ensuing presentation is an exact duplicate of the Edwards formula—they might even use the official theme music—and there isn't a dry eye in the house. And if old Joe is weeping loudest of all, it is probably because he wished they had given him a fat check instead.

In one West Coast city recently some 300 distinguished citizens gathered in a hotel ballroom to honor a prominent lawyer. The committee members, convinced they had dreamed up something new, decided to review his career in the This is Your Life manner. As the announcer started the show, the lawyer paled and gripped his wife's arm. "Oh, no!" he groaned. "Edwards will sue us for plagiarism!"

As it turned out, he need not have been alarmed. Edwards, who estimates that there are fifty This is Your Life parodies every week in the Los Angeles area alone, and hundreds elsewhere, cheerfully compounds the felony.

On the theory that even the poorest imitations will make converts for his own show, he furnishes on request a three-page memorandum which explains how anyone can produce a reasonable facsimile of his program. He also sends along the sheet music for the theme song, sample scripts and a list of stationery stores which sell the official scrapbook he uses on the program. Prices for the books run from four to ten dollars, and one Edwards disciple predicts that this little volume will become the only best seller in history with pages that are completely blank.

There is only one ominous note in this coast-to-coast water witching, and Edwards sounds it himself in Paragraph 2 of the instruction sheet. "It is imperative," he writes, "that the show be kept a complete secret from the principal subject. Make sure his or her heart can stand it. The subject's doctor can tell you that."

This grim tocsin probably stems from the fact that the very element which gives the show suspense—the surprise to the subject—does offer certain (Continued on Page 52)

Casey Stengel appeared just after he had refused a movie offer for his life story. He almost blew his stack when he realized Edwards was getting it for free.

Edwards had to spend more than $8000 in air transportation to round up the relatives of Victor McLaglen, who cried and cried.

Listeners sent Dr. Laurence Jones $700,000 when they found he had spent his life scraping up money for a small Mississippi school.

Joan Caulfield, shown with her parents, says her unrehearsed appearance on This is Your Life helped get her a TV show of her own, My Favorite Husband.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

West of Whitehorse Butte, the Sioux war party sprang an ambush on L Company.

Sioux Uprising

The rebellious Sioux were on the warpath, eager for white men's scalps. Then they came upon the thin column of soldiers—and the two women . . .

Beginning a two-part story of the West **By WILLIAM CHAMBERLAIN**

L Company—the Army, moving ponderously and suspicious of change, would not get around to designating cavalry units as "troops" for another few years—came onto a ridge which looked down on Dingman Creek at about seven o'clock in the September morning. Not all of L Company, though. Fifty-six dust-crusted men riding jaded horses, and four mules pulling the light wagon in which the two women rode. Captain Chadwick rode there, too, stretched flat on his back and with a blanket over him and a bullet through his belly.

L had ridden into an ambush of dissident Sioux west of Whitehorse Butte on the Singletree trail yesterday afternoon, and that was a hell of a thing, First Sergeant Vorhees was thinking morosely as he rode. L was sour green with recruits and Lieutenant Landseer was in command now. Four men buried back at the butte and a dozen more riding with bandaged wounds and the captain fighting the Battle of Gettysburg over again in the wagon bed. And the lieutenant was fresh out of West Point and new to this country and new to Indians. An all-right officer, maybe, but green as grass.

At the head of the column, 2nd Lt. Edward Landseer lifted his arm and sang out, "Company . . . halt!" and hoped that his voice didn't betray the uneasiness that gnawed at him.

He was in command—Captain Chadwick hadn't spoken a coherent word since midnight—and that responsibility was riding him hard. Because, damn it, he didn't know what you did next when you had a company about to come apart at the seams, and you had two women—one of whom you were in love with—and you were running before a Sioux war party that outnumbered you five to one.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He had to act as though he knew the answers; to get L out of this mess somehow. He beckoned Sergeant Vorhees up and waited.

In front, broken ground, rimed with morning frost, sloped down to where Dingman Creek brawled through cottonwoods and alders. There was a small flat on the other side, and they'd rest there for a little, Landseer thought tiredly. Make coffee and cook bacon.

Back in the center of the column, Mrs. Col. Hector Bywater sat beside Trooper Milholland on the seat of the light wagon. Behind her, Capt. Jed Chadwick lay beneath his blanket.

Pat Kilgore, Mamie Bywater's niece, sat beside him and tried to dribble a little water into his mouth now and then, but Captain Chadwick rolled his head impatiently away. Pat's young face was a little drawn and her eyes too big. She, like Lieutenant Landseer, was new to this country. Mamie Bywater turned in her seat.

"We'll be getting him to a doctor pretty soon, honey," she said in her booming, first sergeant's voice. "Stop worryin'."

Pat didn't answer that, and Mamie turned back to watch Sergeant Vorhees go by at the trot, her eyes inscrutable and set deep into the fleshy rolls of her face. She was a big woman, heavy and solid in the body, and with red hair, fading now, which escaped from beneath the brim of her bonnet. Mrs. Col. Hector Bywater.

That business about getting Jed Chadwick to a doctor pretty soon was as neat a lie as she had told in some time, she was thinking soberly. They were in a mess, and Bywater himself—were he here with L right now—would have his troubles. And with young Landseer in command—a little pity for him grew in her. A good boy, but over his head in the job into which he had been tossed.

Well, she'd followed Bywater through the Army's camps for thirty years, she reflected, and she'd learned to take things as they came. And if Bywater became a widower sometime around four this afternoon she'd have no one to blame except herself, because she had been the one who had insisted on accompanying L on the six-day shakedown march to Singletree. She and Pat needed to shop in a real town, she had told Bywater flatly, and the Indians had been quiet for months, and she and Pat were going, period.

She squinted up the column to where Lieutenant Landseer was conferring with Vorhees now. "Probably goin' to stop for a little," she grunted. "Good thing. I'm padded, but my bottom's ——"

She let the rest of that go as Pat Kilgore said slowly, "Edward will know what to do. We don't need to worry."

Implicit faith in young Landseer lay in the girl's words, and it warmed Mamie a little to think of that. It was the same sort of faith that she had brought to Bywater thirty years ago, when he had been a green second lieutenant and she had been young and starry-eyed—Mamie shrugged with dour amusement at the thought of that—like Pat Kilgore. But it was a faith that was good, and one that had never wavered. Not that Bywater could do much now.

So she said now with an offhanded casualness, "Sure, he'll know what to do, honey," and hoped to heaven she was right.

Up at the head of the column, Sergeant Vorhees pulled his horse up and saluted and said, "Yes, sir?" in a careful voice as he looked at his officer.

Landseer saw the reserve in the old man's face, and his mouth tightened a little because he was pretty sure that he knew what First Sergeant Vorhees was thinking. The rest were thinking about the same thing too. It showed in their uneasy silence.

What the hell does this kid know about Indian fighting? That was about the way it went. *Or about anything? Captain Chadwick might have got us out. But this kid—unh-uh!*

"We'll halt across the creek for a little while," he said then, making his voice crisp. "Rest the horses and get coffee."

"Yes, sir," Vorhees said, keeping his face wooden. "Does the lieutenant want to leave a march outpost up here while we halt?"

Landseer felt his face redden a little. Damn it, even he knew enough to do that without being reminded. "I was coming to that, sergeant," he said, and then felt his flush deepen because he had felt it necessary to explain that to the other. "Leave a squad here. Send another squad to the ridge on the other side of the creek. Relieve them when the rest of the company has fed."

Sergeant Vorhees nodded. That was right and according to the book, and he felt a little better. Not much, though. "I'll leave Culp's squad here. Send Harrison's across. Anything else, sir?"

Landseer didn't answer that for a moment, as he looked back over the way that they had come during the night. Tangled ridges and ravines that seemed to run every which-a-way because you didn't have much choice of terrain when you were running in the dark.

"How far do you think they're behind us, Vorhees?" he asked sharply. "The Sioux?"

Vorhees had been giving that thought—a lot of thought. "We hurt them some yesterday," he said finally, his voice precise. "If they take time to bury their dead and make medicine, I figure we've got maybe four hours. They'll have scouting parties ahead."

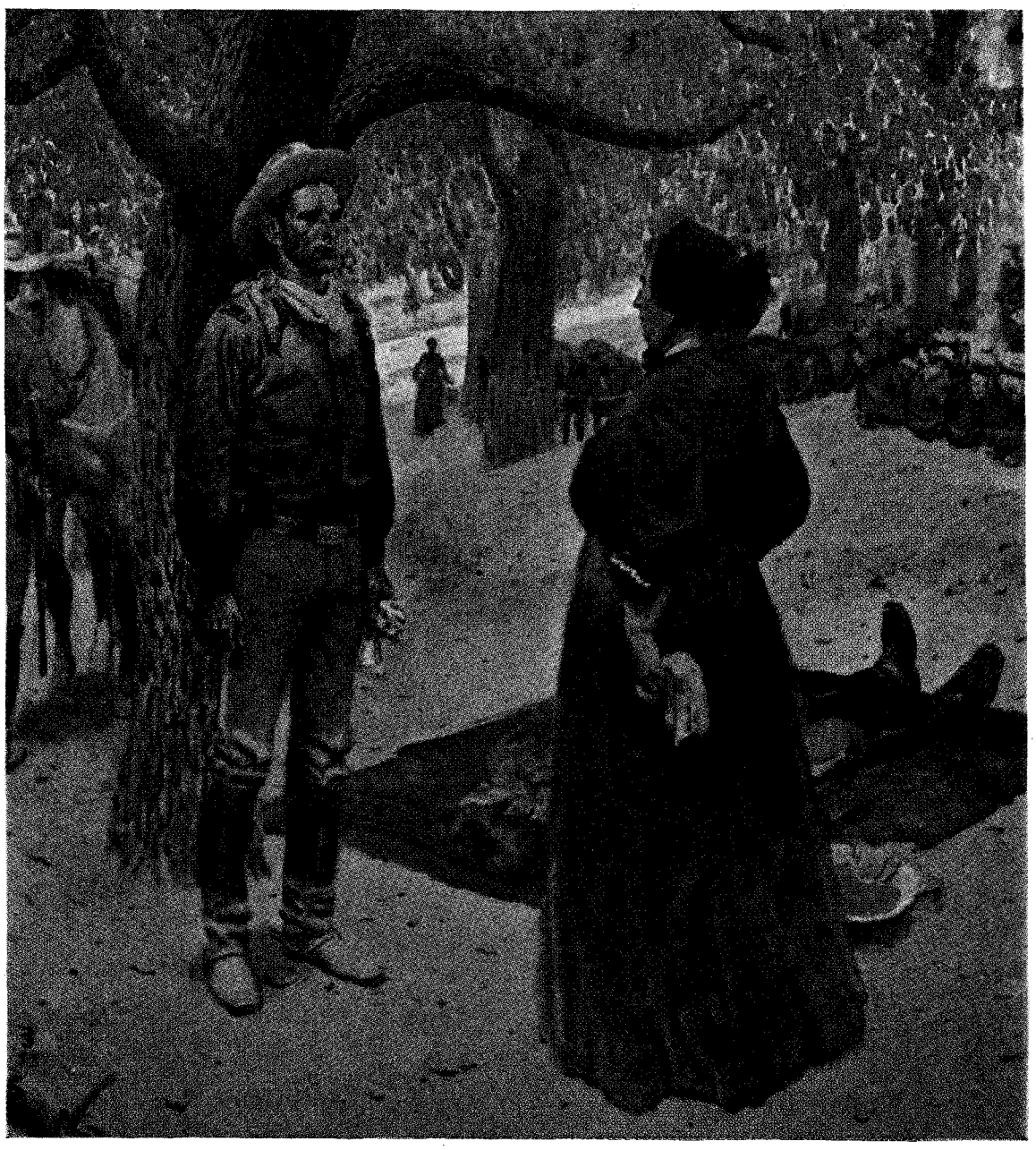
Landseer nodded. "It's not much."

"And it won't last long," Vorhees added grimly. "They can travel two miles to our one when they get movin', sir."

"You think that Sergeant Delgado will get through?"

That was another thing that Vorhees had been giving thought to, and he didn't like the answer. Sam Delgado had left the column last night to try to carry word back to Fort Cantrell. But right now Sam could be lying in a ravine somewhere with his hair lifted.

No need to say that, though, so Vorhees said, "Maybe. (Continued on Page 75)



"You're in command of L Company now," she said. "And command L you've got to do."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

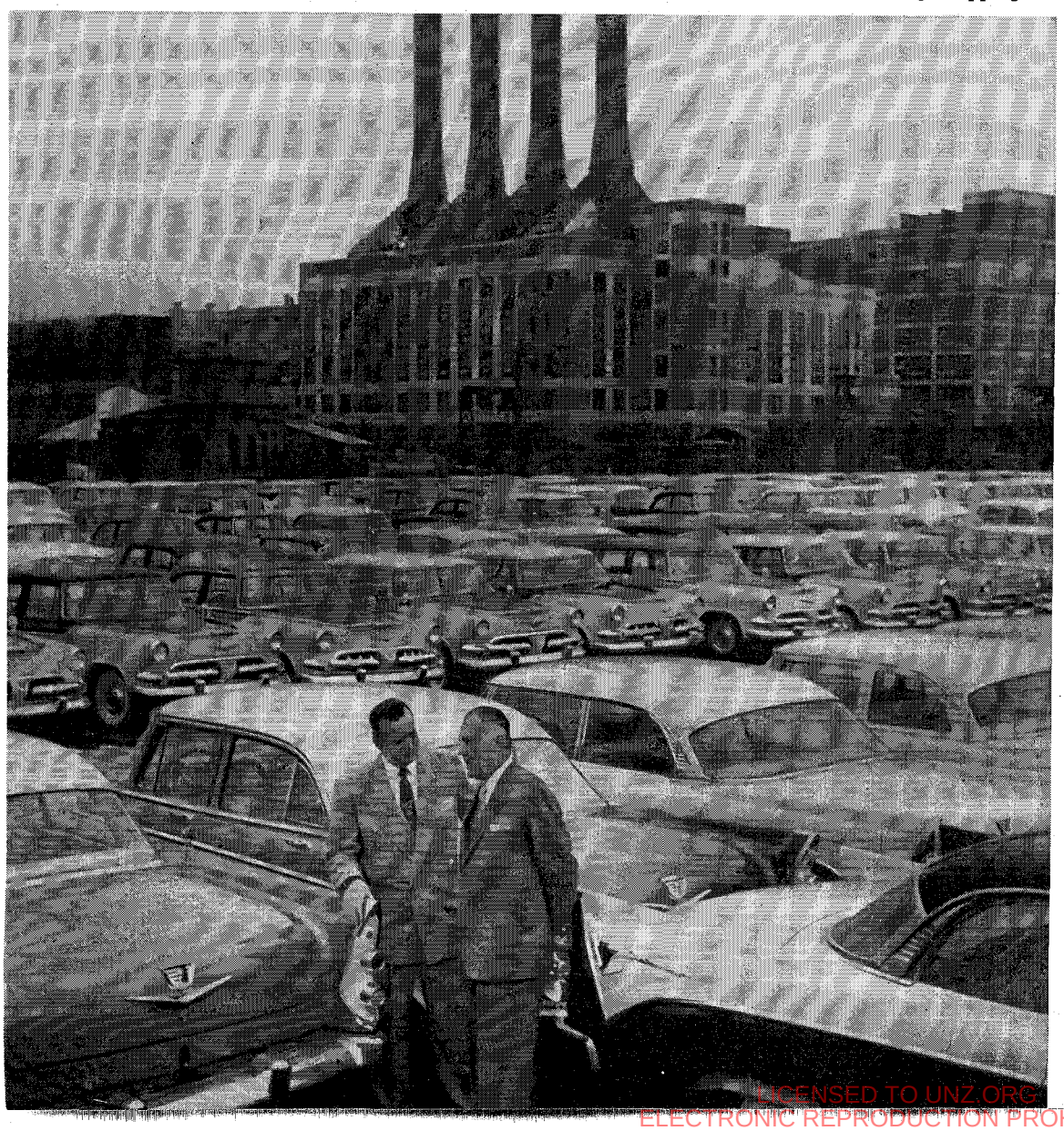
How Tex Colbert made Chrysler run smoothly again when that gigantic auto company needed a major overhaul.

By ARTHUR W. BAUM

The Colberts—Daisy and Tex—with Nicholas (left), the youngest of their three children, and "Barney."

Chrysler Comes Back

Dodge president Bill Newberg (left), whose job Colbert once held, with his boss in a Dodge shipping lot.

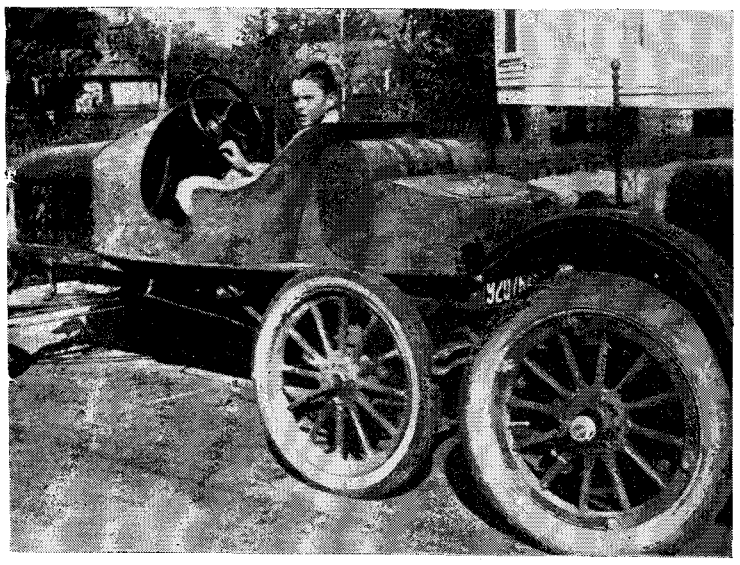


The annual State Fair of Texas is held in the city of Dallas. Its purpose is to display the bigger and better products of the state, a work for which Texans have unusual talents and a frightening zest. Hence, when the opening parade from downtown Dallas to the fairgrounds was held last October it was not strange that special Texas samples were placed in the leading automobile of the cavalcade.

There were three of these products. Onlookers had no difficulty recognizing two of them—the governor of Texas and the mayor of Dallas. The third was not quite as easy. He was big, which was in order, and he was reasonably handsome. His name was Lester Lum Colbert, and while he was at that moment about as near his birthplace as his companions were to theirs, he had come to the festivities by a very roundabout path over a period of years. Nevertheless he was a genuine Texan and a home boy who had made good. He had an added distinction. He owned the automobile in which the distinguished trio rode, a Chrysler parade car. He was and is the president of Chrysler Corporation, the first Texan ever to head one of America's big-three automobile-manufacturing companies.

For thus carrying the Lone Star into the heart of Northern industrial affairs, Texas may be able to forgive Lester Colbert for certain deviations from type. He is not a professional Texan, and has only a mellow trace of drawl in his speech. He owns no cattle and no oil wells and he is from the eastern part of the state. He is, in fact, a cotton Texan. He has a slight scar on his rather full jaw which was not incurred in a corral accident, but is the result of a skiing spill in New Hampshire. As an offset,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



In Texas, Colbert, aged 11, drove a cut-down Ford.

Colbert and vice-president James Zeder with a '56 Plymouth and the first (1924) of all Chryslers.

however, he is wide-open and genial, he has the kind of gray-blue eyes that might be associated with the endless range, he slopes forward a little at the shoulders and he has a loping walk.

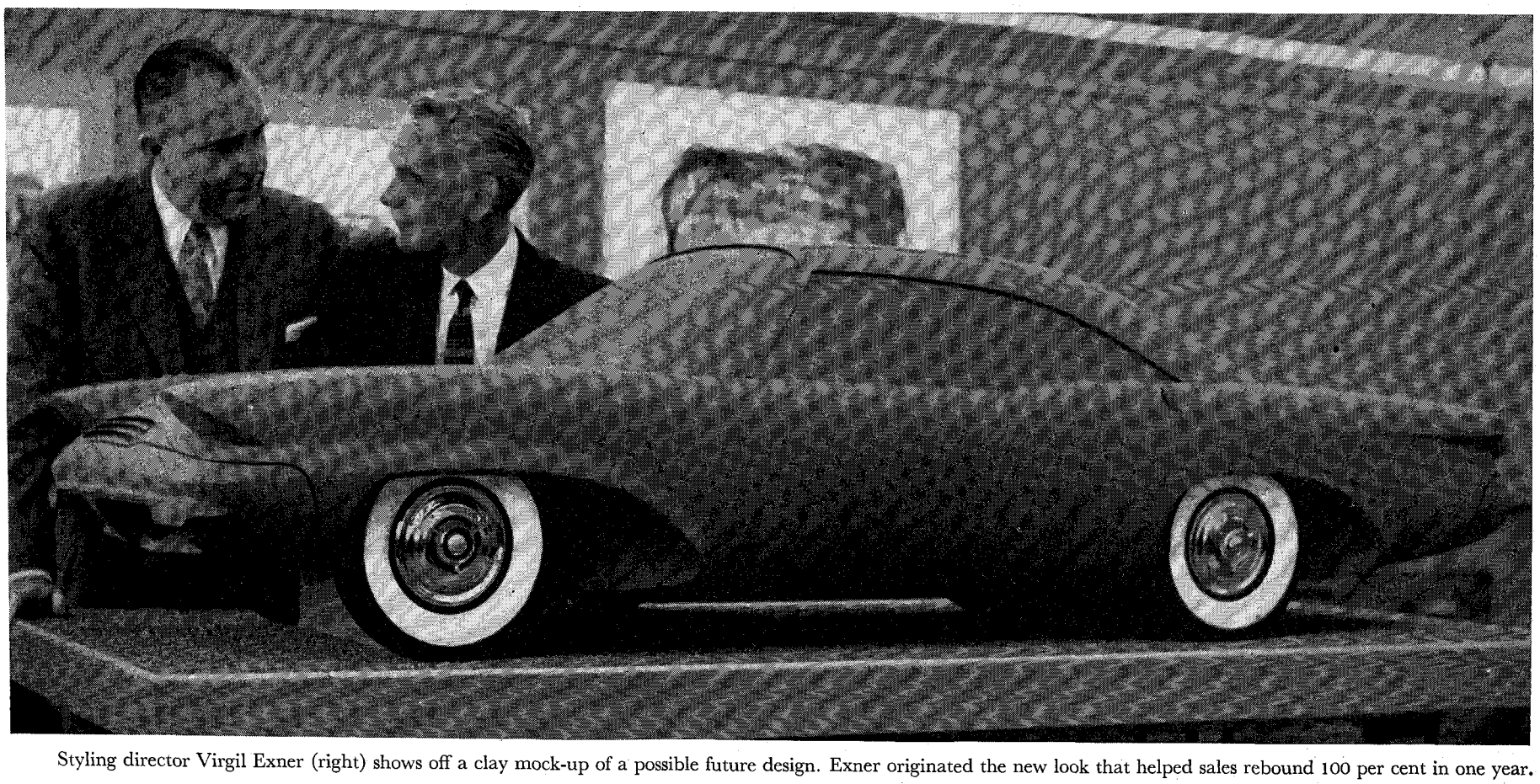
Colbert likes his native state and feels at home there, but his adult lumps and successes have come to him in industrial Michigan, where the five remaining passenger-car manufacturers joust like surly giants over the mighty business of making and selling millions of motorcars. Colbert has been in the midst of the aggression and ambition in this arena for twenty-two years. His presidency of Chrysler has coincided nicely with one of the latest and most exciting of the industry's automotive dramas — the eccentric zigzag in Chrysler's postwar performance.

Chrysler has always been a colorful company. It is the youngest of its group, only thirty-one years old, and at the age of four had already shouldered its way into fourth place in a giant industry, the last time a newcomer has ever appeared up there. Before it was ten years old the company had captured second place. It stood in that position as late as 1951, producing 23 of every 100 American automobiles. Then, in 1954, this outstanding success story was suddenly muddied. Chrysler skidded to a poor third after General Motors and Ford, a decline of 40 per cent in a single season, and in terms of automobiles a decline of a half million.

This was major news in a major industry. Nor did it escape public notice. The man in the street spoke to another man in the street and together they agreed Chrysler was lost. The press publicly wondered if Chrysler could come back. Company dealers made angry or at least sorrowful remarks, and one rebellious group held an indignation meeting in Detroit.

But the pessimism that spread tears in the public street during early 1954 did not take into account one thing peculiar to the country's automobile center. The Detroit mirror never shows today's face. The images therein are two to three years old and out of date; it takes that long to get the new models from the drawing board into the salesroom. Thus in the unbeautiful Chrysler picture that everyone saw in late 1953 and early 1954 there was nothing but history. With a particular postwar corner to turn, the corporation had turned it many months before. It was well that it had. Some 160,000 employees, more than half as many stockholders, and annual sales of perhaps $3,000,000,000 were at stake.

The trouble and the turnaround now visible — in 1955 the (Continued on Page 96)



Styling director Virgil Exner (right) shows off a clay mock-up of a possible future design. Exner originated the new look that helped sales rebound 100 per cent in one year.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Agatha saw Bill slip an envelope to Johnny O'Higgins as they left the restaurant.

MISS REVOLUTION

Wherever Agatha went, trouble followed.

By RICHARD STERN

A. P. Fitch, of the Fitch Hotels (They House the World), said, "Steady, dependable, conscientious." He paused, large and forceful. "Not too old. Thorough knowledge of the country and the language ——"

"I understand, A.P.," Jefferson said. He was the manager of the refurbished and renamed Casa Fitch (The Pearl of the Caribbean). "Mr. Williams, who met you at the plane this morning. I hired him locally. He is neat, quiet, loyal, trustworthy." Jefferson appeared nervous.

Agatha Fitch, A.P.'s daughter, said, "That one. Oh, brother."

"My daughter," A.P. said, "has a penchant for shenanigans. When we opened the Maison Fitch ——" He shook his head, remembering. "This time I want her kept out of trouble."

"Bill Williams is just the man, A.P.," Jefferson responded. "There's something else. I have a—problem." He seemed close to tears.

Bill Williams was middle-sized, young. He had short sandy hair. He was unhappy.

"We can make a deal," Agatha said. They were outside on the vast steps of the hotel, blinking in the tropical sun. "You go your way and I'll go mine. That settles everything."

He shook his head.

"Why not?"

"I like to eat. It's a habit I've fallen into." He had two hours until he met Johnny—Juan Garcia Pizarro O'Higgins y Lopez. He had the money in his pocket. And now he also had the great man's daughter. He wished that it were not so. "I'll show you the city."

"Fascinating," Agatha said. He had the top down on his car. She regarded it. "I freckle."

"So?"

"Right here." She touched her nose. It was a small nose; it went with the rest of her—small, shapely, proportioned. She watched him examine it. "See?"

"I see," Bill said. He started the car. "We'll look at the palace first. And then the harbor and the market and the cathedral where Columbus ——"

"Oh, no!" Agatha said. They drove down past the lawns and the flaming tropical trees.

He was encyclopedic. "In the early seventeenth century the Spanish and the English fought for control. . . . Columbus touched here on his first voyage. . . . The palace was built after the great hurricane of ——"

"Who lives in it?"

He turned to look at her. "Do you care?"

"No. But tell me anyway." At least it was a man this time; in Vienna, at the opening of Fitch Haus, it had been otherwise—Fräulein Doktor Erika von Something-or-Other. And with a man there was always hope.

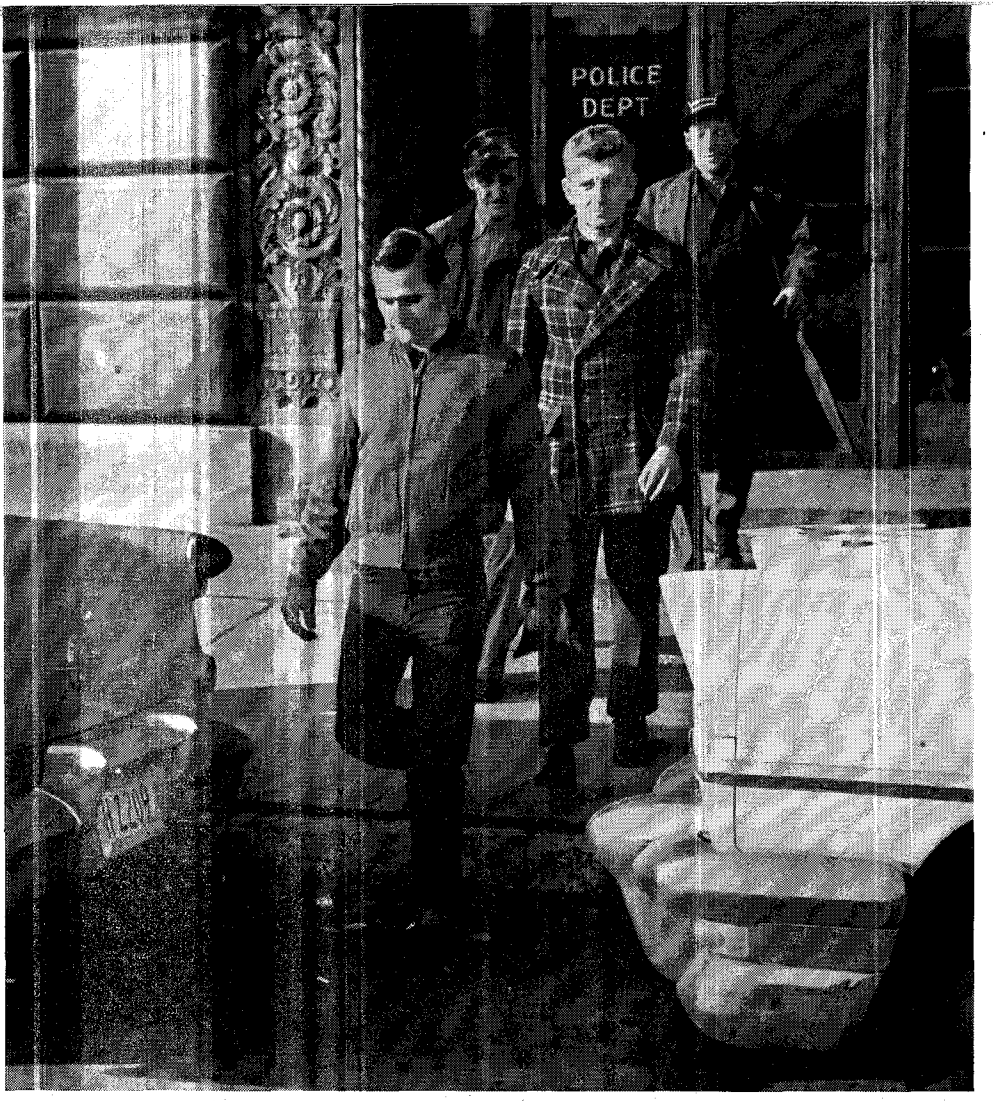
"*El Presidente* lives in it, *El Benefactor*, *El Generalísimo*, *El Doctor*." There was something new in his voice. (Continued on Page 92)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wisconsin Throws Them Out of Jail

By Robert M. Yoder

Prisoners pay room and board and are permitted to break jail every day to go to work. The system works well—and saves the taxpayer money.



"Hubers"—prisoners serving time under Wisconsin's Huber Act—leave the Milwaukee County jail to go to their jobs. Some prisoners never let the boss find out they are in pokey.

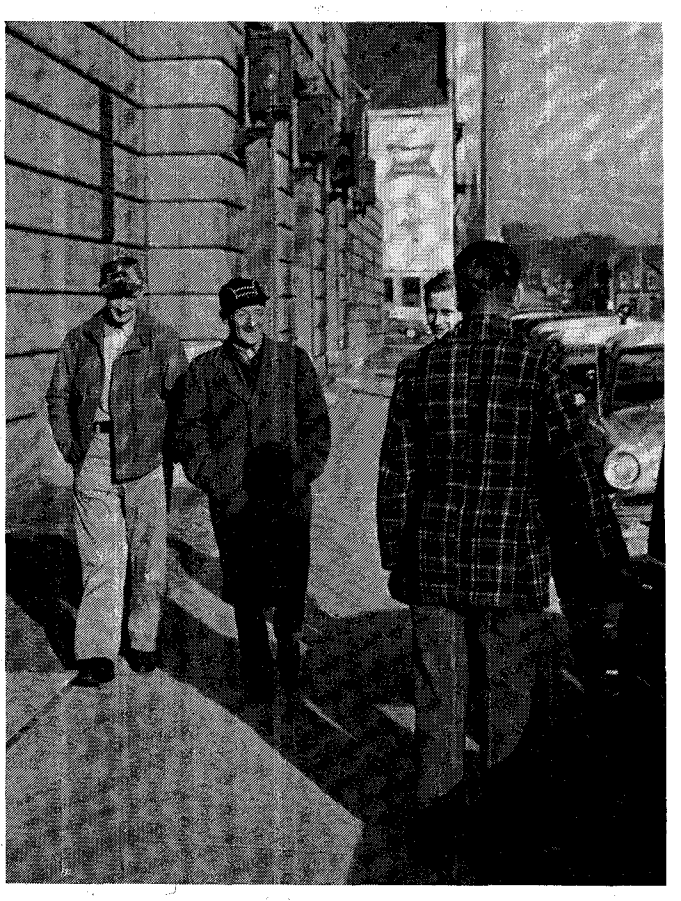
It was getting along toward 1:30 o'clock in the morning, and a thirty-year-old Milwaukee motorist pressed harder on the accelerator. Anxious to get home—well, his home away from home—he hurried on. Stoutly he ignored the temptation of juke-box music, the invitation of all-night-restaurant signs. While at it, he ignored a sign reading: 25 MILE-AN-HOUR ZONE. A cop flagged him down and gave him a ticket for doing forty.

But when the driver appeared before Judge Frank E. Gregorski he offered an excuse which got him off with a suspended sentence. "I was hurrying to get back into jail on time, your honor," he said. "I'm a huber."

That is an explanation which would make no sense at all anywhere but in Wisconsin. A "huber"—sometimes capitalized, mostly not—is so called because he is a prisoner serving time under Wisconsin's Huber Act. He is part of a completely unconventional and highly successful system whereby county-jail prisoners continue at their regular jobs and are confined behind bars only at night—or by day, in the speeder's case—and on weekends.

There were several excellent reasons why the jail-bound driver wanted to be punctual. Tarrying could get an extra day tacked on his sentence. Lt. Frank T. Callan, in charge of Milwaukee County's "hubers," could get hard-nosed about it and call it "escape," though probably he wouldn't.

Then, too, the driver wanted to crawl into his bunk for some (Continued on Page 80)



Some hubers drive to work and give their jailmates a lift. They may even take an evening off to attend a union meeting or go to choir practice.

"Canceled hubers," who have violated their privileges, serve as k.p.'s at Milwaukee's Huber House.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MY BATTLES IN WAR AND PEACE:

★★★★

PART THREE: THE MAKING OF A SOLDIER

By GENERAL MATTHEW B. RIDGWAY AS TOLD TO HAROLD H. MARTIN

Eager young Lieutenant Ridgway yearned for glory, but had to settle for adventure among Nicaraguan bandits. His training for battle lasted 25 years . . .

Many times, after a day of struggling with the problems presented by the prospect of fighting a global war with atomic weapons, I left my office in the Pentagon feeling a sort of nostalgic yearning for the simple life of the old Army into which I was born. Military matters were less complex in 1895, and the toughest decision facing a top commander might have to do with some minor change in close-order drill or whether the tail of an artillery draft horse should be clipped four or six inches above the hock.

It was a tiny, tidy Army that existed when I came squalling into the world one bright March morning at Fort Monroe, Virginia. Neither its tactics nor its weapons had changed much since Lee laid down his arms at Appomattox. Its glamorous branch was the cavalry, and its heroes were the mustached, spurred-and-booted Indian fighters who with carbine and saber had "pacified" the Apache, the Cheyenne and the Sioux. Its bugles sounded from coast to coast, at lonely, widely separated little posts, and it was on these posts, scattered from Washington state to the Carolinas, that I spent my boyhood.

I can recall but little of my earliest years at Fort Monroe, where my father commanded a battery of field artillery, for I am not one of those who can remember in fine detail what happened to them when they were two or three years old. My first recollections, in fact, are not of military life at all, but of a quiet civilian existence at my grandmother's house at Garden City, Long Island. There my mother, my older sister and I took refuge briefly while my father went off to China during the Boxer Rebellion, to blast away at the walls of Peking with his horse-drawn guns.

He was back within a year, and my life for a decade thereafter was spent on the Western posts—old forts,

(Continued on Page 104)

In 1952 and 1953, Gen. Ridgway served as Allied Supreme Commander in Europe. Here he and his wife, Penny, are seen with Anthony Eden, then British Foreign Secretary, and his wife, Clarissa.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Born and Bred in the United States Army

The author's father, Col. Thomas Ridgway, and mother, Ruth. Their son, Matthew Bunker, was born at Fort Monroe, Virginia, in 1895.

Matt at age two. He grew up on a string of Army posts spread across the United States.

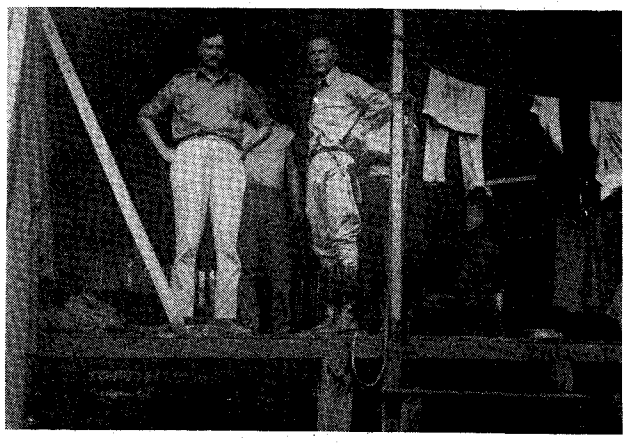
As a 13-year-old, he posed manfully with his sister, Ruth (second from right), and her friends.

Ridgway failed to get into West Point on his first try, later graduated with the famous class of 1917.

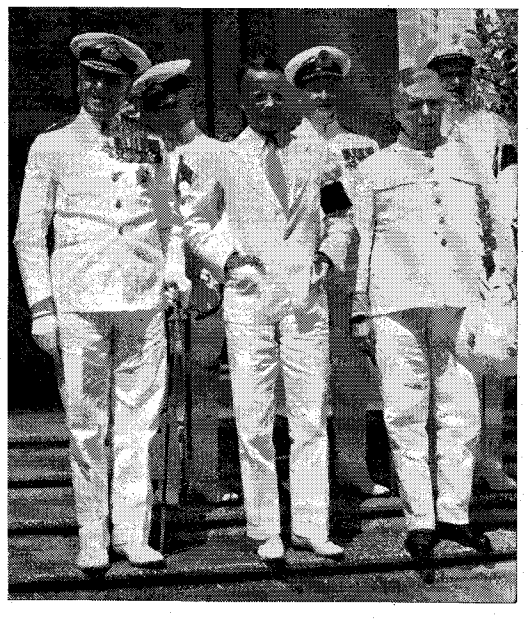
To his bitter disappointment, Lt. Ridgway (right) had to sit out World War I on the Mexican border.

NEXT WEEK: | **TARGET IN THE DARK**

General Ridgway tells what he faced when he parachuted into Normandy in the hours before D-day's dawn.



With Major C. F. B. Price, USMC (left), he helped supervise elections in strife-torn Nicaragua in 1928.



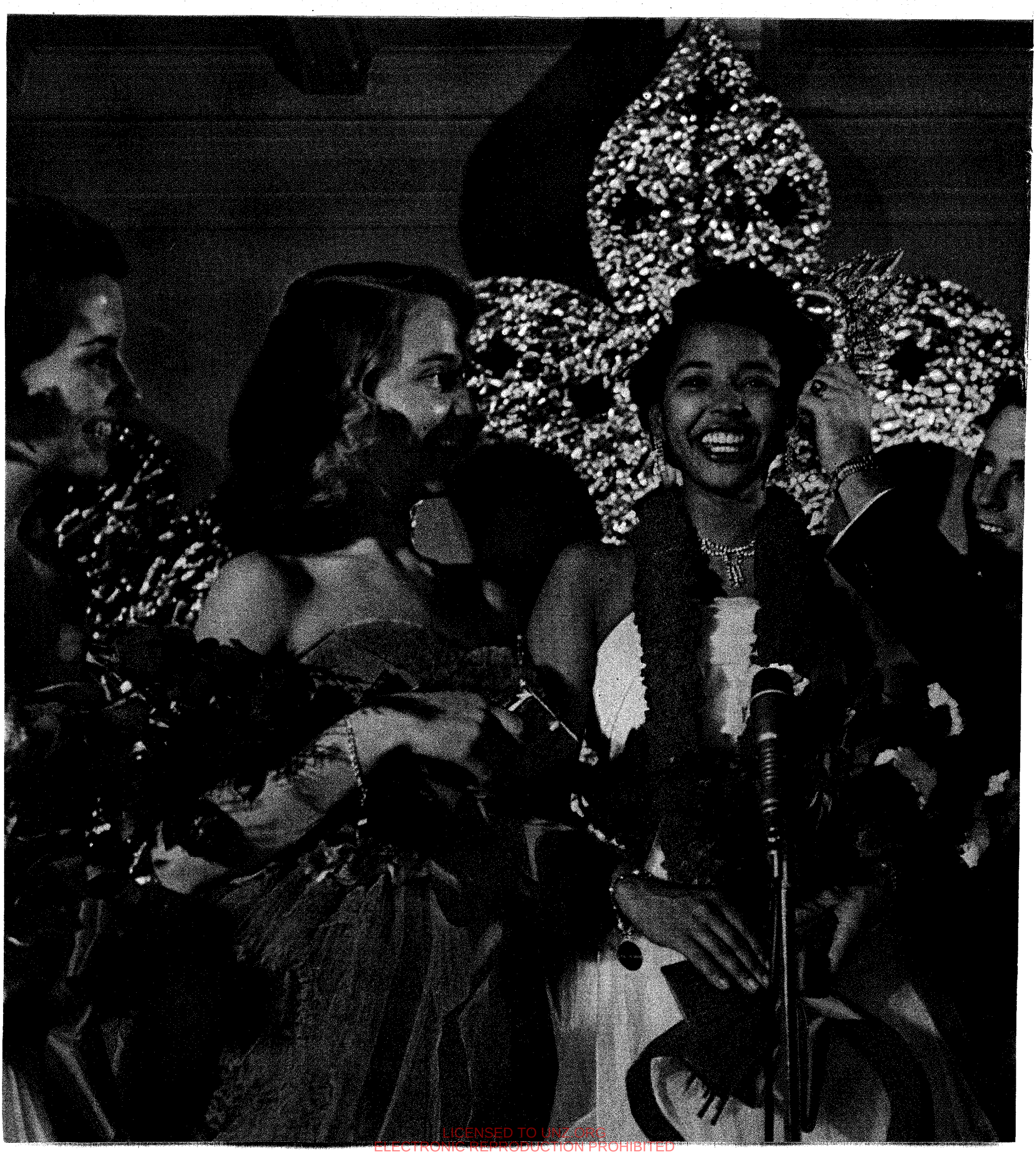
In the early '30's, Capt. Ridgway (right, rear) served in the Philippines as an adviser to Theodore Roosevelt, Jr. (civilian clothes), Governor General of the Islands.

1936 found Major Ridgway in Chicago planning war maneuvers. Ahead lay the combat action for which he had longed. "It turned out to be enough war to last any reasonable man a lifetime."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Face of AMERICA

Queen of



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Campus

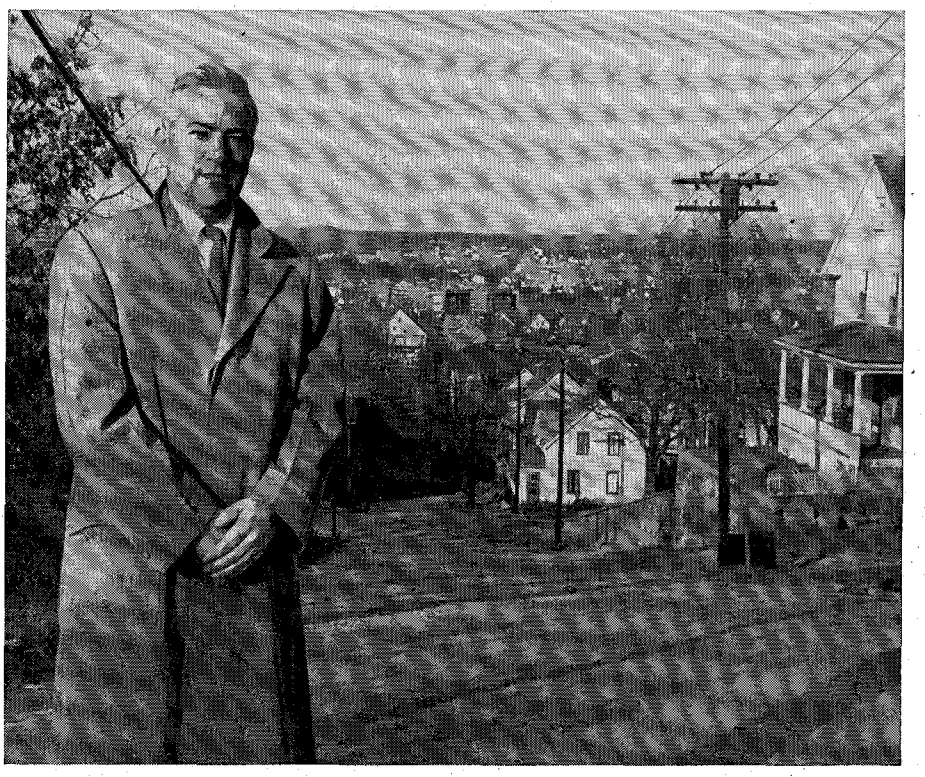
During Pageant Week at the State University of Iowa the prettiest girls compete for the crown of Miss SUI. A would-be queen must visit fraternity houses with an ensemble of her sisters in support. Carole Bartels, for example—at the Alpha Epsilon Pi house in the small picture above—brought along a chorus line in fur-trimmed bathing suits, to do an uninhibited number called Honey Bun (thunderous applause). Dorothy Nakano, of Hawaii, did a hula (enthusiastic shouts). Ertzie Kerns presented a quintet in leotards (appreciative whistles). Most competitors let their teams do the plugging, but Dora Lee Martin, a 17-year-old freshman from Houston, Texas, starred in her own act, singing The Yellow Rose of Texas (ovation). On Friday, December 9, the male students cast 1924 ballots. On Saturday at the gala winter dance, the queen was crowned: Dora Lee, winner by fifty votes. This was big news because Dora Lee is a Negro, the only one in a field of twenty-nine candidates, and one of only 150 Negroes among SUI's 9000 students. The story was on the wires immediately, and most of Iowa City learned of Dora Lee's triumph later than New York City. ◎ Photographs by Ivan Dmitri

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It seemed that predatory politicians, industrial paralysis, fire and floods had doomed Woonsocket, R.I., to extinction. But a group of fighting citizens came to the rescue.

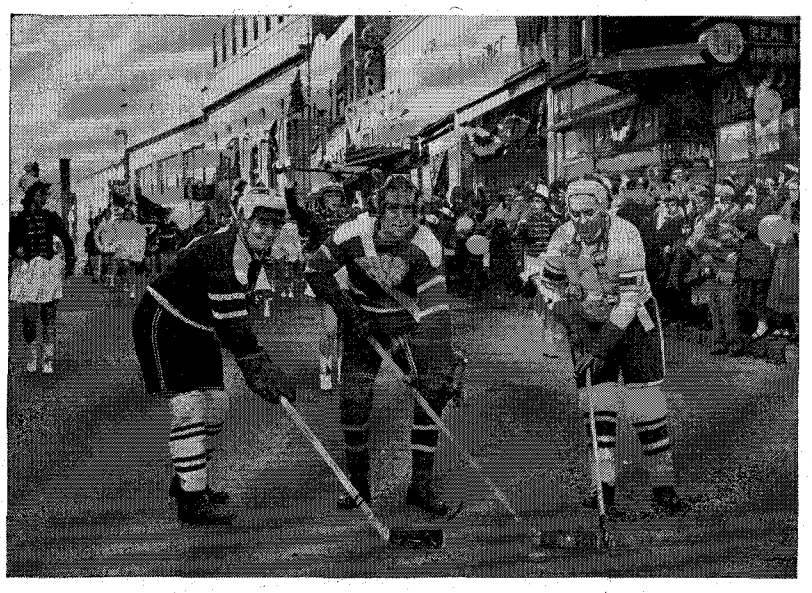
The City That Refused to Die

By T. E. MURPHY



Mayor Kevin Kavanagh Coleman, elected in 1952, sparked the campaign to save Woonsocket. Citizens raised almost half a million dollars to lure new industries to their town.

Local girls entertain the enthroned King of Misrule during the town's "Northern Mardi Gras." This fiesta was begun in 1954 to boost Woonsocket's morale.



More than 250,000 visitors jammed the town during last February's Mardi Gras, whose parade included hockey players and junior-high majorettes.

If a group of municipal morticians were awarding a funeral wreath to the city most likely to succeed in becoming defunct, the dubious honor might well go to Woonsocket, Rhode Island, a nine-square-mile community of 50,000 people and a lot of empty textile mills.

This town has a record of adversity hard to match. Misruled for a generation, it has been bled white by the pilferings of politicians. It has been battered by economic forces beyond its control. It has had the sorry distinction of reaching highest peaks of unemployment. And in addition to these man-made troubles, it has recently been swept by flood waters and has seen hundreds of jobs vanish in a catastrophic fire. But, so far, Woonsocket has shown no inclination to roll over and play dead. On the contrary, it has cleaned up its government and set in motion machinery calculated to restore prosperity.

Three years ago, when Woonsocket found itself in the middle of a depression, it was a little like a man who has finally sobered up after frittering away most of his money and his career. The rest of the country was booming, but in Woonsocket (Continued on Page 82)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Boy Who Worked Too Hard

He was a kid with a fixed idea: To drive himself to success, no matter what it cost.

By MARGARET CRAVEN

Rose, the middle-aged pantry girl, saw the boy wheel deftly into the lighted courtyard and slip his bike into the rack. She plucked a plate from the warming pile and assembled his dinner quickly, so he need not bolt his food to be finished when the hashers carried out the soup-and-salad trays and it was time to do his twice-daily stint with the dishwater.

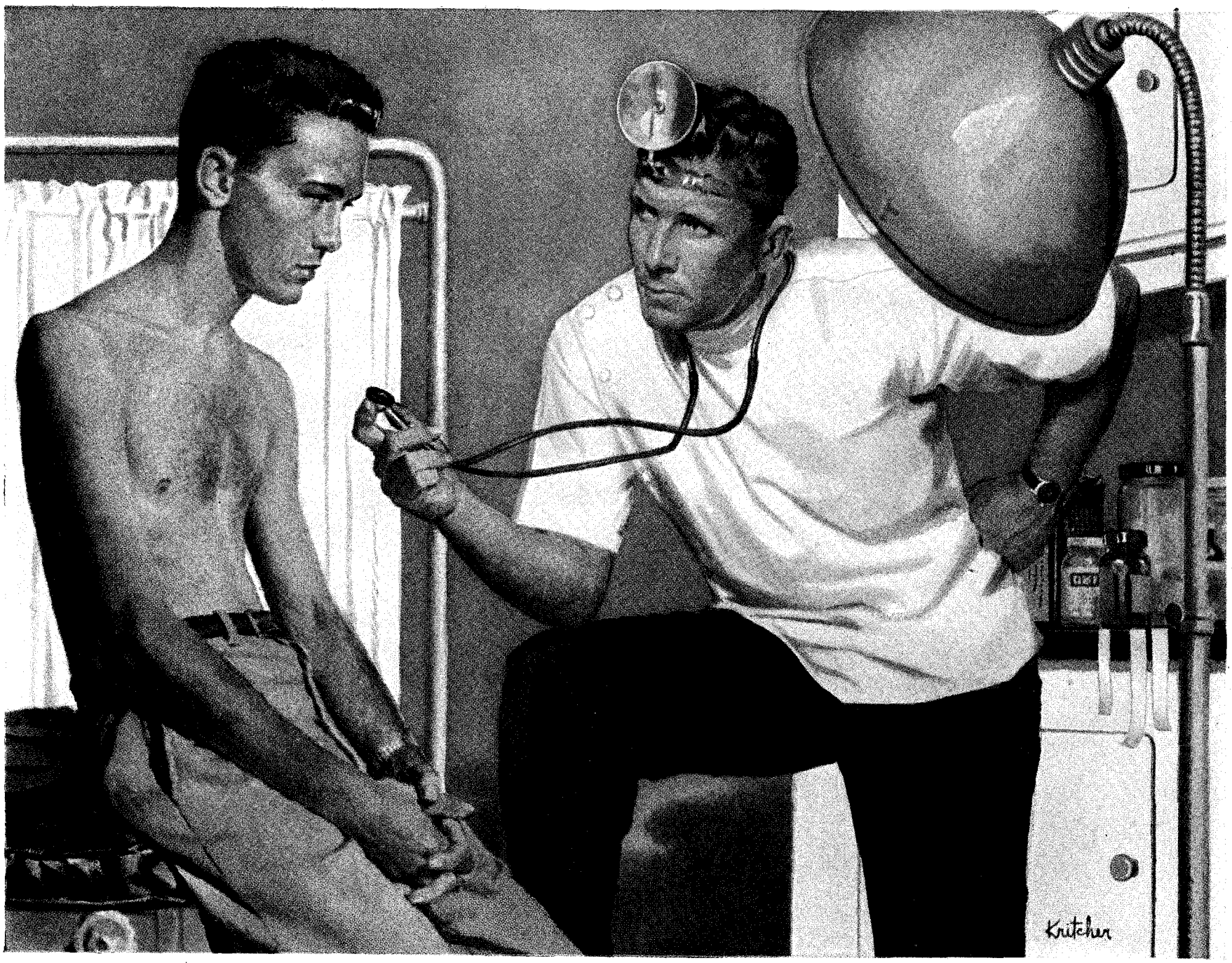
One of the pupils at Miss Oberly's select and expensive school for young ladies was pouting in her room and had sent down word she wished no dinner. Rose placed the girl's rare roast beef on the boy's plate in lieu of the hash which was the help's fare tonight. She put an extra pat of butter in his baked potato and poured a small pitcher of cream into his milk. She set the food on the table where he ate first and alone.

She could hear him coming now through the service hall, and she wiped anxiety from her face.

He was a tall lad, no longer a boy and yet not quite a man, one of those lean youths slow to grow up to a big frame. He did not say "Hi, Rosie." He did not wait until she was busy ladling soup and untie her apron strings. He did not joke, or tease, or whistle some happy tune.

He said "Hello, Rose," and sat down slowly, and she knew he wasn't hungry again, and her anxiety swelled to fear.

In the big dining room, the fortunate girls who were boarding pupils at Miss Oberly's bowed their fair heads for grace. Rose had to help serve the head table because a hasher was sick. She slipped through the door and bowed her head also. And because she was devout and had no son of her own, she said a prayer for this boy, Pete; and (Continued on Page 43)



"What do you think you're made of?" the doctor asked. "Iron?"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He trusted his wife completely. Still, he couldn't help wondering what she did while he was away.

The Faithful Wife

By NANCY POPE MAYORGA

The Spanish have a saying about the Devil—that the Devil is not wise because he is the Devil, but because he is old. It might follow from this that he wields his greatest influence among those nearest his own generation. Witness Faust, the progressive deviltry of Dorian Gray, the fact that old spinsters are more likely to keep black cats than young ones, and that, when the Devil gets into a man, as we say, it's more often an older man than a younger.

Evart Hillman made his pact with the Devil when he was forty-five. It was a strange pact, in that he didn't know what he was giving, and he most certainly didn't know what he was getting.

Evart was moderately intelligent, resigned to life, and fortunately so, for he had one of those dull, poor-paying jobs which are the peculiar invention of the white-collar class. He was happily married to a delightful little blond woman named Amanda, intelligent, healthy, economical, home-loving and gay. They had a nine-year-old son named Bobby, intelligent, healthy, extrovertive and handsome. They had bought a modest home in Santa Monica, around which Amanda had planted shrubs and flowering bushes until every window of the first floor was covered by natural screens of greenery.

In the first years of their married life, Evart, completely wrapped in his love, naturally thought of his wife, Amanda, only in terms of his own satisfaction, either to smother her with attentions and gifts as an outlet for his overflowing tenderness or to use her, since she was his, as a release for his emotional, physical or psychological tensions. And Amanda was unfailingly grateful, understanding or acquiescent and responsive as the situation demanded.

There was just one small bother in their pleasant life—Amanda, so completely healthy in every way, was subject to migraines. It was these strange seizures, apparently so divorced from any physical cause, that started Evart to wondering, and caused that little chink in his complacent armor into which the Devil was to poke his long, triumphant finger.

They never knew when a headache was coming. She would go to bed feeling fine. And sometime during the night he would awaken to see her, like a half-blind ghost, feeling about on the dresser, groping into the bathroom to the medicine closet. The first time, he had turned on the light, and she had frightened him greatly by moaning in pain, "Oh, don't!"

He knew better now than to turn on a light. And after twelve years, he was quite familiar with that nocturnal search for the headache pills. He usually got up immediately, found them for her and brought a glass of water. Sometimes that was all there was to it. In the morning she was bright-eyed and cheerful. He never ceased to wonder that there was no period of convalescence, even after a headache which lasted one or two days, with violent nausea and racking pain.

"Convalescence?" she would laugh. "I'm not sick. It's just that my head aches. When it stops, it stops. What would I convalesce from?"

Then there would be weeks and weeks before she had another attack. But it used to worry him, and he used to worry her with questions and probings.

"What did you eat yesterday?"

"Nothing special. Nothing different."

"What did you do? Did you get overtired?"

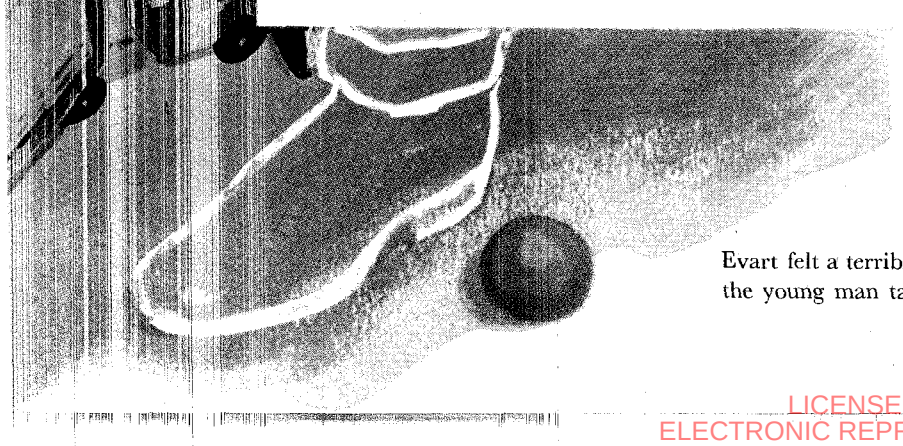
"No. Oh, Evart, get me the ice bag and please don't ask questions. I've had them all my life. They come and go. There's no particular reason why."

There must be, he thought. And when she recovered, he would try to make her tell him everything that she had done the day before. That was the beginning of his wonderings. But the acute stage of curiosity was brought on by a casual question put to him by the boy.

Amanda had asked Bobby to go around the corner for a loaf of bread for dinner. Evart, who was home a little early, decided to stroll with him. It gave him a deep pleasure to have his bright, handsome son chattering away to him in such utter confidence, asking his questions with a trust that was soon itself to grow into a question.

Enjoy it now—enjoy it

(Continued on Page 68)



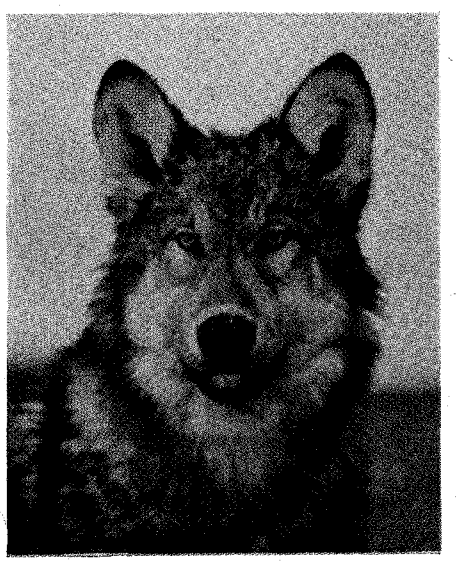
Evart felt a terrible stab of jealousy as he watched the young man take Amanda into his arms.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Wolves in Our Tent

By day, Lady and Trigger were playful pets. But at night they became bloodthirsty hunters, causing the author and her husband to wonder, *When will they turn on us?*

By LOIS CRISLER



Trigger, four months old.

My husband, Cris, and I went to the Brooks Range, the wild, uninhabited mountains of Northern Alaska, to make a motion picture of caribou. During our stay there we adopted two wolves and tried to raise them as pets. It was quite an experience.

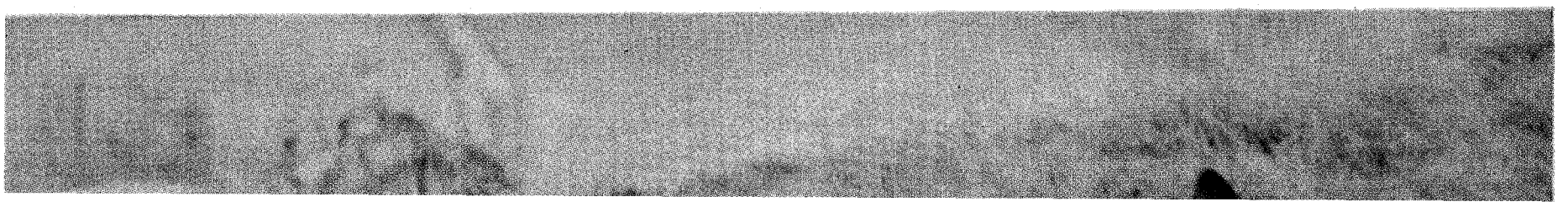
Eskimos had taken the wolves from their den when they were puppies three weeks old, and given them to us. We penned them at night, but never tamed or trained them. By day, they roamed the tundra with us, a boundless expanse flowing for thousands of square miles, uninhabited except for a few Eskimo families camped ninety miles away.

Here the little wolves began to teach us wolf nature. They disappointed us, because they were not submissive like dogs; and charmed us, because they were more graceful, sensitive and intelligent than dogs. They became our pals. Still, there was a question in our minds. Would they turn on us someday without warning?

When Trigger and Lady were pups, and we were the stronger ones, all was well. But by October, when they were more than half grown and weighed about sixty-five pounds each, we began to feel uneasy. Trigger especially mystified me. He was a lordly, handsome gray wolf, but there was something sidelong about him. His sister, Lady, a black wolf, was gay and fearless, and utterly straightforward. No shyness hid her native intelligence.

Lady was nobody's wolf; she chose when she would play with us. Trigger was Cris' wolf. A rare, strange companionship grew up between these two males, but no day passed when Trigger did not growl at me.

"Wolves," reports the author, "are extremely social animals." Here, Cris Crisler, Lady and Trigger sun themselves after a long hike together.

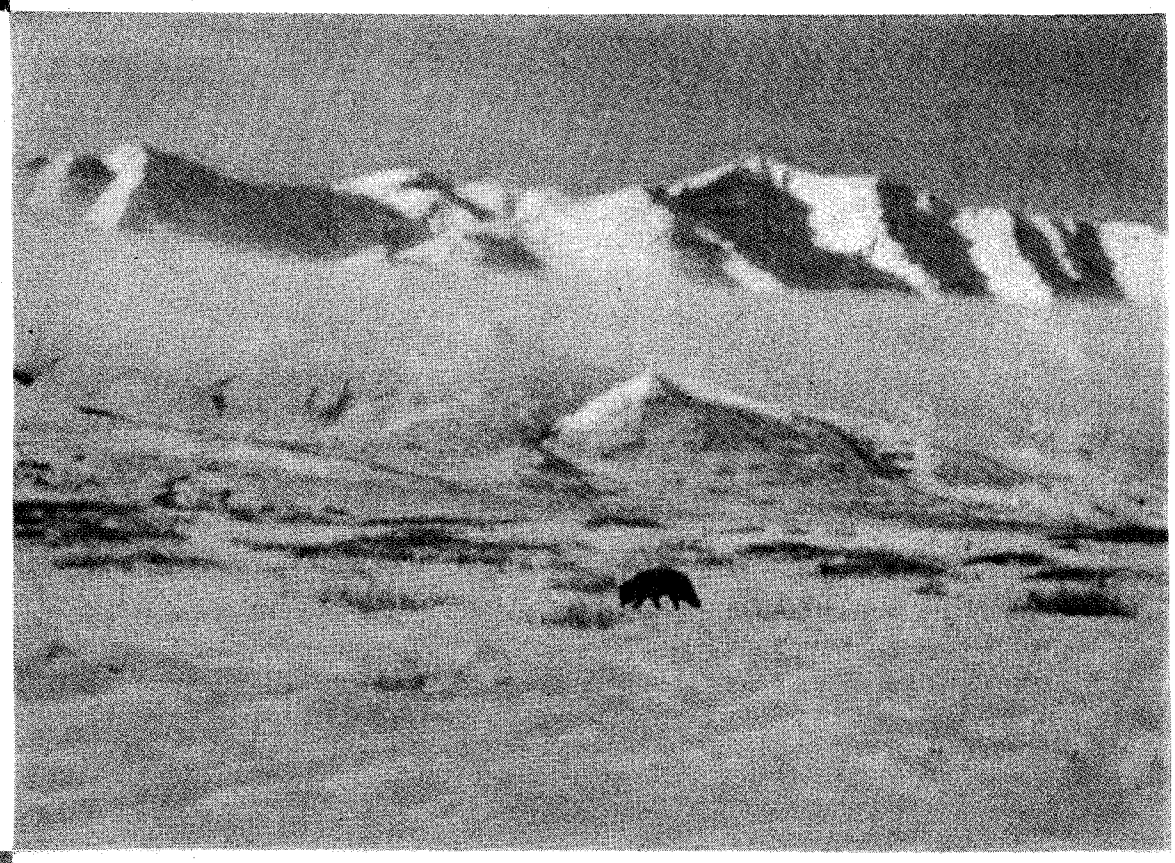


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lois Crisler catches Trigger in a cuddly mood. Trigger used to go into ecstasies over perfume, but he proved to be a man's wolf. "No day passed when he did not growl at me," the author recalls.

One day in October, in a blue-and-white world, I was following Cris along an old caribou trail when I became aware that Trigger was trailing me closely. When I glanced back, his eyes slid away from mine, and he drifted aside as if he had no purpose in the world. But the instant I turned my head he was at my heels again. Suddenly, sharp fangs sank into my wool mitten. Trigger snatched it off and ran. He had a trophy for a romp! I felt relief. We had a free-for-all chase over the sunny snow. Daily after this, the wolf played "mitten" with me. He gauged his bite to a nicety, and never broke my skin.

The wolves turned on us the day the chartered plane came to take us out for the winter. The plane landed on a frozen lake a mile or more from our (Continued on Page 90)



Lady searches for ptarmigan on the slopes of the Endicott Mountains in Alaska's arctic wilderness. At first, the Crislers penned their pets at night, but later let them come and go as they pleased.

Trigger, fresh from a swim, prowls the early autumn tundra. After a hunt, he sometimes returned home with his face and legs sunset-colored with blood.

Photographs by Lois and Herb Crisler

Lady and Trigger stare in fascination at some dogs in a nearby Eskimo camp. Moments later, Cris had to stop Trigger from attacking the dogs.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

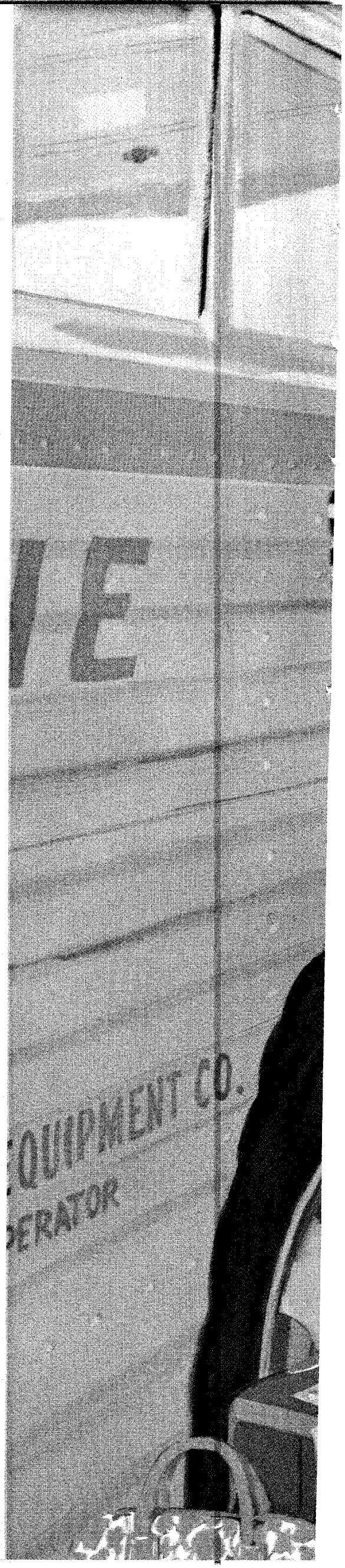
When Lisa rode in Mike's bus,

he had a hard time keeping

his eyes on the road.

Busdriver, Beware!

By KINGSLEY TUFTS



Mike Grader stood at the washbowl before the broad mirror in the drivers' locker room and slapped the hard muscles below his chest. He was an ex-marine and looked it. Short-haired, blue-eyed, broad-shouldered, he had the tough immaculate smoothness of a big, powerful, polished engine.

There was a snort behind him. Pop Kennedy, oldest driver in the division, ambled up to the washbowl, took out his upper teeth and held them under the faucet. "Hottest June I ever seen in St. Louis. How you stand that jacket on a day like this, I don't see."

Grader flexed his arms, feeling the snug tightness of the uniform jacket, and the almost irrepressible urge to see if he could bust the buttons off with a deep breath. "I got my gal to think of, Pop! Have to look sharp!"

"Hear anything on your transfer yet?" Kennedy asked.

"Not yet," he answered. "Still in line, though."

Months ago he'd put in for a change to a transcontinental express, but here it was already June and he was still on the local run in Southern Illinois. Boy, how he'd like to be piloting one of the big sleek babies across the country on a morning like this! Operator in charge! Everything shiny. Clean haircut. Crisp military press in his shirt. Big hunk of beef at a big wheel, and everybody behind him relaxed and happy. Nothing in God's world could touch that feeling of people having confidence in you. That was it! That's what you dressed for, and worked for, and that was your pay when you'd earned it.

Suddenly he laughed, a big hearty roar that rattled the steel doors of the lockers.

"What in tarnation's hit you?" Kennedy chirped.

"That's the way she makes me feel!" he shouted. "She's my gal, and I'll bet you ten dollars to a doughnut she'll have a box of strawberries and a pint of cream for me today! Big ones! The biggest ones you've ever seen! Cream you can cut with a knife!" He grabbed up his tin ticket box, pushed back his cap and bolted out the door.

He had just time to pick her up something at the candy stand. Something with marshmallow. Boy, she loved that! "You're mine sveetie," she'd say in that rich German accent. "You're funny, but I luf you!" Then the whole bus would roar, and he'd shout, "Marika, you and me was made for romance! What you say we kick these clowns off and barrel all the way to New York? We'll grab a boat for the old country! How about it, baby?"

"*Ach! Wunderschön!*" she'd say.

What a terrific old gal! Bent and gnarled, and no bigger than a brown little crab apple, but what eyes! The eyes of a young girl, bright as Christmas candles, and deep with mystery. Those European women really had it. Like Dietrich and Garbo. Their eyes knew everything, and they could laugh and joke and be far away as the moon, all at the same time.

They never got old, not dames like that. They just got wiser and more wonderful. *Wunderschön!* That was the word for it, all right. He'd looked that one up, and it meant wonderfully beautiful. He'd looked up a lot of things. His old colonel, who'd cracked that the way to a gal's heart was through a dictionary, wasn't just choppin' air. English was strictly for the small slice of the globe.

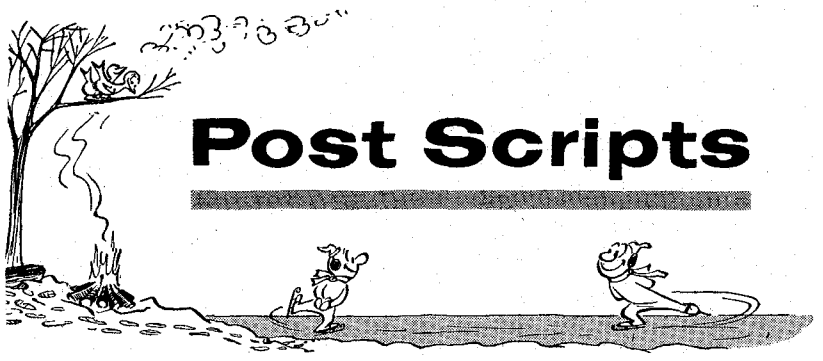
He'd almost forgotten about the foreign babes until, out of a blue sky one morning last fall, Marika had got on his bus at a country stop, sparkling like a dewdrop, and popped a delicious little persimmon into his mouth.

"From mine own tree, sveet mit der first frost!" She paid her (Continued on Page 100)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mike stared at her speechlessly, then gulped, "I'm—it's—certainly *glad to meet you.*"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Post Scripts

Vintage Stuff

Old wine, old books, old friends are best,
But nothing beats an ancient jest;

A mellow joke, a vintage chaff
Fermented from the Grapes of Laugh;

A joke of fine bouquet and flavor;
A joke to relish and to savor.

Avoid, dear friends, the raw, the new,
The corked, the cut, the blended brew,

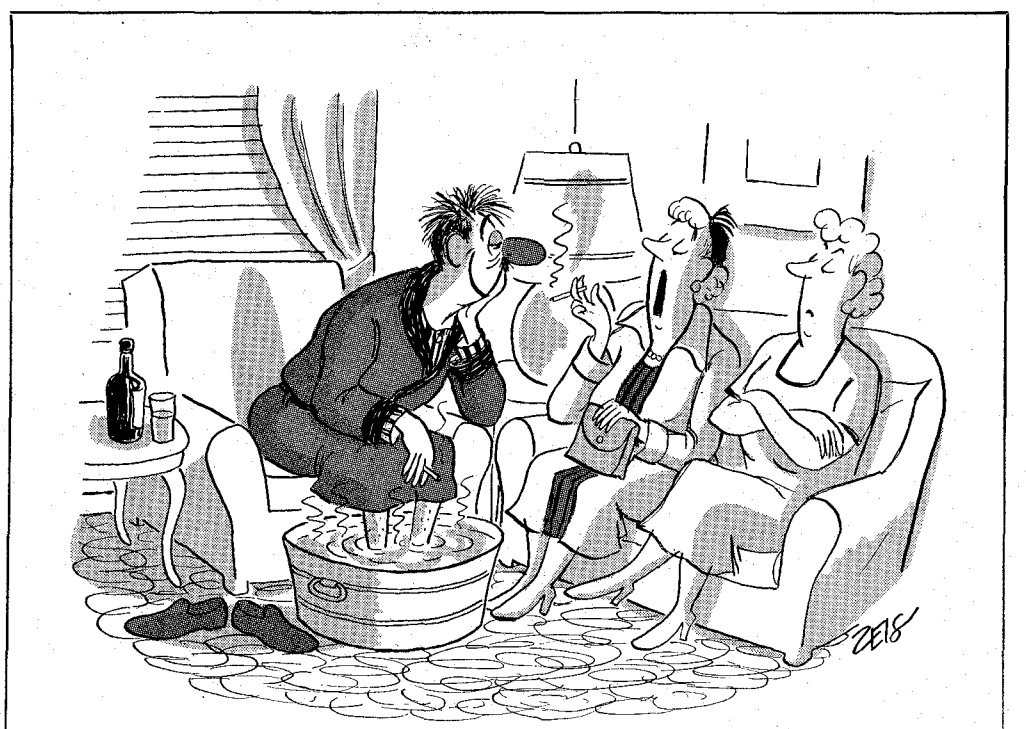
And seek, instead, the nectar born
Of unadulterated corn.

The best of jokes, it seems to me,
Have body and authority;

They gain by aging, much like wine
Laid down, let's say, in '29;

And every comic worth his salt
Has several thousand in the vault.

NORMAN R. JAFFRAY



"Have you been taking anything for it?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

21-Inch Screen Test

"Your Broadway and Hollywood credits are impressive, Miss Darylle, but before we can use you in television commercials, you'll have to prove yourself."

"I'm very versatile, Mr. Grunk. When I opened in Moose Call, Brooks Atkinson, of The Times, said: 'No star twinkled brighter than did talented Deirdre Darylle.'"

"Yeah, but can you open a box of spaghetti as if it were a chest of precious jewels? Can you blow cigarette smoke in your escort's face and make it look romantic? Can you pour out a can of foaming beer without your hand shaking so it slops all over the set?"

"Listen, Mr. Grunk—listen to what Louella Parsons wrote: 'No one in show biz can hold a candle to Deirdre Darylle when it comes to registering rage, grief, homesickness, horror ——'"

"Those old-hat emotions got no place in our game. In the TV commercial we got product reactions only: Filter-Tip Contentment, Stomach-Distress Melancholy, Coffee-Sipper's Ecstasy, Deodorant Confidence, and so on. Here, try reading this script, and we'll see how you do."

"O.K., here goes: 'EEEEEE-eeeeeek! A headache has hit! And ——'"

"Don't underplay it, Miss Darylle."

"'—— and tonight is the big oyster supper at the fire company! Oh, dear, whatever shall I do? I know! I'll take two Migrainettes, the tender tablets that act with turbo-jet speed ——'"

"Smile through your tears on that line, Miss Darylle."

"'The ten-n-n-nder tablets ——' Is that better, Mr. Grunk?"

"You're not feeling the part. Take it from the beginning again."

"'EEEE-OWWWWW! A headache has hit!'"

"No, no, not the Stanislavsky technique! Try it again."

"'OOOO-oooo-OOOO-oooo ——'"

"Once more, Miss Darylle."

"Never mind, Mr. Grunk. There's always summer stock."

W. F. MIKSCH

They Know All the Answers

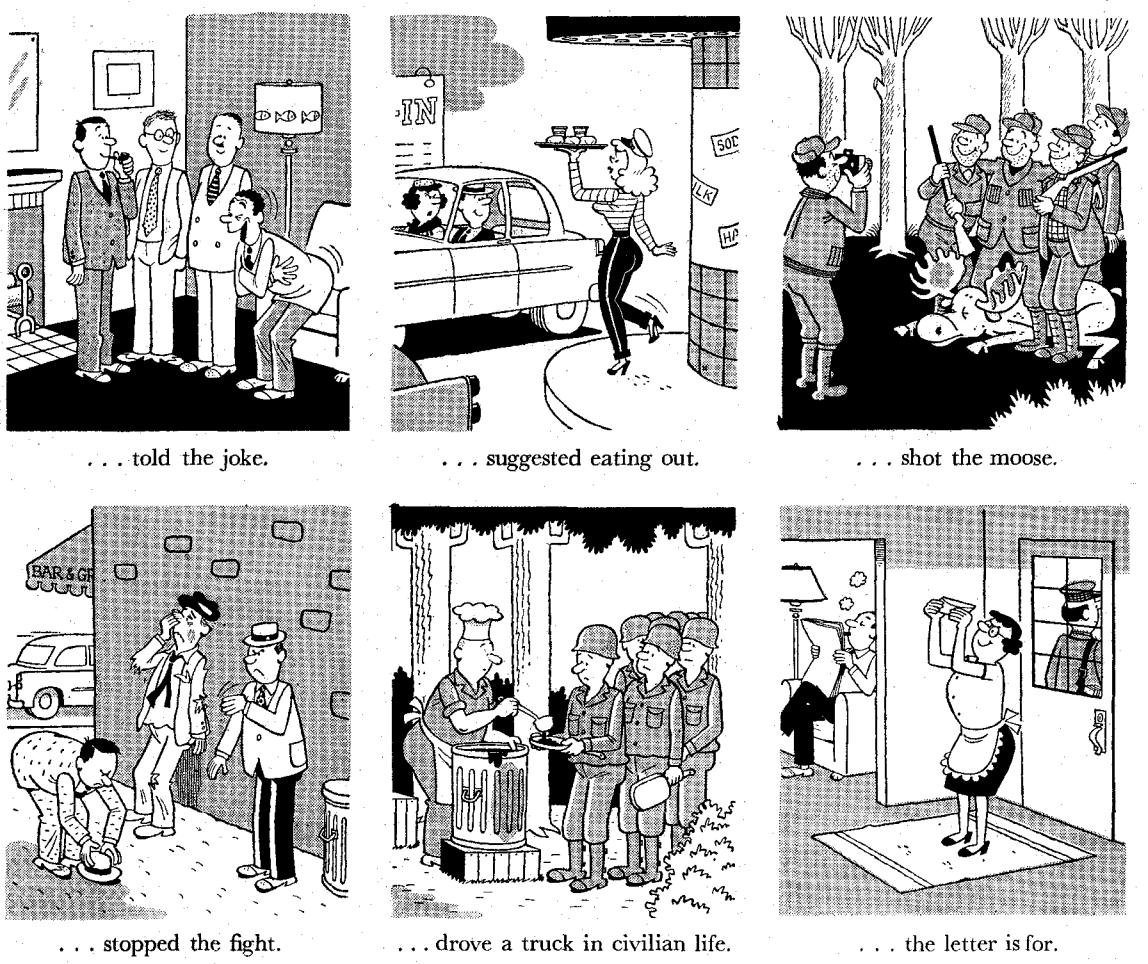
When little children won't behave
And youthful lungs are screeching,
The bachelor and spinster rave
About the lack of teaching.

In case a mother loses weight
Because her kids upset her,
A bachelor can set them straight;
A spinster does it better.

The worst of infants can be trained
To leave our lives unharried;
And who knows how this point is gained?
The few who haven't married.

WILLIAM W. PRATT

GUESS WHO By BILL HARRISON



. . . told the joke. . . . suggested eating out. . . . shot the moose.

. . . stopped the fight. . . . drove a truck in civilian life. . . . the letter is for.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW-AND WHAT A MEAL!

Illustration shows contents of two cans

A new thin-strand spaghetti with tender beefy meatballs—by Franco-American

IF your brood has been hinting for something new and different to eat, you needn't even turn the page—this is it! FRANCO-AMERICAN Spaghetti with Meatballs. Completely new. And completely wonderful.

Main event: the meatballs! Tender, beefy meatballs, seasoned ju-u-ust right.

Next attraction, the sauce! It's new and it's tomato and it's tantalizing! Maybe you can't tell by looking just *how* tantalizing, but one sniff will give you a good idea. And when you taste it—you'll *know!* You'll notice, too, that even the spaghetti is different—the thin-strand kind.

This newest Franco-American dish is a *meal,* Mothers. Satisfying. And nutritious. Every helping supplies *proteins* and *energy* which everybody in your family needs.

Easy to fix? Goodness, yes! All you do is heat our Spaghetti with Meatballs for three or four minutes, serve, and get ready for compliments.

One more point. Franco-American Spaghetti with Meatballs costs *only about 14¢ a serving!* At that price, wouldn't it be a good idea to get *several* cans? Right now, maybe?

Spaghetti with Meatballs
by Franco-American

FRANCO-AMERICAN IS A TRADEMARK OWNED BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Try this on your traffic!

Who says driving in traffic has to be a headache! Just you try it in a new Chevrolet.

This frisky, footsure beauty really takes the pressure off the five o'clock rush. You're calm and confident at the wheel because you know you're driving a car with cat-quick reflexes . . . a car that turns wishes into *action!*

Have to hustle to match a change in the traffic pace? Just give Chevy's record-breaking V8 the word—and you *move!* Power now ranges up to 205 h.p. Is this where you turn? Nothing to it. This new Chevrolet steers like it knows the way home. Red light ahead? Ease down on the brake pedal and you feel the silk-and-steel grip of Chevrolet's outsize brakes cushion you to a heads-up stop.

You seem to sift through traffic tangles and scoot away from trouble spots. And you enjoy an utter sureness of control that makes *all* driving safer and more fun. Your Chevrolet dealer will be happy to let you try this on *your* traffic. Just name the day. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

THE HOT ONE'S EVEN HOTTER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FLOODS OF FEAR

"Let me go!" she gasped.

"I'd rather die than stay with you!"

By JOHN and WARD HAWKINS

Frantically, Elizabeth Matthews tried to make sense of what she'd heard. A murderer—this Donavan was a murderer. And Peebles an armed robber. And Sharkey a policeman or something. It couldn't be! It couldn't happen to her!

A convicted killer, Bruce Donavan was one of a gang of convicts recruited from the state prison during the flood emergency. He was swept to freedom when the river overran the dike on which he was working. Donavan had been born beside this river. He knew its every mood and turn, and he could swim as few men could. He gave himself up to the river gladly, letting it carry him downstream on his mission of vengeance.

The river washed Donavan up alongside the road where Elizabeth was trapped atop her car. He knew that to help her might wreck his own plans. Nevertheless, he went to her rescue. The two of them found temporary refuge in a partially flooded farmhouse.

Elizabeth learned who Donavan was after he brought in two other flood victims: Peebles, a fellow convict, and Tom Sharkey, the guard. Peebles was disgusted that Donavan had saved Sharkey's life. He tried to kill the guard, but Donavan broke up the attempt.

Sharkey warned Donavan that he still intended to take him back to prison, dead or alive. "I'm not going back, Tom," Donavan replied.

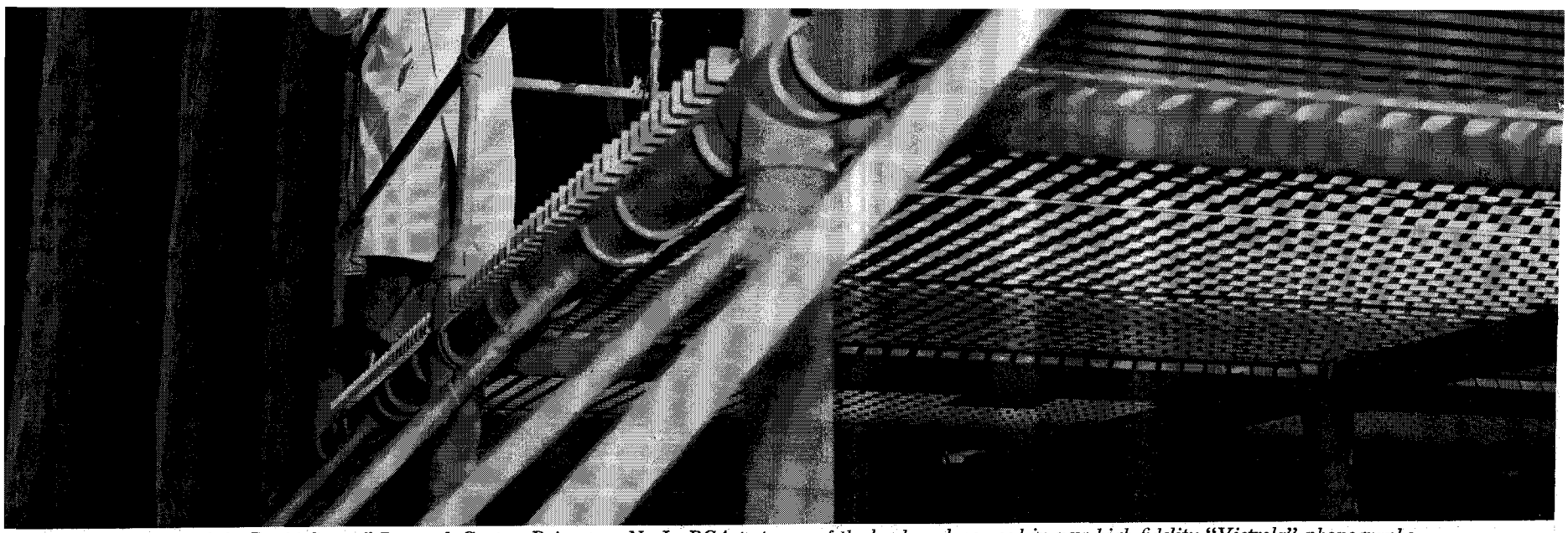
"What are you going to do?" asked Elizabeth.

It was a question Donavan would answer for no one. But downriver lay the town of West Mills. There lived Jack Murphy, the man who sent Donavan to prison. This man Donavan intended to kill. He didn't know how he was going to do it, but he knew he would.

III

The flood smashed the docks at Greenfield and swept the pleasure-boat moorages clean of everything afloat. The homeless and the hungry huddled around bonfires on the ridges above town; no one in Greenfield could yet even attempt to estimate their number. Existing telephone channels were jammed by those who wanted word of relatives or friends. Weary operators could only say, "Sorry, that number cannot be reached." Families had been split apart, children (Continued on Page 60)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



In Sound Room of the David Sarnoff Research Center, Princeton, N. J., RCA tests one of the loudspeakers used in new high fidelity "Victrola" phonographs.

In the silence of this room, RCA creates a new kind of high fidelity

In this room you *can* hear a pin drop. The jagged walls absorb alien noise so that delicate instruments can make sure reproduced sound matches the original as closely as possible.

Thus a new kind of high fidelity is born—and brought to you for the first time in new RCA Victor Orthophonic "Victrola" phonographs. *Listen!* Here is distortion-free performance through the range of audible sound. Here is *more* music than you've ever heard before, with deep-throated lows and winged highs. Here is the ultimate in high fidelity.

The skill behind new Orthophonic "Victrolas" is inherent in all RCA products and services. And continually, RCA scientists strive to open new frontiers of "Electronics for Living"—electronics that make life happier, easier, safer.

RCA®

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

ELECTRONICS FOR LIVING

New Orthophonic High Fidelity "Victrola" Phonograph, $129.95. 3-Speaker Panoramic Sound System. Mahogany or modern oak finish. Stand extra. (6HF5.) Other instruments to $1600.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Boy Who Worked Too Hard

(Continued from Page 31)

because she was a practical woman, her prayer was practical also. *Please make him eat his meat and drink his milk.*

Grace was over then and the dinner buzz began, muted tonight in respect for Miss Oberly's male guest.

As Rose set the soup at her place she could hear Miss Oberly's charming voice pouring on the honey. Yes, Miss Oberly was saying, most of her help came from the university. Such fine boys, and so dependable. And the guest said how nice that was. Nothing pleased him more than to see young men working their way through college. It developed such character.

For an instant Rose felt a dreadful impulse to pour the hot soup on his bald head. What boys like Pete Westcott needed was not more character. What they needed was thick steak, more fun, less worry, and enough financial backing so that next quarter's tuition did not loom perpetually over their heads.

When she returned to the kitchen the boy was washing dishes. She began to stack and help him. With all that roast beef in him, he looked a little more alive.

"You know something, Rosie?" he said. "If I ever get married, I'm never going to give the little woman a hand with the dishes. I'll break 'em first." He began to whistle, then sobered.

"How are finals, Pete?" she asked.

"I've cracked them on the nose so far. One more to go. English Fifty-six tomorrow at nine. I haven't done the required reading. Have to get to the libe and do it."

The hashers carried out the last trays, and while they ate their own dinner, Rose stacked the dessert plates and the boy washed them. Then he was done.

"Good night, Rose," he said. "You know something? If I get an A in English Fifty-six, I'll cop a Culbert scholarship. Pays three quarters' tuition," and he gave her a quick pat and was down the service hall and onto his bike, wheeling off into the night.

He rode with his hands in his pockets, expert from long practice. But he rode carefully. Two days ago he'd had a spill, picked himself up from the side of the road with a bloody knee for no reason at all. And that reminded him. Tomorrow after the final he'd drop in at the university infirmary and have the knee painted and bandaged properly.

When he turned in the big campus gates down Fraternity Row and past the huge halls, no phonographs blared, no crazy kids whooped it up. During finals all were alike—serious and tense. He slid his bike into the rack in front of the immense libe, and he went up the steps too fast, four at a time.

He had written call cards for the books he wanted, and when the girl at the desk gave them to him he passed the reading rooms, climbed two flights of stairs to a small seminar room at the top of the building. It was empty, and he turned on the lights and spread the books on the table.

When he was set to begin, something strange happened. The words grew fuzzy. By no effort of the will could he concentrate on them. Sleep. That was what he needed. Half an hour's sleep would fix him. He could sleep anywhere and wake to the moment's need. He cradled his head in his arms.

When he awoke the buzzer was ringing, and the buzzer meant that in six minutes the building closed for the night. The call books could not be taken from the libe, and he had not read one word.

It did not seem too important then. He told himself that a man has to believe he'll have a bit of luck when he needs it most. He turned in the books, and pedaled to his room adjoining Professor Tigby's garage.

In the morning when he opened his eyes, he remembered instantly. He did his breakfast stint with Miss Oberly's dishwater, hurrying as fast as he could, saying nothing. He pedaled strenuously back to the campus to be on time for the nine-o'clock.

He was the last student to enter the room. Doctor Meredith, a woman of fifty and one of the bright brains of the university, was at her desk, checking the roll. On the arm of each chair waited the blue book, the examination paper tucked inside.

He opened his and withdrew the sheet. He held his breath as he read the questions. He must answer three out of four, and two he knew, and two were on the required reading which he had not read.

"Are there any questions?" asked Doctor Meredith. There were no questions and she left the room.

He removed his wrist watch and placed it on the chair arm in front of him. He would give himself thirty minutes for each of the two questions he knew. That would leave him one hour for the question he must bluff. Then he began to write.

He knocked off the first question in twenty-five minutes, and the second in thirty-one. Then he read the two questions he did not know.

IN HENRY JAMES' TURN OF THE SCREW WHOM DID MILES AND FLORA LOVE? DISCUSS.

There was no use trying to bluff that one. He read the second.

DID THE GENTLEMAN FROM SAN FRANCISCO, BY IVAN BUNIN, COMMIT SUICIDE? DISCUSS.

He considered the facts. The unknown gentleman from San Francisco was dead. Obviously he had not strung himself up by his own suspenders, because if he had done so, there would be no question as to his suicide. Ivan Bunin was a Russian, and the Russian writers like the great problems dusted with a touch of metaphysics.

Pete discussed. He discussed for fifty-seven minutes. He began with the psychological implications of suicide, the spiritual vacuum of today which led to it. He even hauled in poor old Doc Freud, but not too obviously. He swung boldly at modern materialism. When he had finished he was almost proud of himself. With any luck at all, he was sure it would take a divine providence to know he had not read Ivan Bunin's classic. Doctor Meredith, bright brain that she was, would not be positive. She might guess, but she wouldn't know.

He wrote his name on the cover, dropped the blue book on the desk and went outdoors into the sun. In the quadrangle, other students who had finished their last final were sitting on the low wall under the trees, the tension over. Pete sat down too. He had never felt so tired. His knee was hurting him again, and he remembered that he was going to the infirmary to have it dressed. He walked there slowly, and when he entered, the nurse made him roll up his trousers leg and said the doctor had better see it.

When the doctor came in fifteen minutes later, the boy was asleep again, and the doctor was a young man and he was tired too. Late last night a student with too little sense and too much spending money had taken a curve at ninety miles an hour and killed himself untidily. The doctor had just finished telling his father that when it happened his son was drunk.

He looked at this boy now and he knew his kind well. Here was a kid from a family that had gone to college for generations, who wanted to be a lawyer, a doctor, an engineer—anything at all which requires long, expensive training. And if something upset the family's budget, did he give it up? He did not. He put himself up against a lonely, desperate battle before he was grown to it, physically or emotionally. It was a waste. It was wrong.

He woke the boy and dressed his knee.

"Take off your shirt," he ordered, and the anger showed in his voice.

He went over him carefully and questioned him. How many hours was he carrying? How many jobs was he holding down? How much sleep did he get each night? How long had it been since he'd had a real

People are Like That

While men now admit the fact that women, as a rule, outlive them by five years, they still feel that the male of the species is basically healthier and more robust than the female. Are they right?

Not according to an American Medical Association survey of patients in more than 6500 hospitals. This revealed some 642,000 men patients and only 565,000 women patients hospitalized at the time. War disabilities, accidents and occupational diseases increased the number of men, but on the other hand, an estimated one sixth of the women were maternity cases. Among children under fifteen, there were 11,000 more ill boys than ill girls—strong evidence that the male actually is less healthy than the female.

Arthur Larsen.

"How I use Murine for tired eyes"

Ceil Chapman

FAMOUS DESIGNER OF BEAUTIFUL EVENING DRESSES

Creating lovely clothes takes endless attention to detail. That's why often throughout the day Ceil Chapman pauses in her work to use Murine. It refreshes her tired eyes, seems to relieve the feeling of strain that comes from close work. See how just two drops of this gentle formula can refresh *your* eyes quick as a wink—*any time* they feel tired!

MURINE for your eyes*

The Murine Co. Inc., Chicago, U.S.A.
*Trademarks Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vacation? Then he gave it to him straight, and he knew he was being too hard on the boy, and he didn't seem to be able to help it.

"What do you think you're made of? Iron? What are you trying to do to yourself? You're leaving the university for at least three months. I want you to put on some weight. I want you outdoors. I want you to have at least nine hours' sleep every night. Now don't argue— I won't listen to any alibis. Where do you live? . . . All right, you go there. You take this tablet and go to bed. I'll be over in the morning and take you to the infirmary. You'll be out in a week."

The boy walked to his room at Professor Tigby's, too stunned to think. He told Mrs. Tigby what had happened, and asked her to call Rose and tell her he wouldn't show up tonight for work. Then he went to bed.

Finals were over now. From the next street came gay and raucous laughter. By night the campus would be deserted by all the carefree youth. Only the strays would be left—the ones who couldn't afford to go home for the spring vacation, the ones like him who had tried so hard and couldn't take it.

When he woke up it was evening, and Rose was there.

"Mrs. Tigby let me in. I've brought you some dinner, and don't tell me you're not hungry. I snitched the chicken breast off Miss Oberly's plate, and I won't have it wasted. Sit up now."

He sat up. "Rose," he said, "what am I going to do? I can't go home. Since Dad's death, mother has just enough to take care of herself and my kid sisters. She'd worry so."

"Now don't talk. I'll do the talking. And stop sounding as if the world had ended. It hasn't anything of the sort. You'll get your head educated yet."

She set the food before him.

"What you need is a good sea trip," she said casually. "Nothing like salt air to put a man on his feet. The cook at Miss Oberly's has a brother who's a steward on a boat. He's in port, and tonight the cook's going to call him up and find out exactly how you go about getting a job."

A week later the boy went to San Francisco. The first thing he had to do was pass a test for a lifeboat certificate. He walked to the dock where the tests were held.

A group of men was gathered by a wooden lifeboat on davits at the edge of the wharf. He joined it, standing a little to one side, unsure of himself, almost shy. Then an inspector in uniform strode forward. He looked over each man with the shrewd eyes of an old halibut, and settled on Pete.

"Well, well," he said cordially, "another college punk who wants to be an ice-cream sailor. Where's the garboard strake?"

The boy didn't know.

"Where are the falls?"

He didn't know that one either.

"Name the articles that belong in a lifeboat."

"Oars," said Pete, and hesitated.

"Step aside," said the inspector, and the boy stepped aside and watched the others lower the boat and row the inspector around the dock as if he were an admiral. He walked back to the Embarcadero, some small spark in him burning slowly. Presently he met a seaman approaching, a dunnage bag over his shoulder.

"Will you sell me some old clothes?" he asked him. "I want to get a lifeboat certificate, and I can't get by that inspector."

The seaman set down his bag, opened it and hauled out a pair of faded dungarees and an old blue jersey with patches on the elbows.

"Fifty cents for the dungarees," he said. "I'll toss in the jersey."

The boy paid him, and thanked him.

"Now listen, kid. You go to the public library and get a Midshipman's Manual. Read everything it says about lifeboats." He swung the bag over his shoulder. "And if anybody asks if you've been to college, tell 'em sure, barbers' college."

The boy did exactly as he was told. The next day he went back to the dock in the dungarees and the ancient jersey. A different inspector was on duty, and he gave him scarcely a glance.

"Can you row?"

"Yep."

"You sure?"

"You're darned right."

"O.K.," and the inspector wrote the certificate.

Then the boy took it to the hiring hall, joined the union, paid his dues and was given a job as an ordinary seaman on a ship sailing in five days for the Orient.

He was lucky, but he didn't know it yet. He had a job on a good line on a well-run ship so popular with its crew that the turnover was small. When he reported for work, the first mate looked him over carefully, not one bit fooled by the jersey with the patched elbows, and told him exactly what clothes he'd need and where to buy them.

His first task was to wash the windows on the promenade deck, and when he had been working a couple of hours, the second mate came along to see how he was doing.

He was a good-looking man in his early thirties, with a strong, intelligent face, the fingers of one hand twisted by dengue fever.

"Do these three over," he ordered. "And these two. There's plenty of time at sea. The main thing is to do the job well."

"Yes, sir-r-r-r."

Then the second mate did something which for a moment alarmed the boy. He began to sing:

"*I cleaned the window and I swept the floor*
And I polished up the handle of the big front door.
I polished up the handle so carefully
That now I'm the ruler of the Queen's Navee-e-e-e-e."

He seemed well pleased with his rendition of Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan.

"And that's the way you get ahead at sea," he said, and strode off. His name was Larson.

Pete washed windows for two days. When he finished they shone.

The third day, Larson took him along to inspect the lifeboats. They removed the cover from the first and checked the contents. Then Larson was called away and did not come back. The boy checked each boat, writing down carefully what articles were missing. Then he went to the second mate's cabin and gave him the lists.

"Forgot all about you." Larson said, and Pete knew he was pleased with him, and he was pleased with himself—at least until the next day, when he made a mistake so horrible that Larson referred to it thereafter, and sadly, as The Big Fire-Foam Incident.

He was put to cleaning and refilling the fire extinguishers, which were ancient long brass cylinders. He lugged them into an empty stateroom, as directed, and cleaned them in the shower. But when it came time to fill them, he was sure Larson had made a mistake on how much white powder to use. He opened the drum and put a handful in the bottom of the shower, and it looked so harmless and small that he added another. Then he turned on the water.

The stuff began to spit, sputter and to grow. Foam billowed to his knees, to his waist, and Pete pulled the shower curtain shut and leaned against it to keep the stuff inside the shower, and it pushed out the sides into the stateroom, attended by a dreadful smell.

When the odor reached the deck, Larson entered, and the boy told him what he'd done.

"Mighty powerful stuff, isn't it, son?" Larson said. "Mighty powerful stuff," and left him frantically holding the shower curtain. Presently a China boy appeared, and the two of them spent three hours cleaning up the mess he'd made.

When the ship sailed and he realized he was still on it, and that Larson couldn't get rid of him now, tension lifted and he began to enjoy himself.

He painted much of the way to Japan. "Down these steps, sir?" he asked the seaman who directed him to his first paint job, and the man answered, "That's right, sonny. Right down in the cellar." After that he called steps a ladder.

One day he was painting a stay when Larson came by.

"See that holiday?" asked Larson. "Go up and get it. Teach you a lesson."

The boy looked at the stay, and way up high was one small spot he had missed. He was wondering how to get up there when an able-bodied hand walked up—a huge man.

"Want a lift, kid?" he asked, and he hoisted Pete on his shoulder and kept him there until the holiday was painted. And his name was Frenchie.

When he wasn't painting, he was polishing brass or washing down the decks. He bleached and he sanded them, and he ran the holystone, learning to let it slide with the ship's roll. When he was missing a fork at mess, he asked, "Where's my gear?" And when a seaman called out, "Catch that lazy guy?" he no longer looked around to see which man was loafing on the job.

When the ship approached the first port in Japan, things took a more seamanlike turn. Pete was in the bow, mostly getting in the way, and when the bos'n had the heaving line ready, he said to him, "You think you're man enough to reach the dock with this?" and Pete said he didn't know, but he'd like to try. He gave the line everything he had, and it reached the dock, crossed the dock, and the monkey fist on the end went through a warehouse window with a splintering crash. No one spoke. But after this he had a name. They called him Slim.

The marvelous world unfolded before him, the lovely islands of Japan and the roadsteads of the East.

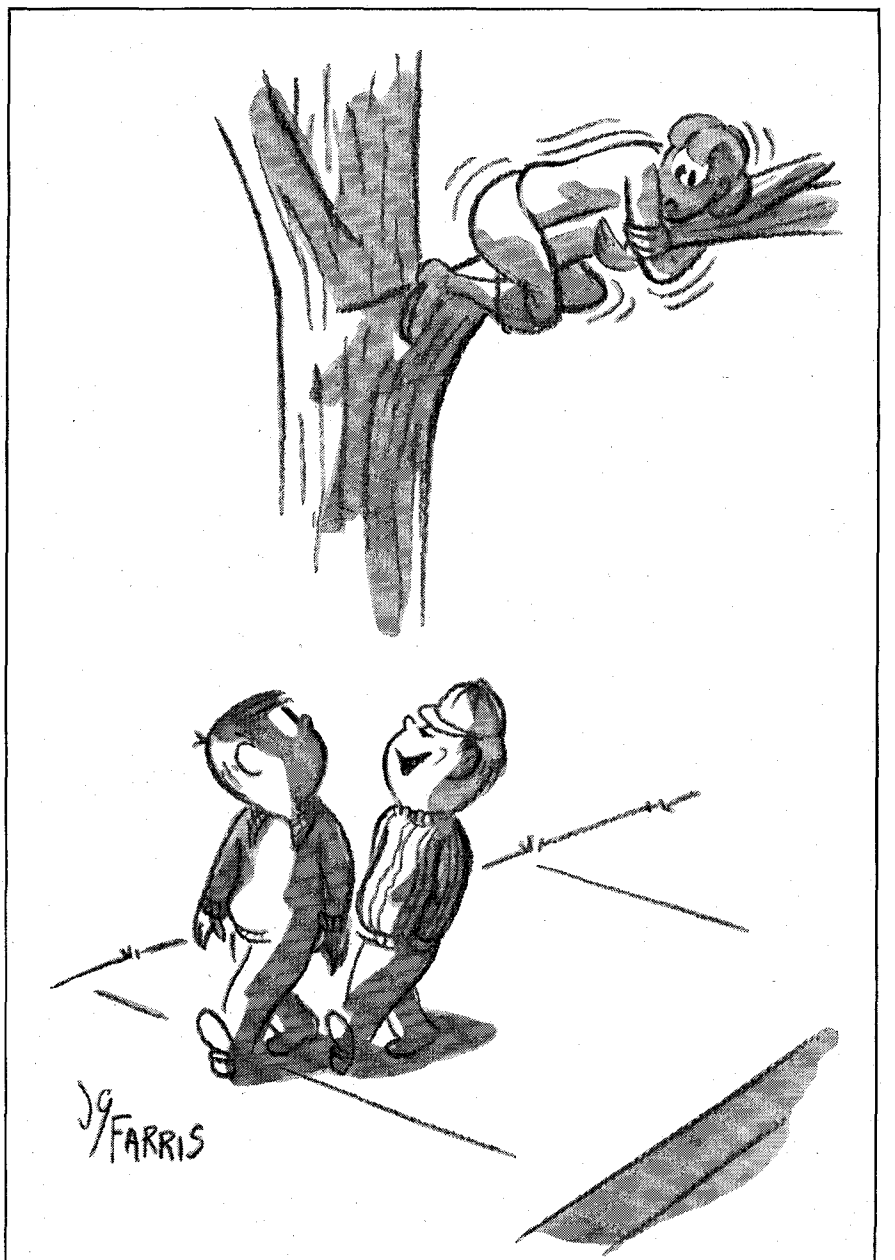
"Tired of washing your clothes in a bucket, Slim?" Frenchie asked him. "Collect all your dirty gear and everything that needs mending. The sew-sew woman will come aboard soon as we berth."

Pete made a bundle of his clothes, and when the ship reached Shanghai, he hurried to the forecastle. He was in the midst of washing and cleaning up, like the others, when he heard an unbelievable sound.

It was a woman's sweet voice, saying over and over in a kind of chant, "Sew-sew, sew-sew," and into the forecastle stepped its owner.

She was a Chinese woman of sixty, perhaps. Her black hair was bound carefully, and she wore with dignity black silk trousers and high-necked jacket. She entered with no more self-consciousness than a mother entering a nursery, and all the men went right

(Continued on Page 48)



"She was my baby sitter last night."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On the next two pages...

there is an announcement that can
help you to triumph over one of the most
widespread of all diseases . . . to win a
blessing of health long dreamed of.

This announcement opens a new era
in preventive dental care. You owe it
to those you love—and to yourself—
to read it thoughtfully.

THE PROCTER & GAMBLE COMPANY, CINCINNATI, OHIO

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IMPORTANT MILESTONES IN MODERN MEDICINE:

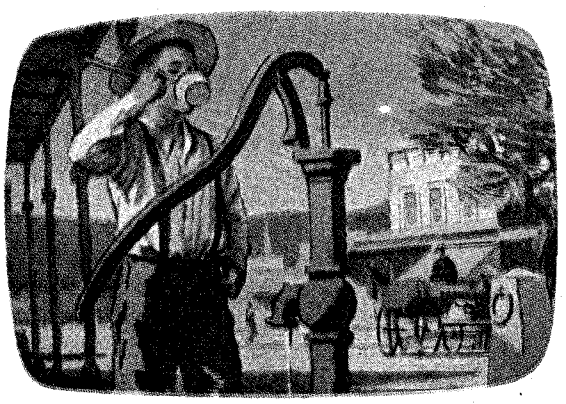
1796—Triumph Over Contagious Diseases. First inoculation by Dr. Jenner. **1848**—Triumph Over Pain. Dr. Morton's discovery of ether as an anesthetic is used for the first time in surgery. **1929**—Triumph Over Bacterial Infections. Fleming discovers penicillin.

Now—1956—Procter & Gamble proudly announces . . .

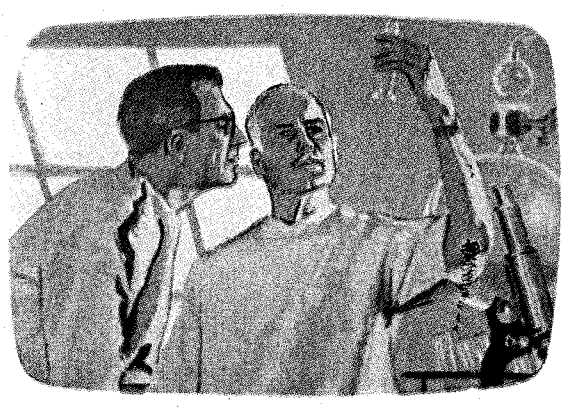
TRIUMPH OVER TOOTH DECAY

Crest Toothpaste with Fluoristan
strengthens tooth enamel from within to lock out decay

Fluoristan is Procter & Gamble's exclusive fluoride compound—far superior to fluoride alone



Miracle of the Towns Without Toothaches. For years, children growing up in several Western towns were virtually without cavities. Then science learned why: nature's decay-preventive, *fluoride*, was present in their drinking water!



Science Long Tried to Capture Fluoride—only medically approved preventive of decay—in a toothpaste. At last, university scientists and Procter & Gamble found the answer: *Fluoristan*, exclusive fluoride compound, *far superior to fluoride alone.*

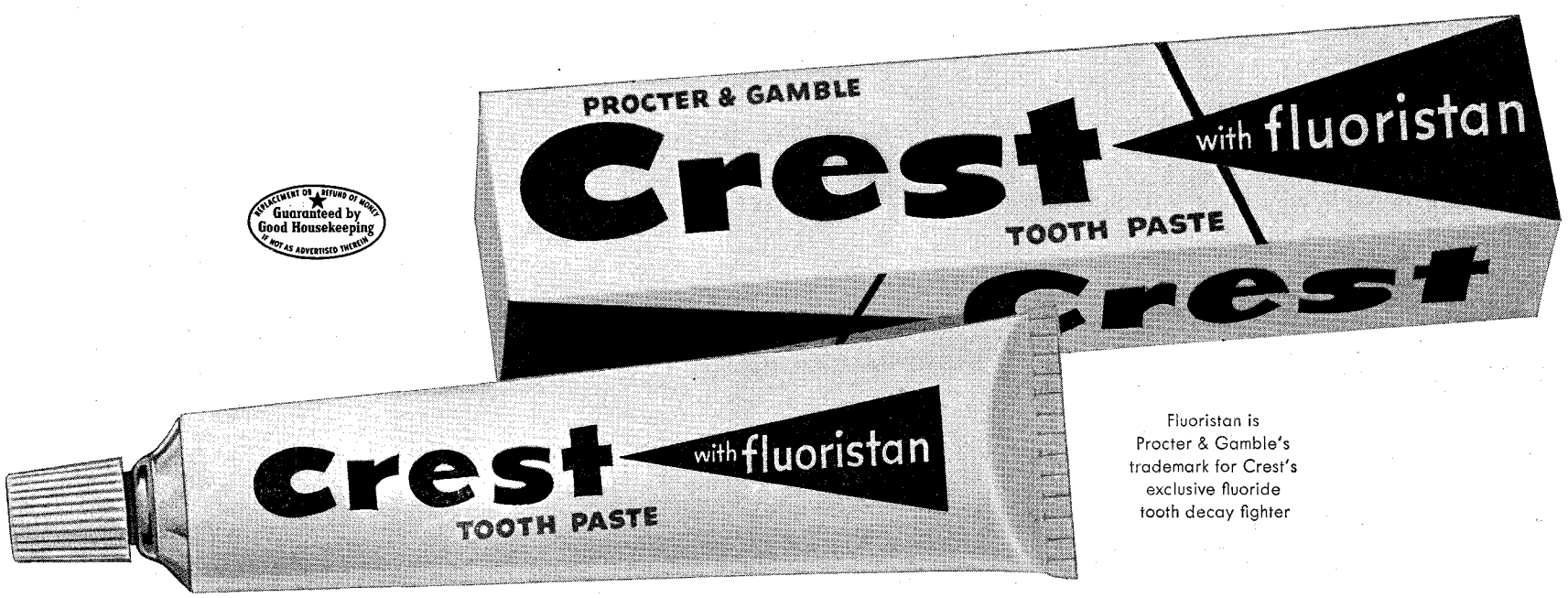
Fluoristan Makes Possible Crest—world's greatest weapon against tooth decay. Unless you get Fluoristan, you cannot get maximum protection against tooth decay with a toothpaste. Protects permanent teeth of adults and of children, six and over.

© 1956, The Procter & Gamble Co.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Crest with Fluoristan is the only toothpaste ever developed that makes possible a major reduction in tooth decay, for people of all ages. Thereby, Crest marks the turning point in man's age-old struggle against this almost universal disease.

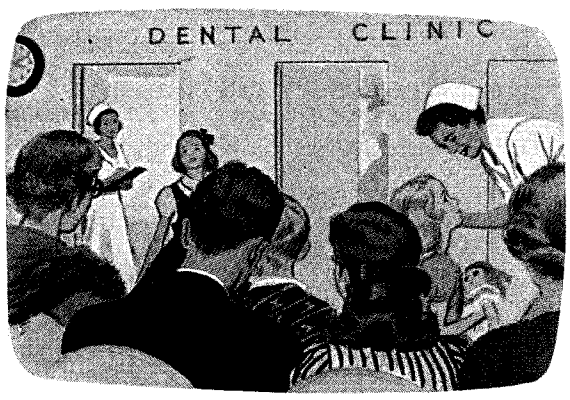
Instead of waiting helplessly for cavities to strike, Crest now makes it possible for you to build strong defenses against decay *within teeth themselves* . . . to actually *fortify* teeth so that they turn back the destructive attacks of decay (as opposed to the old-fashioned method of depositing a temporary coating of protection on the surface of teeth). With Crest, your family approaches the long dreamed-of day of healthy, decay-free teeth.



Fluoristan is Procter & Gamble's trademark for Crest's exclusive fluoride tooth decay fighter

IMPORTANT: For your protection, you should know that Crest with Fluoristan has been proved in clinical tests to be far superior to any other toothpaste in preventing tooth decay. You should know that Fluoristan—far superior to fluoride alone—is the only fluoride compound whose effectiveness has been documented and reported in leading dental publications.

Unless the word FLUORISTAN appears on the package, you and your family cannot get maximum protection against tooth decay with a toothpaste.



Dentists Tested Crest for three years, on 5,673 people. Crest set records of decay prevention unequalled by *any* toothpaste of *any* kind. Every Crest brushing strengthens teeth against decay—and regular use strengthens them *lastingly*.

Protects You Against Bad Breath, Too! Crest blocks out bad breath as it locks out decay—*as no other toothpaste can*. Helps keep teeth naturally white and beautiful. And that pure, inviting flavor refreshes your entire mouth. You'll *love* Crest!

A Special Message to Dentists

The laboratory and clinical evidence for the unprecedented reduction in tooth decay achieved by Crest Toothpaste with Fluoristan is contained in numerous professional papers.

These papers have been presented before such societies as the American Association for the Advancement of Science, the American Association of Public Health Dentists, and the International Association for Dental Research.

A comprehensive summary of these papers has already been mailed to you. If you have not received your copy, write: The Procter & Gamble Company, Office, Division of Dental Research, Cincinnati 1, Ohio.

CREST*—*World's Greatest Weapon Against Tooth Decay

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Continued from Page 44) on washing and dressing, stopping only long enough to greet her.

"Hello, Mary," they called out. "How are you, Mary? . . . Come see the picture of my new girl in Seattle."

She knew each one by name, and Pete noticed that almost all the men—even the roughest—had some small gift for her, a bar of soap or chocolate, some delicacy saved from the mess. Mary was absolutely straight, they told Pete, and absolutely honest, and there was respect in their words.

The next day Mary, the sew-sew woman, returned the men's clothes. Pete saw that his were beautifully washed and ironed, and carefully mended by hand. His bill came to nineteen cents.

There was only one minor mishap on the whole voyage. The ship had to be pulled off a sandbar in the Philippines and went to the old Dewey dry dock at Olongapo in Subic Bay for repairs, and it was here that Pete became a bonafide member of the crew in good standing.

On his day off, he and another ordinary went ashore. Olongapo was a lazy little place then, before the war, and they sauntered up the hot, dusty road and into the open market.

In one booth a group of Filipino women were squealing loudly because a rat was loose underfoot, and Pete seized a board and smacked the rat neatly on the nose. In doing so, he upset a basket of bantam eggs. As he and the ordinary walked away, the squealing turned to shrill chatter. When they looked back all the women of the market were following them.

They ran for the ship like chicks for the mother hen in a thunderstorm, pursued by a whooping mob of women, and when they reached the gangplank, all the crew had heard the commotion and were waiting at the rail.

"What happened?" asked Larson. "What have you two been up to?" and neither had breath enough to answer. He went down the gangplank to mollify the women and find out, and when he came back, he said, "It has something to do with eggs, and I don't believe it." Nobody believed it, but after this, Pete had two names. They called him Big Slim, and Larson spoke sadly thereafter of The Bantam-Egg Incident.

Then the ship started back, making the same ports. At Shanghai the boy was sick in the infirmary with a bad throat, and he asked Frenchie to give Mary, the sew-sew woman, the box of soap he'd bought for her in Manila. The next day she came in to see him.

"So solly, Beeg Slim," she said. "So solly," and she gave his hand a small, shy pat. Like Rose, Mary knew how a kid felt when he was sick and far from home.

On the long way back across the Pacific the bos'n gave the ordinaries lessons in knot tying, and Pete struggled with a bowline or a rolling hitch, and dreamed of inventing a new knot, something like a Matthew Walker, so complicated it would be named after him and make him immortal. And sometimes when Frenchie was off duty also, he would play Whisky for My Johnny on his mouth organ, while the boy worked on the knot and never got beyond the first loop.

Larson asked him to his cabin to listen to his Gilbert and Sullivan records, and when he stood the twelve-to-four watch and rustled hot chocolate for the officers in the night, the man on the bridge told him about the stars.

There was one time that stood out above the others. In the Inland Sea of Japan he stood watch alone in the bow, ringing the bell every half-hour to show he was awake, checking the running lights and calling out, "The lights are shining brightly, sir!" listening for the answering "Aye-aye!" all the magic of the night around him, and the ship slipping quietly through the sea.

Thrice he was asked to help nest the boom, and the first two times he slid out on his backside while the Old Man got an eyeful from the bridge. The third time he walked out.

The last two days they hit fog, the ship slowing, the boy's spirit slowing also, because he wanted to go back and he dreaded to go back. He had found more democracy, more understanding on the ship than he had ever found at the university, and he wanted to keep it, and he knew he must let it go. And when the ship crept through the Gate and nosed to its berth, something peculiar to all sea voyages happened to Pete. There on the dock waited his problems. Even the forgotten, yet somehow macabre, Gentleman From San Francisco seemed to wait also in the fog. When he said good-by to the crew, Frenchie offered him a loan. "You'll need it back at barbers' college," he said, "and I'll spend it on a binge anyway," and Pete thanked him and said no.

"Plan on making another trip with us, Slim," Larson said. "Glad to have you aboard," and Pete thanked him and went back to the university.

It was early morning when he arrived, and summer now, two days before registration. He went to Professor Tigby's, and Mrs. Tigby told him he could have his old room. Next he telephoned Miss Oberly's, and found that, though the school staff would be reduced during the summer, he could have his old job in the soap suds.

Then he put air in the tires of his bike and went to the campus post office for his mail. There were letters from home, and one from his mother enclosing a check to help start the quarter. There was a letter from the scholarship committee to tell him that the scholarship for which he had applied had been given to another student because his grades had not been handed in, but that another scholarship would be coming up for award. There was a letter from the university concerning his grades for the last quarter that he was in school—all A's except English *56*, which was marked "Incomplete."

Lastly there was a note from Doctor Meredith. There seemed to be a slight uncertainty about Mr. Westcott's examination, she wrote. Would he call her, please, and come to her flat for a brief chat?

There was no use putting it off. No use at all. He checked to be sure she was in residence during the summer. She was. He telephoned and asked if he might come over that very afternoon about four? Doctor Meredith said she would be pleased to see him.

At two, Pete went to the libe, and he read very slowly and carefully every word of The Gentleman From San Francisco. Had he committed suicide? Physically, no. Spiritually, yes. And when he had ascertained this, he knew he had yet a slim chance.

He pedaled slowly up the tree-lined street where the professors had their homes. He had never seen the campus more beautiful. Nothing had changed. The famous university was as big and fine as ever—and as smug.

When he reached the old white house where Doctor Meredith had her flat, he went up the steps slowly, his heart pounding as hard as when he had walked the boom.

Doctor Meredith opened the door.

"How nice of you to come, Mr. Westcott," and she led him in. "One of my students told me you had been to sea. As a cadet, I suppose."

"As an ordinary seaman," Pete said.

She asked him to sit down. "If you'll excuse me for a moment, I'll bring us a cup of tea. I think the water's boiling."

It was not at all the kind of living room he would have expected Doctor Meredith to call her own. Yet this was a comfortable, a personal and intimate room. It was a woman's room, and never had it occurred to him that Doctor Meredith was anything at all but a neuter and middle-aged body topped by brains.

She came in with the tea tray, and he took it from her and placed it on the table by the sofa. On the tray were Doctor Meredith's best teacups and a plate of chocolate cake with lush white frosting.

"Now," she said briskly, pouring the tea, "tell me about your experiences at sea," and, to his amazement, he found himself doing it. He told her about the Big Fire-Foam Incident and the Bantam-Egg Incident, and, of course, he told her about Mary, the sew-sew woman.

"I wish I'd seen her," Doctor Meredith said slowly. "When I was your age I hoped to take such a trip. Then my father died and left me with a mother to support, and somehow—well, it's been work, work, work."

There was a silence. The dreaded moment had come.

"Mr. Westcott, there's something I want to ask you."

"Really?" said Pete, exactly as if he didn't know what it was.

"Tell me, when you took the final examination in English Fifty-six had you read The Gentleman From San Francisco?"

Now, three months at sea had left him very little bluff, but he gathered the few remaining smidgens and he gave them to her in one fine sentence.

"Why, Doctor Meredith," said Pete, "couldn't you tell from my examination?"

"Frankly, I could not. I gave your paper to three of my colleagues, and none of us could tell."

And so she had him. He had no recourse left him but the truth, which he could mitigate perhaps by telling her how badly he needed the scholarship, by telling her he had left college on the doctor's orders.

"When I took the examination I had not read The Gentleman From San Francisco," he said. "I have read it since."

"I see," said Doctor Meredith. "Thank you. I shall hand in your grade tomorrow. I—I shall give you an A."

"Gee," he said, "I needed it," and he rose to go. She went with him to the door.

"I hope you're taking English Sixty-two with me this summer," she said.

"If it isn't an eight-o'clock. You know something, Doctor Meredith? Those little twirps at Miss Oberly's school, where I wash dishes, eat too many eggs. It's the yolks between the fork tines that slow a man up."

"I see. Yes. I can understand that."

When he had reached the street, he looked back. She was still standing in the door, and on her face was the look of something deeply felt, consciously restrained. He could not tell whether behind that look lay eyes of laughter or of tears, and this puzzled him.

Then he pedaled his way down the familiar streets. He would go to Miss Oberly's early this night. He would take the kimono he had brought home from Japan to Rose, and he would tell Rose all about everything.

At the main intersection he had to stop for traffic. A group of tourists from a rubber-neck wagon were waiting at the curb, and one shrill feminine voice rose above the others.

"It's the most beautiful place," it gushed. "Wouldn't you just love to go here? Why, it's just like a country club."

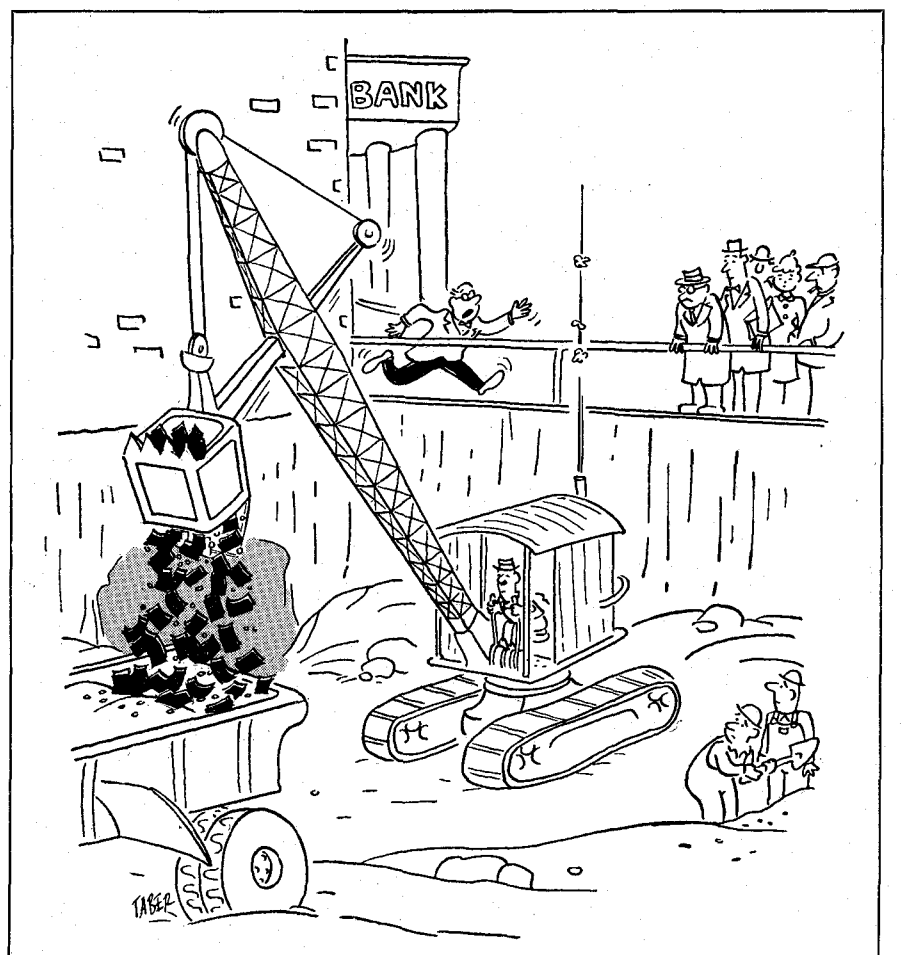
Pete heard this without resentment, with tolerance, almost with amusement. Then he went on.

It would be nice to come here topside, he thought, but it did not bother him that he was not. It did not bother him because, after all, it was not the topside passengers who made the ship go. It was the crew, and his crew was strange and wonderful, and in it were Frenchie and Larson, Rose and the sew-sew woman of Shanghai—and Doctor Meredith.

He pedaled easily, his hands in his pockets, and the boy was gone now.

The boy was back there somewhere in the Inland Sea of Japan, calling out, "The lights are shining brightly, sir!" and listening for the "Aye-aye!" to reach him in the night.

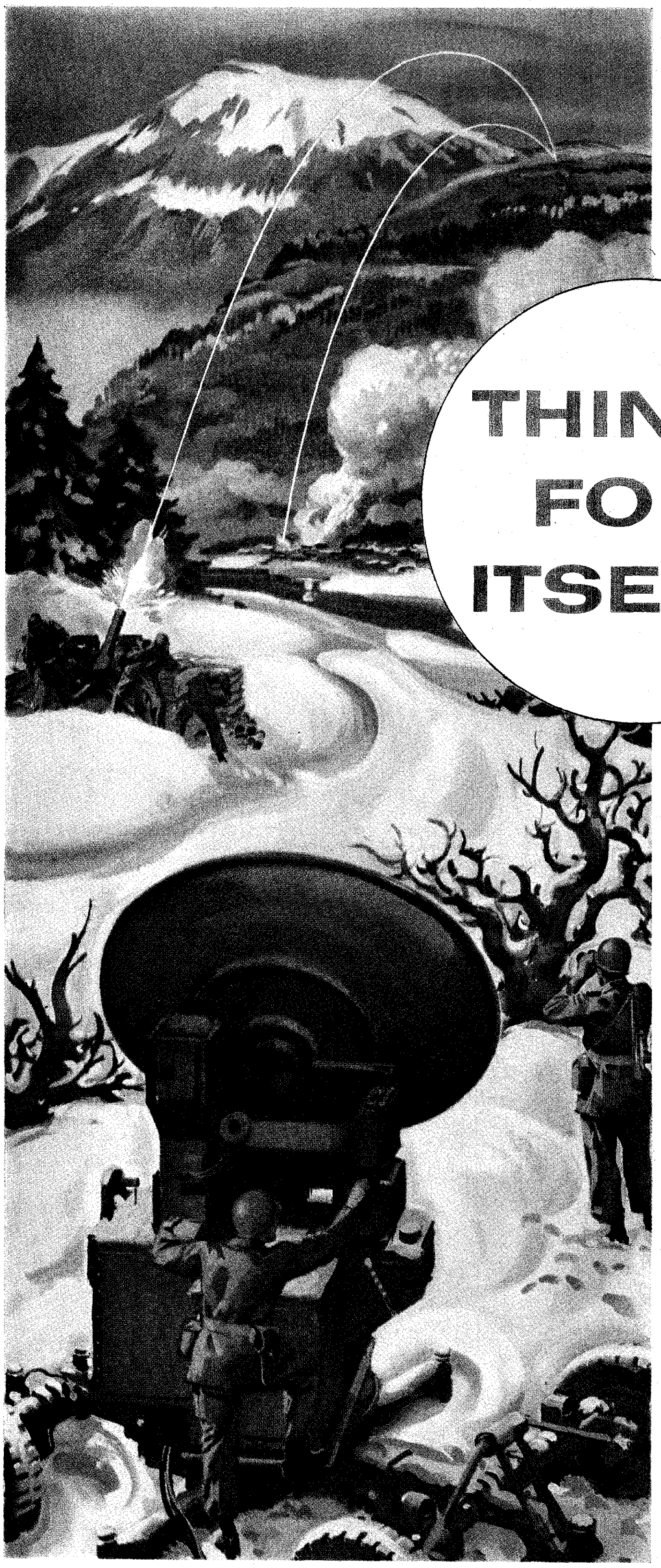
THE END



"Hold it!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Counter-mortar radar... new radar "eye" developed by U. S. Army Signal Corps. In effect, this battle-proved electronic device thinks for itself. It detects and tracks incoming shells in flight, automatically traces their trajectories back to the enemy, skillfully discovers their gun positions. U. S. artillerymen can thus pinpoint enemy mortars and deliver immediate counter-battery fire with constant precision. And to give you constant precision lubrication, you can always count on Havoline Special 10W-30, the motor oil that thinks for itself. You no longer have to think about seasonal grades of motor oil.

THINKS FOR ITSELF!

All-temperature oil... new Havoline Special 10W-30 oil is today's most efficient engine lubricant. It's *light* for split-second cold starts, yet has *body* to withstand sizzling engine heat. It's the *all-temperature* motor oil that thinks for itself—now you don't have to worry about seasonal grades of motor oil. On superhighways, or in stop-and-start traffic, Havoline Special 10W-30 safeguards your engine—assures smooth, surging power. Change today—change regularly—get Havoline Special 10W-30 from your Texaco Dealer, *the best friend your car has ever had!*

Tip! Sky Chief gasoline and Havoline Motor Oil are the tested, top-performance team. Use them together for a far cleaner engine, longer lasting new-car liveliness.

Texaco Dealers
in all 48 states

Texaco Products are also distributed in Canada and Latin America

TUNE IN: TEXACO STAR THEATER starring JIMMY DURANTE on TV Saturday nights, NBC. Metropolitan Opera radio broadcasts Saturday afternoons, ABC.

TEXACO
REG. T.M.
THE TEXAS COMPANY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Any Colds at Your House?

SEE YOUR REXALL DRUGGIST TODAY!

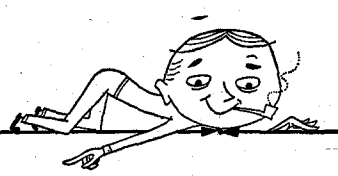
For Fast Relief From Common Colds your Rexall Druggist's the man to see. He has a complete line of finest cold remedies.

REXALL MONACET APC TABLETS give quick, effective relief from the pain of headache, and the aching discomfort of colds. Combine aspirin, phenacetin, caffeine. Bottle of 200, reg. $1.29.... Only **98¢**

REXALL TRIPLE ACTION COUGH SYRUP penetrates deeply to relieve minor bronchial irritations, soothe simple sore throat and coughs due to colds. Has raspberry flavor. 3-oz. Childs' **79¢**; Adults' 4 oz. **98¢**

REXALL OROTHRICIN MOUTH-WASH. Our famous antibiotic mouthwash—soothes simple sore throat while sweetening breath. Contains Tyrothricin, has pleasant flavor. Full pint bottle.... $1.79 Value **98¢**

REXALL LOZOTHRICIN THROAT LOZENGES. Give soothing relief from throat irritation of coughs due to colds, contain antibiotic Tyrothricin to soothe simple sore throat. Cherry-menthol flavored. Box of 12 **69¢**



FOR QUICK COLD RELIEF

REXALL ANTIHISTAMINE promptly relieves cold *symptoms. 25 mg. tablets,* 100, only.....$1.79

REXALL SUPER PLENAMINS JR. multi-vitamins for children ages 6-11. 20-week supply, only $5.49; 10-week, only $3.29; 5-week, only.....$1.79

REXALL LIQUID CHEST RUB. 2 oz., only.....79¢

REXALL NASAL-ATOR. Inhaler, only.....49¢

REXALL ASPIROID COLD CAPSULES. 36, 79¢; with antihistamine, bottle of 30, only.....98¢

REXALL ASPIRIN. No *finer, faster-acting aspirin* made. Bottle of 100 5-grain tablets, only....54¢

REXALL BIOKETS throat troches. Contain antibiotic Tyrothricin. Vial of 15, only.....69¢

REXALL CHERROSOTE COUGH SYRUP. ½ pt., 98¢

REXALL Mi-31 ANTISEPTIC. Full pint, only..79¢

REXALL NASOTHRICIN NOSE DROPS. ½ oz., 69¢

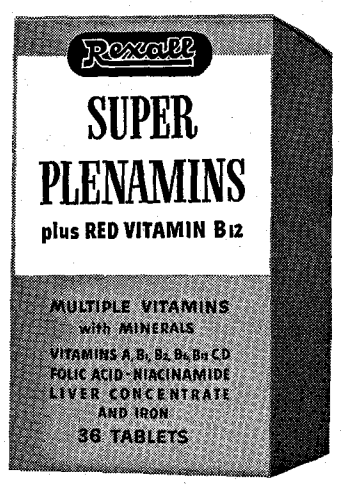
REXALL COLD SORE OINTMENT soothes, protects and encourages healing. ⅛-oz. tube, only...49¢

REXALL Mi-31 THROAT TABLETS relieve coughs due to colds. Two dozen, only.....25¢

"QUIK-TEL" FEVER THERMOMETER, only..$1.60

REXALL ANAPAC TABLETS. Combine antihistamine, aspirin, phenacetin and caffeine—for fast, 4-way relief from discomfort at *all* stages of your cold. Time-tested formula. Big family-size bottle of 36 tablets only 98¢. Bottle of 15 **49¢**

REXALL NASOTHRICIN NASAL SPRAY relieves "stuffed up" head *and* contains antibiotic Tyrothricin to fight bacteria growth! Non-irritating. In convenient plastic squeeze-bottle—no messy dropper. Sold only at Rexall Drug Stores. ½ oz. **89¢**



REXALL SUPER PLENAMINS. 11 vitamins and 12 minerals in one daily tablet! One provides *more than your minimum daily* requirement of all vitamins with known minimums, plus 12 valuable minerals and true liver concentrate. Family-size 20-week supply, only $7.95; Economical 10-wk. supply, $4.79; 5-wk. supply, Only **$2.59**

Rexall drug products are guaranteed to give satisfaction or your money back

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rexall DRUG STORES

February

Cara Nome Natural Curl fast HOME PERMANENT

GENTLE, REGULAR OR SUPER EACH $1.50

Contains same professional waving lotion used by luxurious beauty salons! Faster, longer-lasting, softer — no frizz, no broken ends with Fast!

NEW! FAST "END CURL" HOME PERMANENT, $1.00
CARA NOME HOME PERMANENT FOR LITTLE GIRLS;
CARA NOME "PIN CURL" PERMANENT, each, $1.50

Big Savings this month only!

MAXIXE CHERRIES Dark or milk chocolate-covered choice Maraschino cherries. 1-lb. box, a value at.... **69¢**

ENVELOPES Cellophane-wrapped packs. 3 15/16" x 6 7/8" size. Choose 32 plain, 36 return address, or 36 air mail. Reg. 25¢..... **19¢**

REXALL LUXURY CLEANSING TISSUES Box of 300. A value at.... **21¢**

REX-RAY VAPORIZER ½-gal. size with large medicant cup and automatic shutoff. Reg. $4.95..... **$3.77**

FLASHLIGHT WITH BATTERIES Popular standard size; 2-cell. Reg. $1.19..... **67¢**

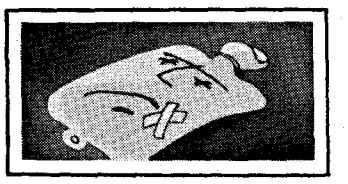
ELECTREX RUBY-RED HEAT LAMP Fits any standard socket. Reg. $2.95.. **$2.29**

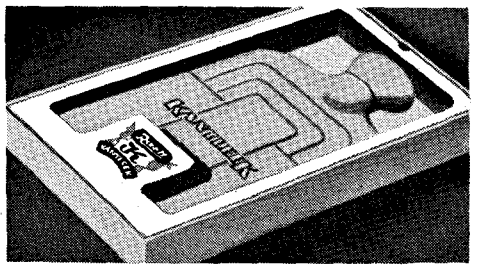
WANTED!

Your Old Hot Water Bottle

50¢ REWARD

Toward purchase of any of these Kantleek products.





DELUXE HOT WATER BOTTLE. Finest quality rubber, molded in one piece. Guaranteed for 5 years. Red or white; holds 2 quarts....**$3.69**

Deluxe Combination Syringe. 2-qt. with fountain syringe attachments. Choose red or white..**$4.98**

Deluxe Fountain Syringe. Top quality; guaranteed for 5 years. A famous Kantleek product. Red or white, **$4.49**

SAVE 26¢

stag SHAVING COMBINATION

Reg. 95¢ Now only **69¢**

2½-oz. Stag Brushless Shave Cream, a 35¢ value; and brisk, 3-oz. refreshing Stag Shave Lotion, regularly 60¢—two favorites together at more than ¼ off!

CHILDREN'S VALENTINE CARDS

Only **25¢** Classroom Pack—36 cards (incl. 1 for teacher!), 6 env.

JUMBO CARD PACK. 42, with envs...**39¢**

VALENTINE CHOCOLATES

Now Only **$1.49** Mary Aliss assortment in 1-lb. heart-shaped red box.

TAYLOR'S COTTAGE CHOCOLATES. Fine quality milk or dark chocolates in heart-shaped 1-lb. box, only....**$1.89**

NOW! 23¢ OFF!

Cara Nome SILICONE LOTION

3 oz., Reg. $1.00 Now only **77¢**

Forms invisible "glove" to protect hands from dishwashing detergents, housework and cold, raw weather.

★ ★ ★

A 51¢ REDUCTION!

Cara Nome LIQUID CLEANSING CREAM

6 oz., Reg. $1.50 Now only **99¢**

For a sparkling complexion! Antiseptic helps destroy harmful bacteria.

★ ★ ★

STAYS ON AND STAYS CREAMY!

CARA NOME PERMACREME LIPSTICK

13 shades **$1.10** Each

Miracle lanolin derivative makes it *extra* creamy and smooth!

★ ★ ★

CARA NOME LIQUID BLUSH blends evenly to a soft, flattering glow.....**$1.10**

CARA NOME LIQUID FOUNDATION—a flawless finish to your complexion....**$1.25**

CARA NOME PAT-A-WAY STICK magically hides spots, lines, shadows.....**$1.50**

CARA NOME FACE POWDER. Pure, mild, safe for most sensitive skins. Fine texture; made with costly imported ingredients. Regular, $1.25; Compressed **$1.10**

CARA NOME "NATURAL CURL" SPRAY HAIR NET. Keeps hair "picture perfect." Not greasy or drying. 5-oz. Aerosol.....**$1.25**

TIME-TESTED REXALL REMEDIES

REXALL BISMA-REX antacid powder gives fast, 4-way relay relief from acid-upset stomach. 4¾ ounces, 89¢; Full pound, only.....**$2.09**

REXALL BISMA-REX MATES are Rexall's famous antacid formula in convenient, easy-to-take tablet form. Big bottle of 75 tablets, only..**89¢**

REXALL FUNGI-REX for athlete's foot. 3 forms. Choose: 1½-oz. greaseless cream, only **75¢**; 3-oz. liquid, only **75¢**; or 2-oz. lotion, only **79¢**

REXALL REX-EME. Greaseless cream for cooling relief to irritated skin. 2 oz., only.....**33¢**

REXALL EYELO gives cleansing, soothing relief to irritated eyes. Choose either drops or eyewash. Drops—1 oz. squeeze-a-drop bottle..**79¢** Eyewash—½ pt. with free eyecup, only....**69¢**

REXALL GLYCERIN SUPPOSITORIES. Adult's or infant's. Jar of 12, 43¢; jar of 24, only....**79¢**

REXALL MINERAL OIL. Odorless, tasteless, calorie-free laxative. Full pint, only.....**69¢**

REXALL PEROXIDE OF HYDROGEN. 3%, 10 volume. An excellent cleansing wash for cuts and scratches. ½-pint bottle, only.....**29¢**

REXALL WITCH HAZEL. A fine facial astringent and shave lotion. Pint, only.....**57¢**

REXALL EPOTHRICIN MEDICATED SKIN CREAM. Contains antibiotic Tyrothricin to fight bacteria, help speed healing. Ounce, only.....**79¢**

REXALL PETROFOL mineral oil laxative. Not habit-forming. Full pint bottle, only.....**59¢**

SPECIAL SYLVANIA OFFER

Giant 32" x 45" pictures, Coney Island style, with cutout space for your face—so you can take pictures of you as pirate, mermaid, cowboy or hunter. Send 50¢ with sleeve from Sylvania flash bulbs. Ask your Rexall druggist for details. Now: 10 No. 25 Superflash "evenlight" bulbs, only **$1.19**

REXALL R.P.R. TABLETS for rapid pain relief. Won't upset stomach because they contain two mild antacids, plus 5-gr. aspirin. 125....**$1.23**

REXALL GERMATINE ANTISEPTIC. Effective germ-killer that doesn't sting or stain. Fine for cuts, scratches. 6-oz. bottle, only.....**79¢**

REXALL PABIZOL for simple diarrhea due to overindulgence. 4 oz., 55¢; 8 oz., only....**89¢**

REXALL SACCHARIN TABLETS. Bottles of 100. ¼ gr., 35¢; ½ gr., 45¢; 1 gr., only.....**55¢**

REXALL SWEET'N-ETS SPRINKLE sugarless sweetener. 2¼-oz. shaker, only.....**65¢**

REXALL HISTACALMA CREAM contains antihistamine and calamine. 1½-oz. tube.....**87¢**

REXALL REX-SALVINE FOR BURNS. Gives quick, cooling relief. 1½-oz. tube, only.....**57¢**

REXALL SKIN ANTISEPTIC for cuts, bruises and scratches. 1-oz. bottle, only.....**33¢**

REXALL BORIC ACID POWDER makes an excellent cleansing wash. 2-oz. shaker-top can..**25¢**

REXALL HIGH POTENCY COD LIVER OIL. 4-oz. bottle, only 57¢; big ½-pint bottle, only....**95¢**

REXALL SALTEE-FLAVOR. Sodium-free salt substitute for dieters. 2½-oz. shaker-top can...**79¢**

STAG "READY GROOM" HAIR TONIC in big push-button Aerosol. 5 oz., only.....**$1.25**

REXALL V-10 MULTI-VITAMIN TONIC. An excellent appetite stimulant. Supplies your minimum daily requirement of vitamins A, D and B_2, twice your minimum of B_1, and five times your minimum of iron. Pleasantly flavored. Pint....**$1.98**

REXALL ALCO-REX RUB. Full pint, only....**49¢**

REXALL RUBBING ALCOHOL. Pint, only....**69¢**

REXALL MILK OF MAGNESIA. Quart, only..**77¢**

REXALL LIQUID SACCHARIN DROPS. 25 cc, **65¢**

REXALL ANALGESIC BALM. 1 oz., only....**65¢**

REXALL ANALGESIC LIQUID. 1½ oz. .....**69¢**

REXALL WHITE PETROLEUM JELLY. 1 lb. ..**60¢**

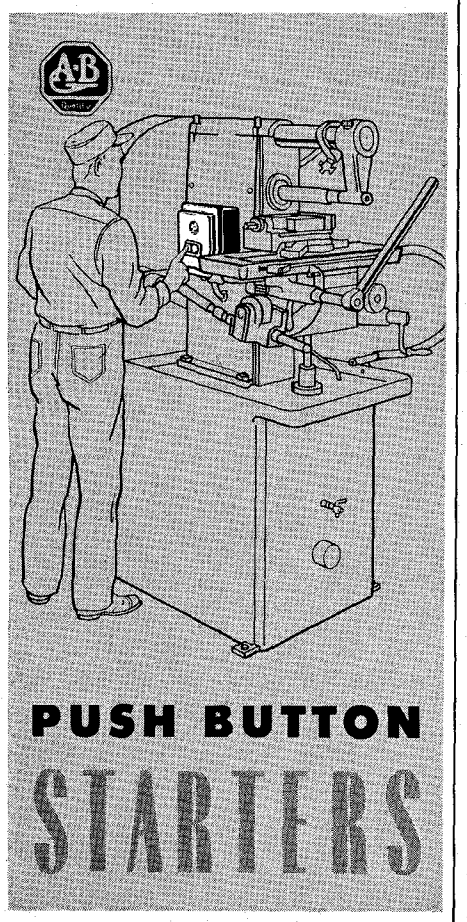
Your Rexall druggist is a prescription specialist...dedicated to the health and welfare of your community.

These suggested retail prices are effective through February 29, 1956 and are subject to Federal Excise Tax where applicable. Right reserved to limit quantities. Rexall Drug Co., Los Angeles 54, California.

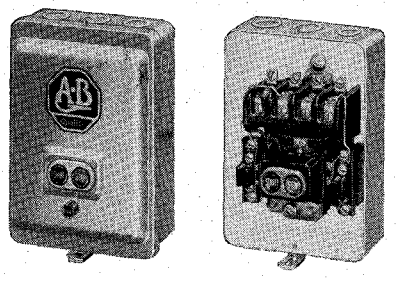
Rexall DRUG STORES

You can depend on any drug product that bears the name Rexall

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Magnetic motor starters . . . aside from providing remote or automatic control . . . assure safety to man, motor, and machine through "no-voltage protection." With Bulletin 709 solenoid starters, if the line voltage fails and the motor stops, it cannot restart, even when line voltage is restored. The operator must press the "Start" button. Thus, man, motor, and machine are protected against the hazard of accidental restarting of a stalled motor.



Bulletin 709 Size 1, Form 1 starter with Start and Stop push buttons in cover. Can be furnished with selector switch for hand-off-auto control, or plain, for remote control.

Bulletin 709 solenoid starters are made in 8 sizes up to 300 hp, 220 v; 600 hp, 440-550 v. They come in a wide variety of enclosures to satisfy any operating requirement. Please write for Bulletin 709.

Allen-Bradley Co.
138 W. Greenfield Ave., Milwaukee 4, Wis.

In Canada—
Allen-Bradley Canada Ltd., Galt, Ont.

A-B Quality

ALLEN-BRADLEY
QUALITY
MOTOR CONTROLS

It Makes Him Happy to See You Cry

(Continued from Page 19)

dangers. Though no one has keeled over since the show was conceived, the staff researchers take extraordinary precautions to avoid trouble. Eddie Cantor, for instance, was chosen as a subject not long after he had recovered from a heart attack. Edwards, after considerable soul-searching, decided not to gamble, and Cantor became one of the few subjects tipped off in advance. Two others, both of whom were reformed criminals, got similar notice. Since then several guests have been scratched because relatives or family physicians were not willing to risk having the announcer say, "Oops—this was your life!"

There was one tingling moment—Edwards might call it a near miss—when Casey Stengel, of the New York Yankees, found himself on the stage of the El Capitan Theater in Hollywood and heard Edwards give the familiar clarion call. Ol' Case, it seems, had just firmly turned down a substantial movie offer for his life story, and when he suddenly realized that Edwards' vast audience was getting it for nothing, his wrath boiled up like an H-bomb cloud. He went through with it, but one shaken adjutant said later, "Boy, I was ready to yell for the doctor. I thought Ol' Case was going to bust open."

Edwards confesses that he and his assistants will not hang the garland on any subject whose tear ducts are gummed up. The researchers establish beyond a reasonable doubt that the principal will sob, choke, flutter or even cry out. Or else. "You can't minimize this emotional moment in the show, but you can't throw it away either. So you give it full value. We catch them off guard, and they are thrilled by it."

The count so far is impressive. With one exception, a noted clergyman whose glacial self-possession drew no tears whatsoever, and no fan mail either, all of Edwards' choices have come up to lachrymal expectations.

Perhaps the most happily miserable subject of all was George Mardikian, the San Francisco restaurateur who has devoted considerable time and money helping displaced persons. When Mardikian was confronted with old friends Edwards had magically located in Europe, he choked up and wept uncontrollably through most of the show. This particular half hour so enraged Dwight Newton, Radio-TV columnist on the San Francisco Examiner, and one of Edwards' personal friends, that he dashed off a blistering review which said: "It becomes cruelty when all the country is permitted to peer and peek into the private emotions of a private life."

Edwards, who can become immune to such jabs merely by glancing at the program ratings, retorts, "For every critic I say: 'Go to the persons we have supposedly offended and ask them how they felt about it.'" So far, evidently, no one has picked up the dare. Edwards has not yet taken the precaution of having doctors or nurses in the wings, but when things get out of hand, as they did in the Mardikian case, he is ready with an assortment of first aids.

It might be a hankie, a pocketful of tissue, an admittedly corny joke or a sudden command to swivel the camera away from the subject and go into the commercial. Edwards, who dreads being personally involved in these Niobean scenes, remains resolutely cool and objective. He has permitted himself only one slip, and that occurred when the show honored Don DeFore, the movie comedian. When DeFore's four children hugged their weeping father, Edwards wavered and wiped away a tear. "Children upset me," he says.

Experts who originally had misgivings about the show on the theory that the tremolo couldn't be sustained, have since ruefully conceded that Edwards now has the greatest sob-sister pull since Uncle Tom's Cabin. Moreover, on the few occasions that he has experimentally added a pecuniary obbligato to the script, cash registers everywhere have clanked like Fibber McGee's closet.

The most convincing demonstration occurred when Edwards introduced Dr. Laurence C. Jones, who had spent a lifetime scraping up money to endow a Negro college in Piney Woods, Mississippi. "I think it would be wonderful," Edwards said casually, "if a million of you viewers would each send a dollar to Doctor Jones." The elderly educator was still en route home when the silver flood washed over Piney Woods, and at last count donations had passed the $700,000 mark. Shortly afterward, Edwards' remarkable alchemy touched Wayman Presley, a rural mail carrier who wanted help in building a fifty-foot cross atop Bald Knob Mountain in Southern Illinois. Presley got $90,000 in a few weeks, and when last heard from he said money was pouring in at the rate of $2000 a day.

Dr. Kate Newcomb, a country doctor in Wisconsin, was literally buried under an avalanche of coins when Edwards suggested that his fans send her their spare pennies so she could build a hospital. Some 11,000,000 pennies showed up in boxes, bags and envelopes.

If the truth were known, Edwards is more moved by what might be called secondary temblors. He likes to recall, for instance, that a Midwestern housewife who had not spoken a single word in six years suddenly regained her speech while watching Doctor Jones on This is Your Life. "Send that man a dollar," she gasped at her husband. Singer Lillian Roth, the rehabilitated alcoholic, first told her story on his show, and Edwards is proud of the fact that two repeat performances helped her book I'll Cry Tomorrow become a best-seller. Movie comedians Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy credit Edwards with creating a new demand for their pictures, and Joan Caulfield says without reservation that This is Your Life started her on a television career in My Favorite Husband. Gilda Gray, the aging shimmy dancer who had dropped into limbo, suddenly found herself signing personal-appearance contracts.

All these people, and dozens of others, are undoubtedly grateful to Edwards, and see him as a genius with an uncanny sense of timing and a seemingly endless vein of luck. Edwards is so smooth and pleasant on stage that some observers have labeled him "the grinning monster," an opprobrious nickname which, perhaps perversely, he considers a compliment. But behind the cool precision of the show there is an involved, though slightly frenzied, gestation process which allows for practically no margin of error.

On Monday mornings Edwards and his director, Axel Gruenberg, a man flecked with the dried lather of twenty years in the soap-opera wars, call the staff together at 1655 N. Cherokee Street in Hollywood. The ten-man staff juggles thirty or forty names—hundreds of suggestions come from television viewers, press agents, businessmen, service groups—and Edwards makes the final choice. He automatically eliminates stoics who might not shed a tear, and people who have had adverse publicity or too many divorces, but, generally speaking, there are no other limitations. Once Edwards picks his man and exhorts one and all to secrecy, the onward march toward broadcast time—whether a week or six weeks hence—is relentless.

One or two researchers are assigned to the subject, and they usually start with the closest relative or friend. To save time, all this prospecting is done by telephone—long-distance costs average $2000 a show—and in some instances the researchers extract bits of biographical information from as many as 200 people. Under the circumstances, Edwards finds it a formidable task to bottle up the news, and occasionally there are catastrophic leaks. Ethel Barrymore, among others, was all set for posterity in the Edwards roster when a relative blabbed and knocked her off the schedule.

The most costly withdrawal involved Ann Sheridan, the movie beauty. The libretto had been typed and Annie's gifts, including a movie projector and camera, were neatly wrapped. Even the $350 gold charm bracelet which goes to every subject had already (Continued on Page 57)

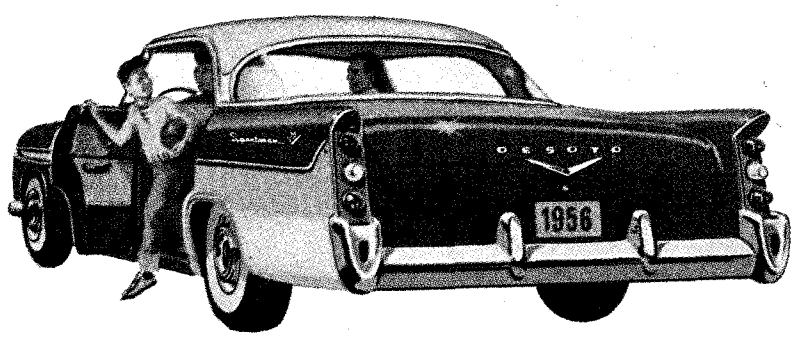
"Are you sure you'd do as much for me?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DE SOTO presents three smart 4-door hardtops

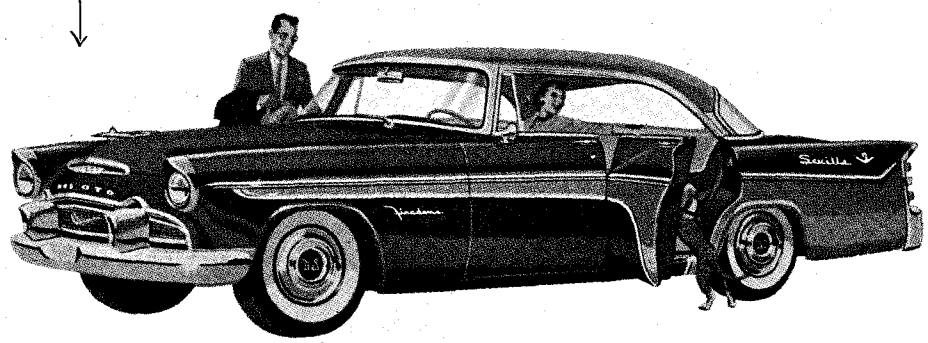
De Soto Division, Chrysler Corporation



1. The Fireflite 4-Door Sportsman

2. The Firedome 4-Door Sportsman

3. The Firedome 4-Door Seville



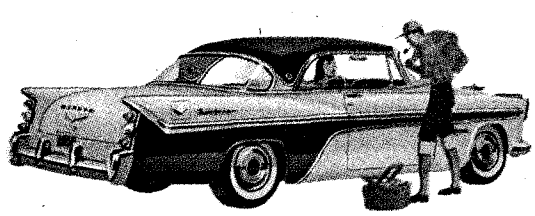
Drive a De Soto before you decide! Smart, low and lovely, De Soto 4-door hardtops have as much rear-seat leg room as a big sedan! And what a take-off! The new '56 De Soto with its mighty 255 hp. V8 engine will give you a thrilling new experience in "green-light" getaway! Your choice of six smart hardtop models . . . wide range of prices . . . eighty-five color combinations. Before *you* decide, see and drive America's most glamorous new car, the **'56 De Soto — built for the super-highway age!**

Push-button drive control is at your fingertips to the left. Positive mechanical control. So easy, so natural. Try it today.

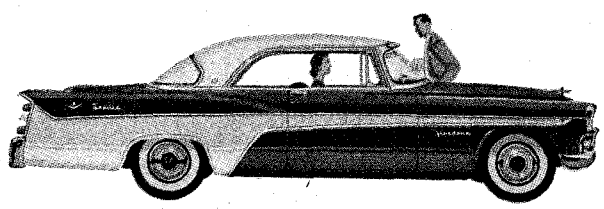
DE SOTO—OFFICIAL PACE CAR 1956 INDIANAPOLIS 500-MILE RACE

De Soto dealers present **Groucho Marx** in "You Bet Your Life" on NBC radio and TV

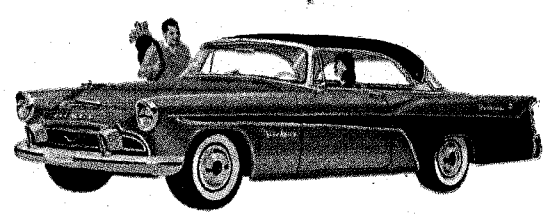
. . . plus these smart De Soto two-door hardtops



FIREFLITE 2-DOOR SPORTSMAN

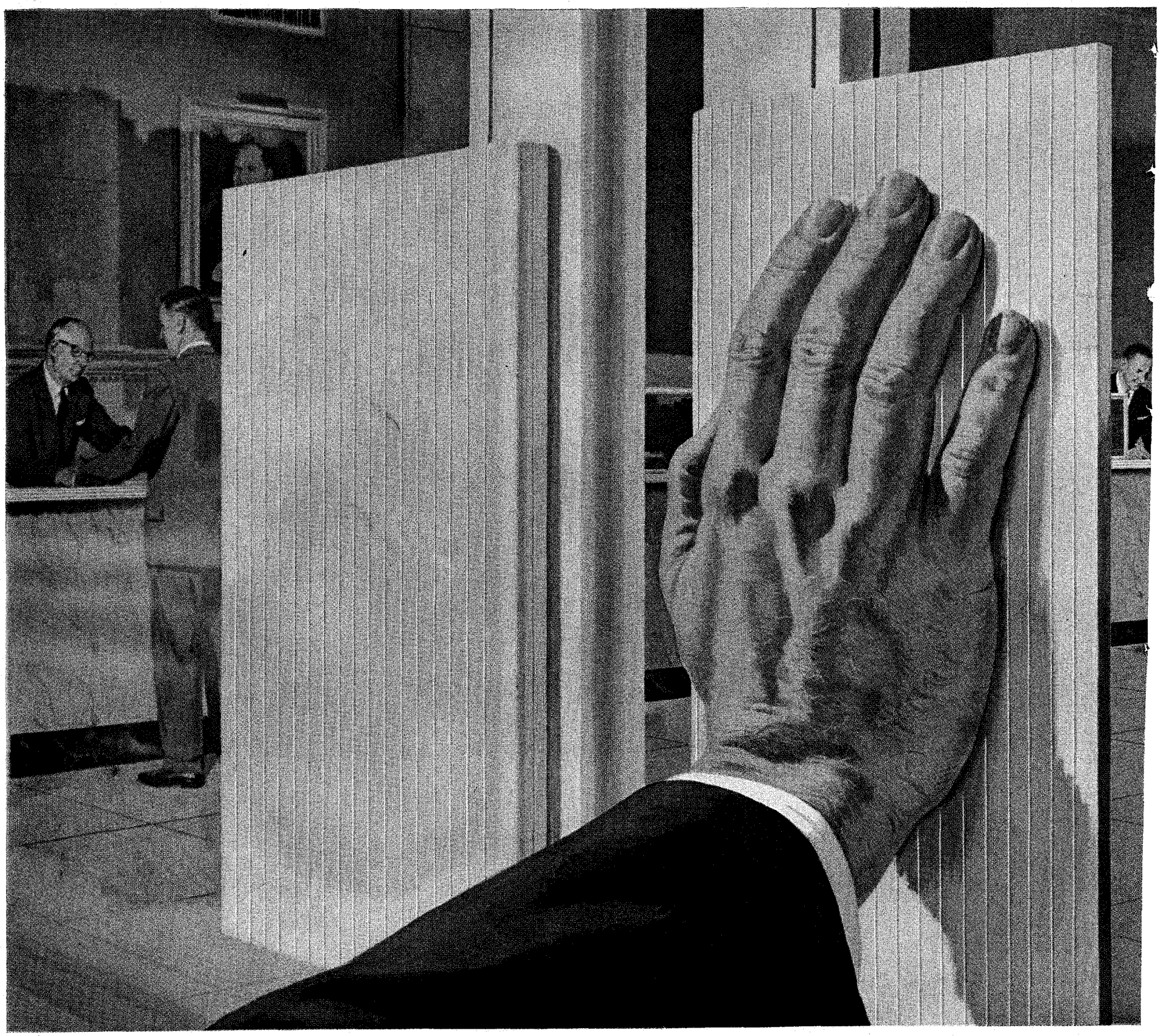


FIREDOME 2-DOOR SEVILLE



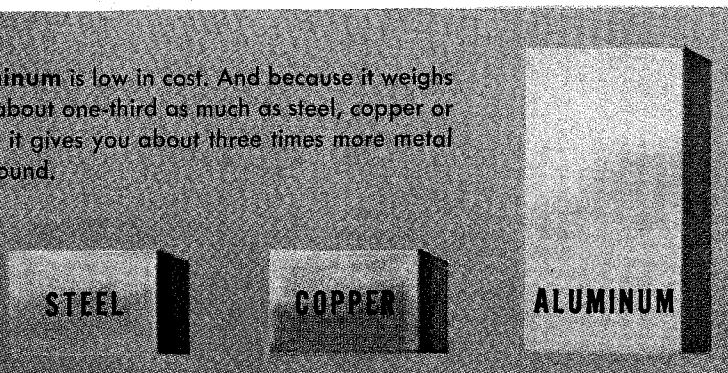
FIREDOME 2-DOOR SPORTSMAN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

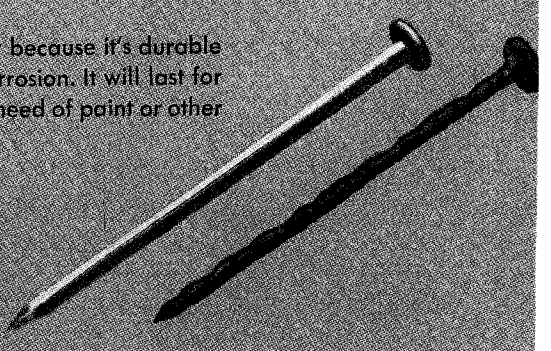


To get more for your money

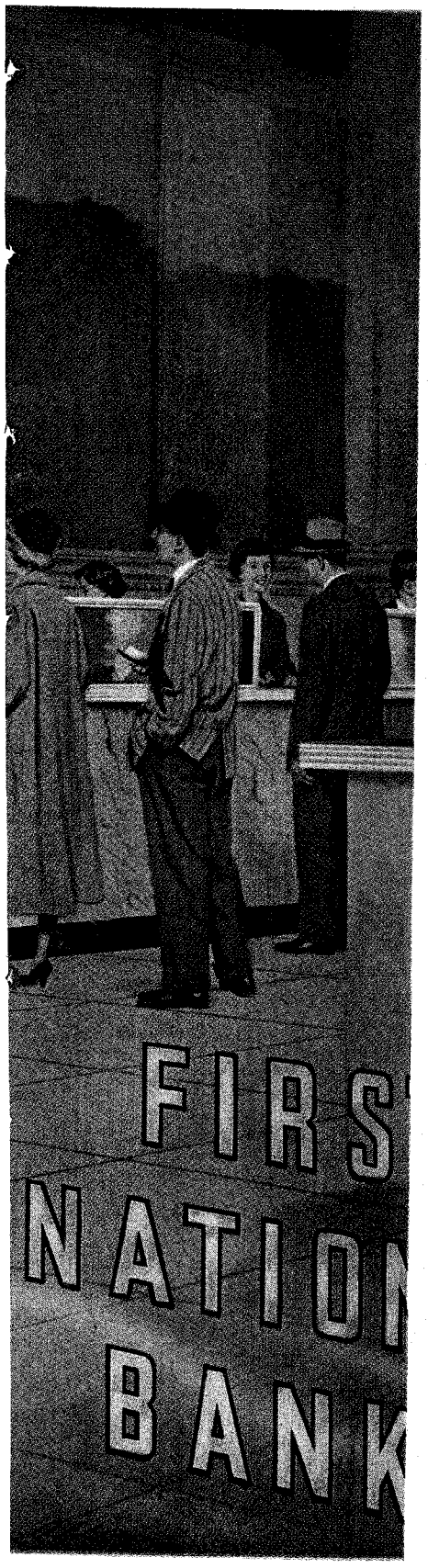
Aluminum is low in cost. And because it weighs only about one-third as much as steel, copper or brass, it gives you about three times more metal per pound.

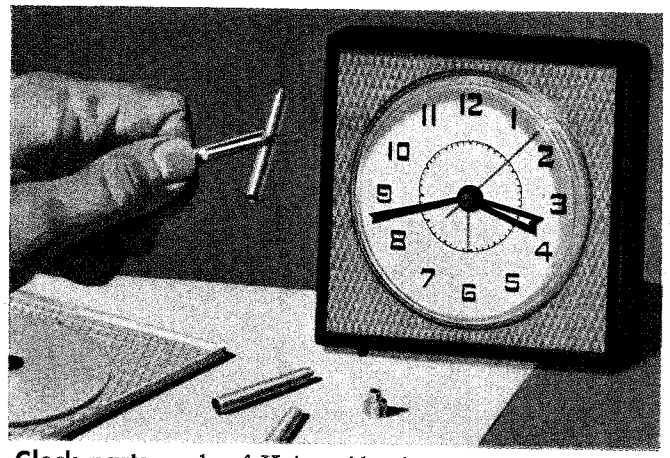


Aluminum saves money because it's durable and resists damaging corrosion. It will last for *generations* without the need of paint or other costly finishes.

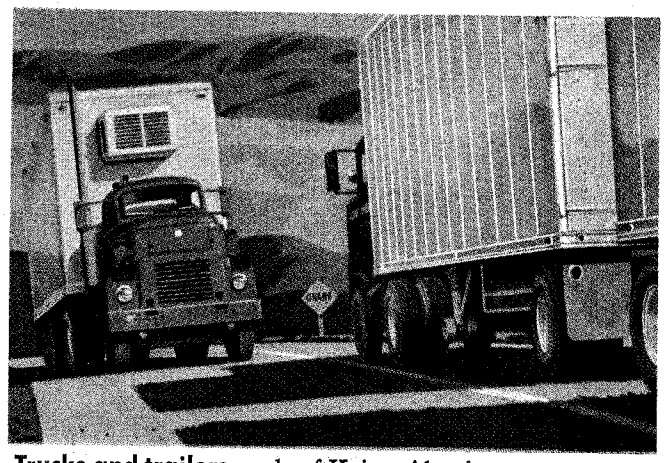


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

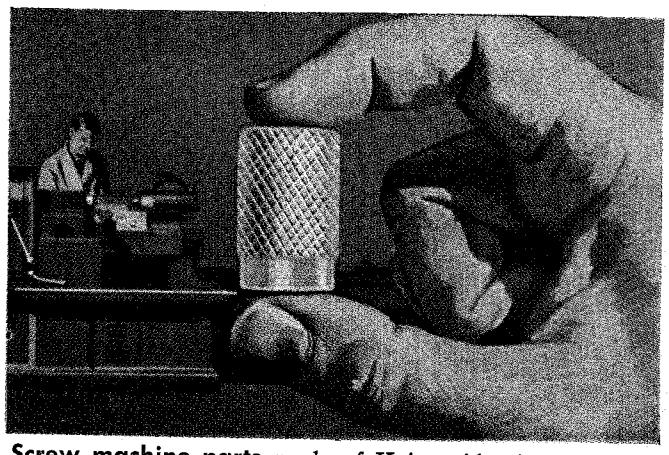




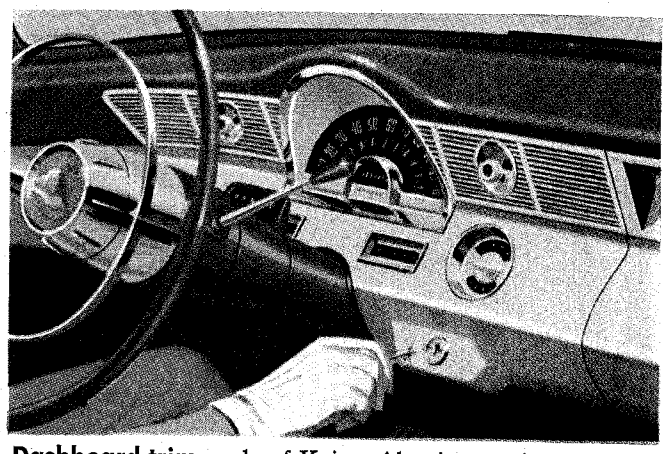
Clock parts made of Kaiser Aluminum are economically fabricated because aluminum gives far more parts per pound than most other metals, can be fabricated and handled easily.



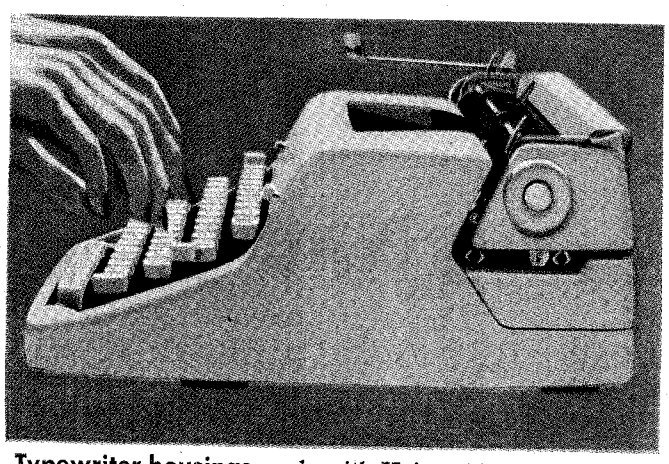
Trucks and trailers made of Kaiser Aluminum save money for operators because its light weight lowers operating costs, increases payload. No painting is necessary.



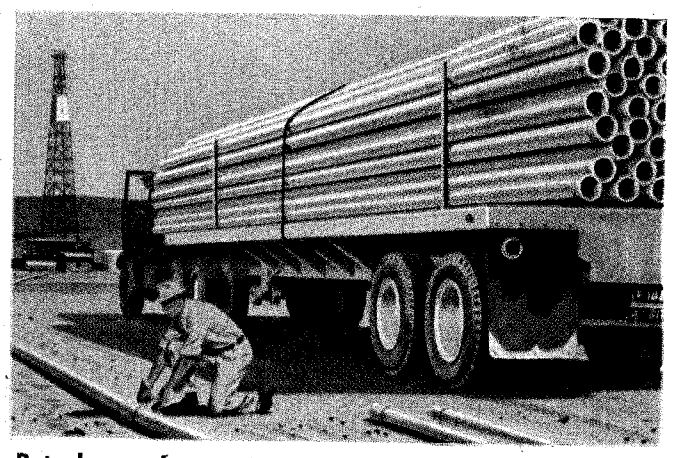
Screw machine parts made of Kaiser Aluminum, in all sizes and shapes, cut the cost of thousands of finished products by giving up to 3 times more parts per pound.



Dashboard trim made of Kaiser Aluminum takes a pleasing lasting finish at low cost. Costly chrome-plating is unnecessary.



Typewriter housings made with Kaiser Aluminum can be quickly fabricated at low cost by die-casting. This method produces one-piece units, reducing assembly time.



Petroleum pipe made of Kaiser Aluminum is more economical than steel pipe. And it's so much lighter it permits huge savings in handling, transportation, installation.

think of **Kaiser Aluminum**

IF YOU'RE looking for a metal that will pay you back with interest, the one to bank on is *aluminum.*

Aluminum is light, saving money on material. It's workable, saving on production. It's strong and corrosion-resistant, assuring years of extra service.

These advantages, combined with many others, make aluminum *the most versatile of all metals* . . . and explain why it is replacing other materials in industry after industry—bringing you better products at lower cost.

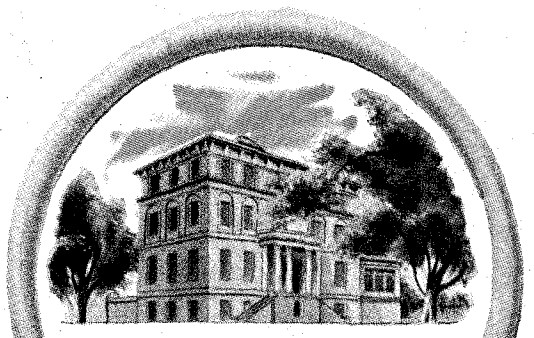
Today, more and more manufacturers think of Kaiser Aluminum—the nation's fastest growing major aluminum producer—for unsurpassed quality and customer service.

We now produce close to 30% of all the primary aluminum made in this country . . . and we are continuing to expand. For we believe that the future uses for this modern metal are almost unlimited.

We are eager to work closely with any manufacturer who wishes to hitch his wagon to aluminum, "the brightest star in the world of metals." Kaiser Aluminum & Chemical Corporation, Room 197 Consumer Service Division, 1924 Broadway, Oakland 12, California.

FOR AN EXCITING PEEK INTO YOUR FUTURE WITH ALUMINUM—VISIT OUR EXHIBIT AT Disneyland IN ANAHEIM, CALIF.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Birthplace of Juliette Gordon Low in Savannah, Georgia, now owned by the Girl Scouts of the United States of America.

Now you can bake Angel Food Cake inspired by a favorite recipe of the Founder of the Girl Scouts

Dromedary Presents A New Angel Food Mix

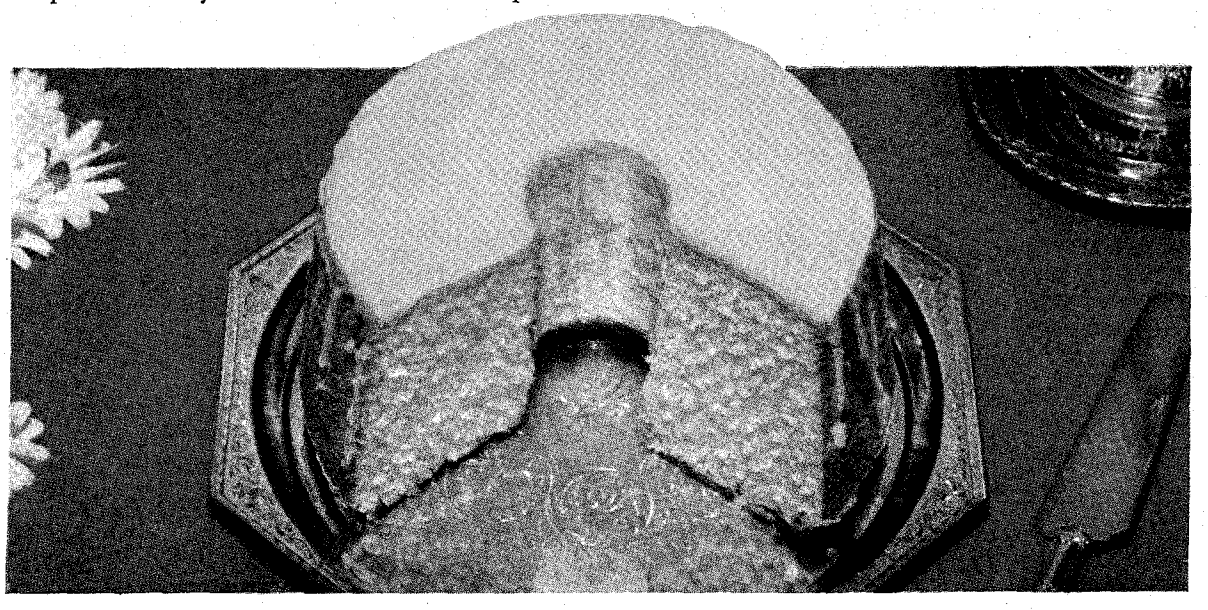
Inspired by the historic recipe used in the Birthplace of Juliette Gordon Low, Founder of the Girl Scouts of the United States of America

Angel Food, indeed! Light as a moonbeam, fluffy as a summer cloud, white and moist as a fresh snowfall—that's the kind of Angel Food Cake you'll bake with Dromedary Early American Angel Food Mix.

And, as any good cook knows, the secret is in the recipe. Dromedary has turned to a favorite recipe used in the Birthplace of Juliette Gordon Low, founder of the Girl Scouts. The inspiration for this new mix—a veritable masterpiece of the baking art—was found in an old family cookbook. Result: an Angel Food Cake that bakes high and light and with a yummy crust and flavor all its own.

Dromedary is the only Angel Food Mix wrapped in Glittering Gold Foil to keep it mixing-bowl fresh.

Once again, Dromedary makes baking history with another historic recipe. You, too, can make history at your own table if you bake a Dromedary Angel Food Cake—soon!



Dromedary received the rights to the Angel Food recipe used in the Juliette Gordon Low Birthplace in return for its support of the restoration and endowment of that historic home now owned by the Girl Scouts of the U.S.A., a member organization of the National Trust for Historic Preservation.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Continued from Page 52) been engraved with her name. With the zero hour practically at hand, Annie wandered into a director's office at Universal-International Studios—he was to participate in the show—and saw the telltale script with the title: THIS IS YOUR LIFE—ANN SHERIDAN. After one guilty peep, she phoned her press agents and offered to go on anyway, but Edwards abandoned her, in the belief that she would not be able to show convincing surprise. "Nobody is that good an actress," he said frostily. "Nobody."

Edwards faced a similar impasse with Tallulah Bankhead. As in the Sheridan case, the supporting cast was standing by for the alert when there was a frantic phone call from an agent of the Prell-shampoo people, sponsor for that particular show.

"Ralph!" he breathed. "I've just remembered that big damage suit Tallulah filed last year."

"Yeah?" Edwards replied. "Who'd she sue?"

The agent answered in a voice of doom, "Prell."

In case of a real emergency Edwards has technicians poised with kinescopes of previous presentations. Some of those, in fact, such as the Lillian Roth show, seem to release more impounded water the second time around, and these are the programs chosen for a rerun during the summer when Edwards flees to Hawaii or Europe to repair his wrung-out tissues.

It seems a fair hypothesis to state that Edwards really needs convalescence after the rigors of thirty-nine live shows, for each phase of the operation is fraught with the terrors of the unknown.

Who, for example, could forecast the nightmarish episode of Douglas Stringfellow? The staff chose Stringfellow, then a congressman from Utah, after reading in the Los Angeles Times that he had been named one of the nation's outstanding young men by the United States Junior Chamber of Commerce. When he appeared on This is Your Life he gave a scary account of his wartime exploits. Not long afterward the Army Times in Washington exposed Stringfellow as a faker, and under pressure he confessed. This duplicity stunned Edwards, but eventually he issued a statement forgiving the now ex-congressman and urging his viewers to do likewise. Stringfellow subsequently went on a lecture tour and was recently reported doing very well with the subject: Be Sure Your Sins Will Find You Out.

Edwards considers every program a calculated risk. He has now learned not only how to cover the scars but to go forth and do battle for what he thinks is right. Some months ago he telecast the story of the Rev. Bob Richards, world-champion pole vaulter, and impulsively presented him with a car. The Amateur Athletic Union, which frowns on such largesse—they had once forced skater Barbara Ann Scott to return a similar gift—threatened to brand Richards as a professional. Edwards took personal command and argued that the automobile was really not intended for Richards himself, but for official church use in Los Angeles. The AAU relented, and Richards was allowed to keep the car.

Another time Norman Cousins, of the Saturday Review of Literature, phoned Edwards from New York and suggested a show on the Rev. Kiyoshi Tanimoto, who was coming to the United States with twenty-five Japanese girls whose faces and bodies had been scarred by the Hiroshima atom bomb. Edwards doggedly put the program together and, as a spine-tingling climax, set off air-raid sirens, showed films of the actual bombing and then brought in Robert Lewis, the pilot whose plane had dropped the historic missile. The camera then focused on the stricken eyes of the Reverend Tanimoto, and on the disfigured faces of the girls. The juxtaposition set up a national shock wave which Edwards would probably rather forget.

John Crosby let go with a salvo in which he called the show a "new low in taste," and added "the whole object seems to be to show how badly you can hurt somebody." As late as last June, the Edwards office was still floundering in a backwash of scolding letters, but the impresario himself is stubbornly on the defensive. He says his viewers have already sent the Reverend Tanimoto $34,000 to help pay for the treatment of the injured girls, and adds that he had planned the program not to arouse sympathy for Japanese victims of the A-bomb, but as a sort of sermon for world peace.

Edwards, of course, cannot waste much time on remorse, whether merited or not, because the unbelievable pressure of researching and staging a complete biography once a week is a job to daunt the most tireless Boswell. Harold Lipset, of San Francisco, a detective and ex-CID major who has chased fugitives to the remotest outposts, once said admiringly, "If I could borrow Edwards' staff for a year or two, I could round up all the missing people between here and the Iron Curtain."

The compliment is not wholly embroidered, because Edwards has a reputation for getting his man. A far-flung network of volunteer special agents—diplomats, travel-agency workers, Army officers, interpreters, newspapermen, airline officials and others—is constantly on the *qui vive*, waiting for a difficult Edwards assignment.

When he decided to do Victor McLaglen's life not long ago, Edwards was only momentarily dismayed to learn that the actor had one sister and a brother in England, and two other brothers somewhere in Africa. "Get on the phone," snapped Edwards, "and find them." In due time, native runners located brother Lewis McLaglen as he was lassoing crocodiles in the interior, and another relay of scouts found brother Clifford McLaglen on a Mau-Mau hunt in Kenya. Presently, hard-boiled Victor McLaglen, with tears streaming down his leathery face, was squeezing all of his long-absent siblings on the stage in Hollywood. The air-transportation bill for this program alone was more than $8000.

In the story of René Belbenoit, the Devil's Island escapee and author, the researchers needed a mysterious fellow conspirator named "Jungle Jim" Price. They found him in a jungle, of course, near Panama City. Jazzman Eddie Davis, a participant in the Martha Raye show, was flagged down in Georgia by highway patrolmen who heeded Edwards' SOS and set up a road blockade. Mike Frankovich, an old friend of actor Joe E. Brown, had his brains picked via radiotelephone while he was aboard a liner to Europe. Others have been intercepted in airplanes, taxis, subways and elevators.

Once these distant but rarely reluctant members of the cast are cornered, they are flown to Hollywood on tickets that have top priority. On their arrival, watches are synchronized, lips are sealed and all concerned are educated on the rigid *modus operandi*. Rehearsals are held in Edwards' office on Tuesdays, with his secretary, Jane Garrison, as a stand-in for the principal subject. Jane carefully instructs each participant how to kiss or hug the subject on cue—"Jane is the most kissed girl in Hollywood," Edwards volunteers as a cheery afterthought—and the exact words they must say are practiced and then put into the script. The scripts, of course, are counted and guarded like Pentagon documents.

On Wednesday afternoon there is a dry run—dry in the sense that the players are expected to save their tears for their first sight of the subject that evening, and from then until broadcast time they are virtually incommunicado in the Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel. The problem of luring the subject to the vicinity of the theater is left to experienced lieutenants. Movie stars and other celebrities are usually decoyed into the adjoining Hollywood Knickerbocker Hotel to meet an agent, a potential sponsor, a producer or some other nonexistent angel. Nonprofessionals are brought into town ostensibly to receive a phony plaque, degree or citation or, better still, to see an anonymous man who wants to film their life story.

With all these elaborate precautions, there are still major irritations and backfires which, Edwards' friends say, amply justify Edwards' $40,000 share of the show's total cost. Laurel and Hardy, as a case in point, were surprised by a television camera hidden in the kitchen of their hotel suite, and when they heard Edwards saying through a concealed microphone, "This is Your Life—Laurel and Hardy," they thought it was a gag and continued sipping highballs. It took a precious three minutes for Edwards' man, Don Malmberg, to drag them to the theater. Sheriff Eugene Biscailuz, of Los Angeles County, balked for an upsetting moment and barked at Edwards, "How do you know I want my life story done here?"

Up to now, there have been no suits or other legal reprisals, but there is the unspoken fear that some Wednesday night one of the top Hollywood stars will flatly refuse to go through with the show unless he is paid. Some of the big names, who earn as much as $5000 for a single guest shot, have already passed the word around that they'll walk off and leave Edwards holding his impotent microphone. Edwards thinks these are empty threats, though, on the ground that the flattery element of the show is a powerful weapon. "Also," he adds, "in the case of a movie star, we go right where it hurts. We go to the agent and we say: 'Look.'"

It is doubtful whether Edwards could afford to pay for talent, even if he wished. He not only pays the salaries of ten personal employees and the formidable expenses of the show, but also foots the bill for thirty stage technicians and a $350 weekly theater rental. Cameras, projectors, cars, jewelry and other gifts for his subjects average $50,000 a year. He pays for a post-show banquet at the Roosevelt Hotel, too, which, in the case of at least one subject, a Detroit teacher who was reunited with 200 former pupils, cost more than $1000.

Edwards studiously avoids these parties, in the belief that "the guests wouldn't let their hair down in talking over old times." There is only one dinner he regrets missing—a banquet for Kenneth Porter, the ex-GI whose surgically fused spine will force him to remain in a standing position for the rest of his life. The Porter show, which Edwards considers one of his greatest, was so emotional that the ex-soldier was swamped with long-distance calls at the hotel. Toward midnight he was so exhausted that he told the operator to refuse all waiting calls, including one from a "friend in Denver." The next day the Denver operator tried again, and a man's voice said, "Good morning, Mr. Porter. We are sorry you couldn't take our call last night."

"I'm sorry, too," Porter replied, "but I was all in, and anyway I don't know anyone in Denver."

"You do now. President Eisenhower watched the show and just wanted to wish you good luck." THE END

You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Yorick, who doted on flying his own plane, made a slight navigational mistake one day and flitted into a skyscraper. Rushed to a hospital, he received treatment including transfusion of a pint of blood at sixty dollars. Unfortunately, the blood donor suffered from a disease which was not detectable in his blood. Yorick developed the disease, and later sued the hospital for damages.

"At sixty dollars a pint, a hospital should guarantee pure blood," he argued. "The patient is utterly dependent upon the hospital to insure purity. As the blood given me was germ-laden, the hospital should pay damages."

"We sympathize with poor Yorick," the hospital attorney said. "The hospital, however, subjected the blood to standard scientific tests. While science has not yet made such tests 100 per cent infallible, the hospital did its best and therefore was not negligent."

If you were the judge, would you make the hospital pay?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The hospital did not have to pay. The court said that "where no negligence or fault is present, liability should not be imposed upon the institution or agency seeking to save the patient. . . . Not having been negligent," the court added, "the hospital is not responsible for the result of 'bad blood.'"

Based upon a 1954 New York decision.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Lincoln is to

A Lincoln is a moving idea
with 285 horsepower
to second the motion

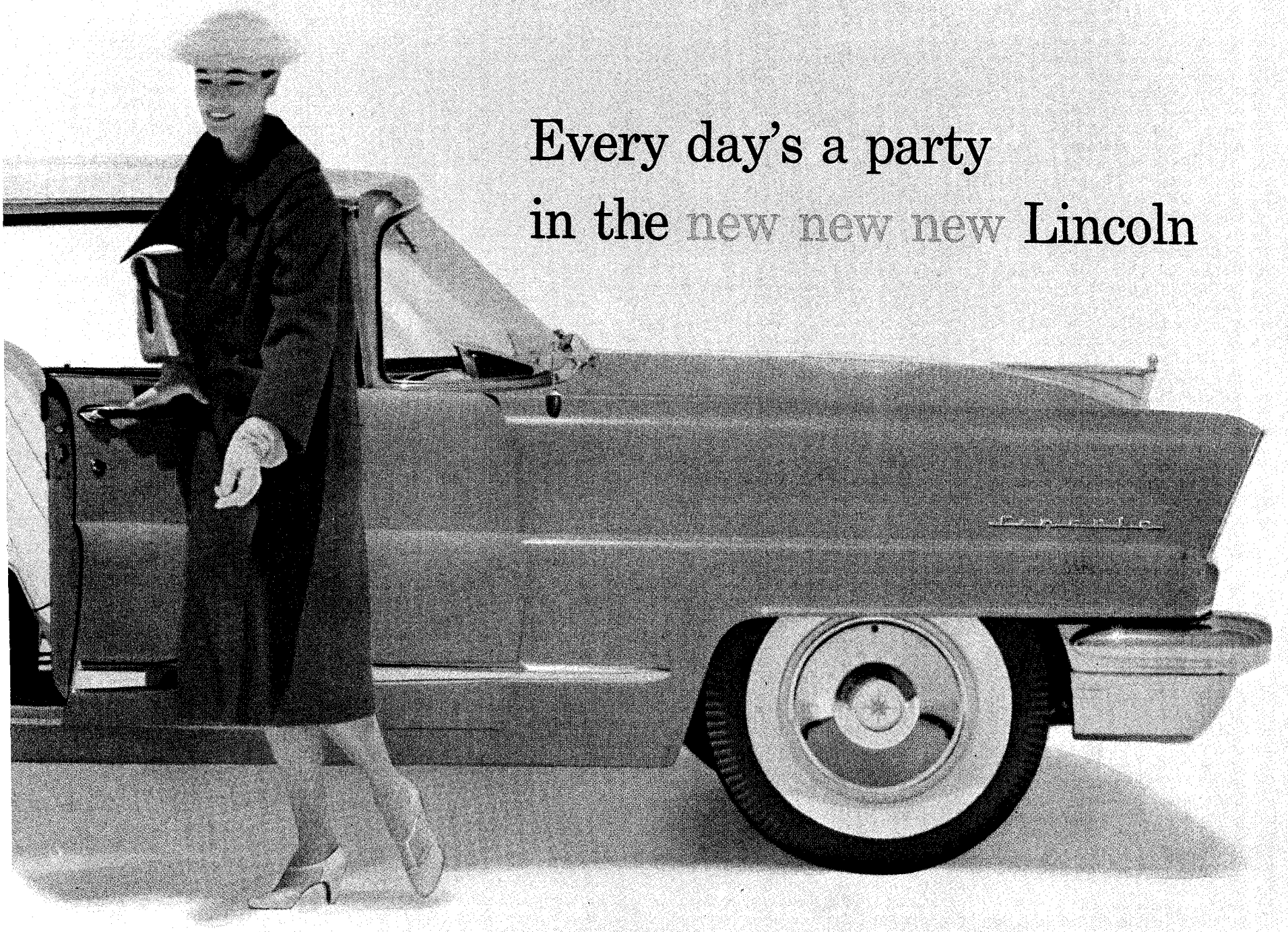
A Lincoln is one of the Ford famil

Every mile from the dealers' doo
these are the five best ways to ge

the Ford • the Thunderbird

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dress up and go



Every day's a party
in the new new new Lincoln

Each inch is luxury:
222 new inches of beauty and comfort
based on strength and safety and power

f fine cars

om place to place

ıe Mercury • the Lincoln • the Continental

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Floods of Fear

(Continued from Page 41)

lost. A temporary information center had been set up, manned by volunteers.

Greenfield had been warned. Careful estimates had been made—possible flood crest, dikes destroyed, property damage and loss of life—and these figures had been projected in terms of food, clothing, blankets and medical supplies needed for relief. But even the most pessimistic estimate had been far short of the fact. Hunger and terror and confusion were everywhere, and it would get worse before it got better.

Greenfield was named a disaster area by a White House proclamation. A Red Cross unit moved in with a field kitchen, but no food. The food trucks had somehow gone astray. Cots were set up in the corridors of Greenfield's hospitals, in schools and warehouses, and still the sick and the injured came.

Greenfield's numbed confusion was reflected in the other river towns. Bridgeton, already reeling, hastened evacuations. Downriver, the Humboldt country was under water. The Humboldt dike had burst suddenly in a dozen places. Nothing definite was known of the fate of the convicts who'd worked on the dike with shovels and sandbags. The police were too busy with the problems of the living to worry about men who might reasonably be counted among the dead. A light plane landed near Lebannon to report cars swamped and abandoned on the Humboldt roads. A sport cruiser dispatched to explore the area was holed by a floating log and went down in twelve feet of water.

In West Mills, a committee of prominent citizens met in emergency session at nine A.M. to discuss flood plans. Mayor Henry Balch presided, a stout, white-haired man whose hands trembled faintly. "West Mills has been included in the disaster area," he said. "I have been informed that help is on the way."

"So's Christmas," someone said.

"Gentlemen," the mayor said, "the flood crest will be higher than anyone dreamed it could be; the damage is already far worse than any early estimate. It takes time to implement relief operations on so vast a scale. The first efforts are naturally extended to the upriver cities where the immediate need is greatest." He wet his lips. "The governor assures me we have not been forgotten."

"What about medical supplies?" a doctor asked.

"Coming," the mayor said.

"We'll need tents, food, blankets, clothing."

"Soon," the mayor said. "Perhaps tomorrow."

He told them the evacuation of Mock Hollow had been completed. Seepage water was rising in the streets there. Present forecasts indicated that the lower town and most of the business district would be inundated to a depth of three or four feet. If the north dike held ——

"It won't," a rough voice said.

This was the voice of Jack Murphy. He had ignored the empty chairs at the long council table to stand before the windows. He was a huge man, solidly made, but he carried no spare flesh. He was roughly dressed: mud-caked rubber boots, a wool shirt, the sleeves rolled high on big brown arms. His hands were dirty and there was a blond stubble on his jaw.

"Are you sure it won't hold?" the mayor asked.

"I'm sure," Murphy said. "I was out there a couple of hours ago."

"Bad news," the mayor said. He pressed his hands hard together to stop their trembling. "Mr. Murphy," he said, "you have been most co-operative. I regret that I must make another request. We need your tugs."

"For what?"

"Rescue work," the mayor said. "The governor asks that we make an immediate search of all newly flooded land in this area and as far upstream as we are able. The dike failures were so sudden it is almost certain a good many people were marooned by rising water. They would be in grave danger."

"Sorry," Jack Murphy said.

"Anything less than a tug would hardly be adequate for the job," the mayor said. "A sound hull, a shallow draft and powerful engines are needed."

"No," Jack Murphy said.

"Can you refuse to save lives?" a cold voice asked.

"I can refuse to do the impossible," Jack Murphy said. His jaw was set and his blunt stare challenged the dislike that came to some of the faces at the council table. "Who knows where the channels are?" he asked. "Who knows what the depths are in those flooded areas? I don't. And my pilots don't. A man wouldn't be an hour in that flat country before he went hard aground. A sweet fix that would be, wouldn't it? My tugs a mile from the river when the water went down."

"What of the people a mile from help, with the water rising?" the same cold voice asked.

The owner of the voice was the town's leading banker, and Jack Murphy's blunt stare moved to single him out. "Are you opening the vaults of your bank to any flood victim who needs a few dollars? Not by a long sight!" He swung his gaze to a department-store owner. "Have you opened the doors of your store so that those who need clothes and gear can help themselves? No, by heaven!" Jack Murphy's face was dark, his chest was big. "But what've I done? I've donated a fleet of trucks, two power shovels, three bulldozers, and I'm paying the drivers and operators overtime to man them! Isn't that enough? Isn't that my share?"

The banker, a small wisp of a man with white hair, turned to the others. "I will not say the equipment named by Mr. Murphy is not working as he says it is. But I would like to point out that it is working only in those areas necessary to the protection of his own river-front property."

"Mine," Jack Murphy said, "and maybe ten million dollars' worth of other men's property on the water front below me. I say that what I'm doing is enough. You can't expect one man to carry the whole load. There are other tugs."

"They've been offered. They're in use."

"Then you've got enough!" Jack Murphy's face was black with fury. "I've got nearly a million dollars' worth of floating equipment on the water front. I stand to lose it without those tugs. And I'm not going to lose it! You're not going to get one of my tugs—not one! Make up your mind to that!"

The banker met his eyes squarely. "They can be commandeered."

The mayor's voice was desperate. "Gentlemen, please!"

Jack Murphy did not hear him. He pointed a blunt forefinger at the banker, sighting down it like a rifle. "Come after my tugs," he said. "Come after them any time you like. But I'm warning you—you'll need an army to get them." And he left the meeting.

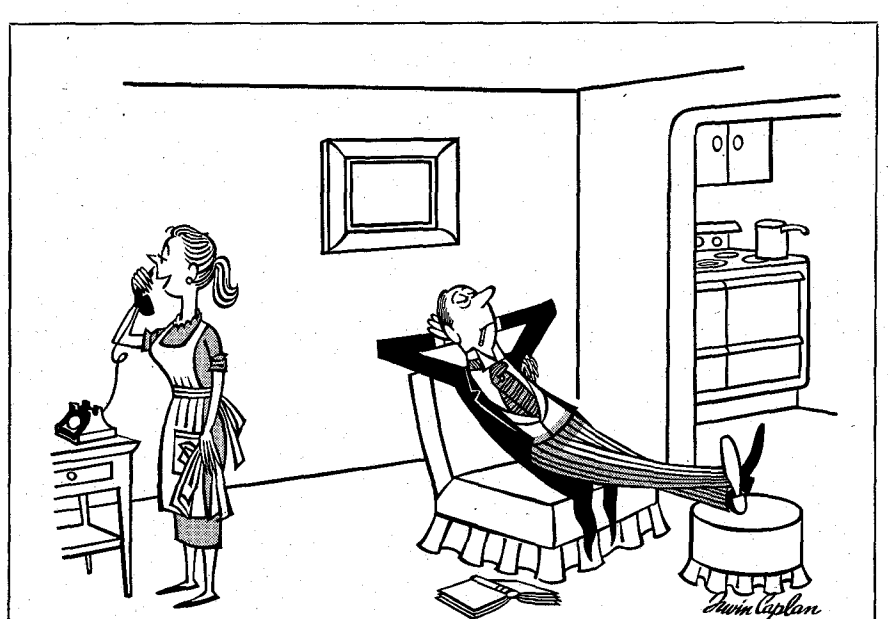
The midday hours passed slowly for the people in the flooded farmhouse in the Humboldt area above Lebannon. There was little for any of them to do. Even watching for possible rescue craft was useless; Donavan had made that very clear.

"I don't want help," he'd said to Elizabeth Matthews and Tom Sharkey. "Help of any kind would mean an attempt to imprison me again, and that would probably be fatal to me, as well as to others. I'll see that you're given every chance to stay alive; in return, you'll do the same for me." His voice had been matter-of-fact, his clear, dark eyes quietly sober. "If one of you fails me, that one will be dropped in the river before help arrives—and that is a very solemn promise."

The threatening bank of dark clouds held off, inexplicably, and for much of the day the June sun was out, full and clear. The people in the house were not uncomfortable; rather the springlike warmth the sun brought to the upper floors made drowsiness hard to fight. Elizabeth, whom Sharkey had finally persuaded to eat fully against the coming need, succumbed to the warm quiet and slept for several hours. Tom Sharkey, though nodding, remained awake in the sunshine that fell through the bedroom window.

In the second bedroom, Peebles said, "Gonna need that sack time," and got it at some length, snoring.

Donavan, alone, seemed unaffected by fatigue or need of sleep. He spent most of the day at the upstream window, silently watching the flood, now almost level with the tops of the windows of the lower floor.



"But, mother, we've only been married three weeks. I'm sure Harvey will find something soon."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Below him, trapped in a pocket between two bay windows, was a considerable collection of drift. Among other things, there was a saw log, two feet in diameter and twenty feet in length, and a section of shingled roof perhaps ten feet square. When Donavan saw a twelve-foot twelve-by-twelve timber come in, he turned from the window.

Using the hand ax, he began the destruction of an inner wall. The noise brought the others. Elizabeth protested; Tom Sharkey watched silently; Peebles asked, "What the hell're you tryin' to do?" Donavan went on with his work without reply, methodically ripping out the wall, knocking loose lath and plaster from the studding. He split the nails out of some boards, saving the cleanest, strongest pieces in a separate pile. Satisfied with the quantity at last, he put the nails in his pocket, the ax under his belt and went to the window.

"Pass the two-by-four down to me," he said.

He climbed to the window sill, crouched there and jumped feet first into the flood. He surfaced almost at once, rising chest-high out of the water. A few strokes carried him to the pile of debris caught against the house. Separating the log and the twelve-by-twelve timber from the rest, he brought them along the side of the house to a point below the window on the upper floor. He looked up at the faces looking down.

"Let's have the lumber," he said.

Peebles handed him the two-by-fours as they were needed. With these, the nails and the hand ax, Donavan fashioned the log and the twelve-by-twelve into the framework of a raft. The square of shingled roof was nailed down to serve as a deck, a length of barbed wire cut from a floating fence post became a painter. The finished product was crude and obviously less than was to be desired, but it was the best raft that could be built with the materials at hand. Donavan guided it around to the downstream side of the house, moored it below another upstairs window and entered the house again.

The others were waiting for him, silently now. In the mind of each, clearly, was the question of who was to go and who was to stay. Donavan did not answer at once. He spread a blanket on the floor and piled supplies in the center of it: some of the home-canned food, a cut of the beef, a kettle, a kitchen knife, a jar with a screw lid containing some of the kitchen matches. Then he gathered the four corners of the blanket together and tied them. Coming erect, he tossed the bundle to Tom Sharkey.

"You," he said. "You alone."

Peebles yelled, "Have you gone nuts?"

The others ignored him. Donavan's and Sharkey's eyes were locked, their faces were still. Elizabeth was watching the two of them, the color draining from her face. Sharkey's hands opened slowly and the bundle dropped to the floor.

"No, thanks," he said.

Donavan said, "You've got no choice."

"As long as I'm alive, I've got a choice," Sharkey said. "You may not think so, but you and Peebles are my prisoners. I don't leave my prisoners behind me. Nor do I leave this girl."

"Tom," Donavan said quietly, "this is the chance to live I promised you. You're going to take it, like it or not."

"I'm not," Sharkey said. "We're all going or we're all staying here until help comes. You'll have to kill me to change that. For the love of heaven, be reasonable, man! If I left you now, at your orders, you would be an escaped convict. I'd have to hunt you down, and I would hunt you down. With help—with the help of every state and county and city officer in the country. And with the help of every decent citizen.

(Continued on Page 63)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LISTEN! Until you light a Lucky, you'll never know how good a cigarette can taste. Luckies taste better because Lucky Strike means fine tobacco that's TOASTED to taste better. You'll say they're the best-tasting cigarette you ever smoked!

"IT'S TOASTED" to taste better!

LUCKIES TASTE BETTER

Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!

©A.T. Co. PRODUCT OF The American Tobacco Company AMERICA'S LEADING MANUFACTURER OF CIGARETTES

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For an easier life, weigh this hat *(Yes, you heard right)*

Nice, isn't it? And light, too. Weighs only two ounces, and it takes less weight than this to depress one key of the new Royal Electric.

It takes only three ounces to push down the carriage return key, too. In fact, it's 13 times easier to do these jobs than on a non-electric typewriter.

On the new Royal Electric, your fingers aren't dog-tired at the end of the day. You do your usual quota of work with time to spare. Your typing is clear-cut, even, beautiful. And your boss? He'll love to sign those letters you bring him!

A personal office trial is yours for the asking.

Just get in touch with the Royal Representative and learn from him five other important conveniences of this new kind of electric typewriter . . . made with you in mind . . . made by the world's largest manufacturer of typewriters.

ROYAL®
electric
standard • portable
Roytype® business supplies

Royal Typewriter Company, *Division of Royal McBee Corporation.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Continued from Page 60) We'd take you back or kill you. You'd be one man against the world—you know that, Donavan!"

"I know it," Donavan said. "You're going, Tom."

"No, by heaven!"

Sharkey saw the beginning of Donavan's first step toward him and moved with a savage, planned suddenness. One of his hands caught Elizabeth's arm, a violent yank put her on the floor in a corner behind him. His other hand caught up a piece of two-by-four left after the wall had been destroyed. It was a splintered piece that could be used as either a club or a long, jagged and cruel-edged spear. Sharkey chose to use it first as a club, swinging it at Donavan's head.

Donavan was able to block the blow only partially. He took some of it on an upraised forearm, but there was force left as it struck the side of his head to open his scalp and drive him to his knees. A second, too-hurried blow, missed his head and struck his shoulder. Still on his knees, Donavan waited for the third blow, and when it came he caught the club with his open hand. His fingers closed and held. Sharkey did not struggle to free his weapon. Against Donavan's strength he knew that would be futile. He released the club at once and bent to catch up another.

The movement brought his back toward Peebles. Peebles' knife was in his hand, and this was the moment he had been waiting for. He moved in, warily and slowly, and there was time for Donavan to throw the two-by-four he held. The spinning wheel of it struck Peebles' right arm, knocked the knife from his hand and a splintered end of the board raked Peebles' face. He squalled like an injured cat and fell away.

Donavan was on his feet then. As Sharkey came up with another makeshift club, Donavan was on him smoothly and quickly. The wood was torn from Sharkey's grasp and thrown aside. A big hand caught the back of Sharkey's lean neck, the fingers closed, and Sharkey was dragged forward. Another big hand—this one a fist—drove to meet the stumbling man. The blow caught the guard in the belly and sank deep. One blow with the power of Donavan's smooth bulk behind it was enough. Sharkey doubled, gagging breathlessly with the pain.

Donavan picked him up and carried him to the open window above the raft and dropped him, feet first, to the raft. The fall was not more than six or eight feet; Sharkey was not hurt by it, though he still had not yet strength enough to stand. Sprawled there, braced on rigid arms, he stared up at Donavan.

"Let me take the girl," he said hoarsely.

"The girl stays with me," Donavan said. He turned back into the room, got the bundle of supplies and went back to the window to drop it on the raft. "Shove off, Tom."

Peebles was at the window beside Donavan, then. His small face was twisted, his voice was shrill with desperation, "Donavan! Think what you're doin'! He could meet a boatload of cops a mile down the river an' be back here before you know it! If you got to let 'im go, drop him in the river an' let him swim for it!"

"He would be sure to drown," Donavan said.

"Good!" Peebles spat the word. "What'd he ever do for you that you got to treat him so good? Let him drown!"

A sweep of Donavan's arm sent Peebles sprawling into a corner. His place at the window beside Donavan was taken at once by Elizabeth. She was so terrified she was fighting. She fought to get through the window; then fought Donavan, who easily held her away from it.

"Let me go!" she gasped. "I want to go with him! I'd rather die than stay with you!"

Donavan brought her into the curve of his arm, pinning her arms against her body, holding her against himself. "No," Donavan said, "you'd rather live. And your chance of living is better if you stay with me." Holding her, he looked down at Sharkey again. "Shove off, Tom. Now."

Sharkey knew the futility of arguing with the quietly implacable Donavan. He got slowly to his feet and loosed the barbed-wire painter. The raft began to drift away. Tom Sharkey looked up at Elizabeth's white face.

"Don't worry, lass," he said. "I'll come after you."

"Wait!" Elizabeth cried. "Take me with you!"

"And you, Donavan," Sharkey said. "As God is my witness, I'll come after you. I'll jail you or kill you, if I have to follow you till the end of time!"

Donavan turned away from the window.

He released Elizabeth, who stared at him with hate-filled, furious and tearful eyes, then turned and ran to the far bedroom. She threw herself on the bed there, sobbing.

Donavan looked at Peebles. The small man had found his knife again. He was crouching on bent legs, knife in hand, staring at Donavan with fully as much hate and rage as the girl had shown, but when Donavan's quiet eyes came steadily to bear on him, Peebles swallowed his hate and his anger. He put the knife in his belt, shaking his head.

"You beat me," he said. "Y' really do."

Donavan went past the little man without a word. He took his place at the upstream window again. There was no sign of pain from the blow Sharkey had struck, the small, drying trickle of blood from the cut on his scalp went unnoticed. His attention was for other things.

The material of the drift was important to him, and he tried to identify each floating bit the moment it came into view. The dark cloud, coming on out of the distance, dragging a veil of rain, was important to him, and so was the hour of the day—late afternoon, with dusk soon to come. He was interested in the level of the flood, the way the water curled and sucked at the corners of the house, in the faint trembling of the floor beneath his bare feet. These were the elements of the calculated risk he had taken. He watched the development of each with a gambler's impersonal attention.

And fortune worked for him. In a little while a boat came into his view, a rowboat, empty and riding with its gunwales nearly awash on the sluggish current. It was still a long way upstream. Left alone, it would pass the house nearly a hundred yards to the west. Donavan waited, carefully weighing his strength and ability against the distance and the strength of the current. When the balance was as equal as it would ever be, Donavan climbed to the window sill and left the house in a long, flat dive.

Peebles yelled and ran to the window. He saw at once what the task was. "Donavan!" he yelled. "Come back, you fool! You'll never make it!" He was not afraid for Donavan; he was afraid Donavan would be carried downstream, below the house, and he would be left behind.

The urgency of his voice, the near-panic in it, got Elizabeth up off the bed in the far room. Her face was tear-streaked and pale. She did not want to respond, and yet she was afraid not to. She went hesitantly to the other room. When she saw Donavan had gone and Peebles was alone at the window, she ran to his side. She was able to swim perhaps a little better than most women, and knew at once the size of Donavan's task, the odds against him.

"No," she whispered. "He can't."

"Tell 'im to come back!" Peebles said. "Y'want to get left here?"

Elizabeth turned suddenly from the window. Her face was distorted; she pressed her hands to her temples. "Yes! Yes, I do!" It was almost a scream. "I want to be left here! Go with him! Both of you go and leave me alone!" She ran back to the other room and threw herself on the bed again.

Peebles said, "Is everybody gone nuts?"

He called to Donavan again, cursing him. Then he pleaded. Nothing he said was heeded. The big man went steadily away, making slow upstream progress against the current, his arms moving in an unbroken rhythm, the beat of his legs leaving a boiling wake. Now Peebles fell silent, watching. And it was a fight to watch: Donavan against the river and against time, and no quarter asked. The onward drift of the boat was inexorable, the distance great. For the man to meet the boat in time to bring it in seemed clearly impossible. And it would have been impossible had there been a single break in the beat of Donavan's arms or a moment's faltering in his determination. There was neither. Peebles watched with growing wonderment.

"Holy Joe," he whispered. "Will you look at that guy."

Donavan's path across the flood was slanting, planned to meet the downward drift of the boat. The meeting was not exact. Donavan's lifted hand missed the bow of the boat. He turned, trying again, and then it seemed that he did not have strength enough to heave himself aboard. He went hand-over-hand along the flank of it to the stern. There he finally pulled himself up to lie across the stern thwart.

Peebles turned to yell to Elizabeth. "He made it! That guy ain't human! He's a torpedo!" Almost jumping with excitement, he turned again to the window. Then the excitement gave way to despair. The boat was still drifting; Donavan was still lying across the thwart. "Bushed," Peebles said. "Too bushed to bring it in." He lifted his voice, shouting angrily, "Donavan! Get up! Get up, y' big ox! You'll drift past us!"

Donavan didn't move. The boat came even with the house, seventy-five yards to the west, and drifted past. Peebles became wildly frantic. He ran to the hall window and yelled at Donavan from that; then he ran into the bedroom and yelled at Elizabeth. She buried her face in a pillow. Peebles cursed. He caught up a chair, broke out the window on the downstream side of the room and leaned out, shouting, "Donavan! Bring it in! Bring it in!" In a moment, he realized the boat was late coming into view. Leaning far out, he saw why. The boat had come into the branches of a tree; Donavan was sitting up now, holding it there, resting. Peebles swore at him. "He knew that tree was there!" he said. "Why didn't he tell me?"

The boat was near enough now so that Donavan, with renewed strength, could not fail to bring it in. Peebles' excitement returned.

"We got us a boat!" he said. "We got us a boat now! Y'hear that, kid? We're all set!"

He ran into the other room and began getting supplies together. The work didn't satisfy him. He raided a closet for clothes and found a khaki shirt much too big for him. His thin shoulders were lost in its vast folds, making him appear more ridiculous than ever. He got the knife from his belt, found the whetstone and began to sharpen the blade with a feverish energy. Still, he was not satisfied. He needed someone to talk to. He went in and took Elizabeth by the shoulder and pulled her to a sitting position.

"C'mon, get up!" he said. "We're goin' to put the show on the road in a little while." He sat on the edge of the bed and began to whet the knife again. "You're goin' for a boat ride. You want to dry them tears and sharpen up."

"No!" Elizabeth said. "I'm not going!" She left the bed to put her back against the wall near the window.

"Oh, yes, you are," Peebles said. "Donavan ain't goin' to leave a chick like you behind. Don't you like the big guy?"

"No!"

"So how about me?"

Elizabeth's pale face was stiff, there was no hiding the revulsion in her wide gray eyes. "You are filthy, despicable!"

"Have it your way." Ugly laughter moved in Peebles' throat. "But I didn't go up for murder. I didn't get mixed up with another joker's wife and break her neck. Donavan did."

Elizabeth stared, shocked and disbelieving.

"It's the truth," Peebles said. "He took her neck in his hands and popped it like a piece of celery." The sickness in Elizabeth's eyes was all Peebles needed to urge him on. "Le' me tell you," he said. "This Donavan was a wheel once—money, cars, a big house—what I hear, he had it all. Then the husband and a private cop and the uniform law bust in and find him with this doll dead in his hands. There's no way around it, he killed her."

"I'm not interested," Elizabeth said.

"So listen anyway," Peebles said. The twisted grin moved his lips. "He's big and pretty, an' he talks good; you think he's better'n me. So open them ears an' listen. I was in the joint when he come in. We celled together for a year, closer'n two bugs in a mattress. He plays it close to his belly; he won't open up, not a word. Me, I got good friends on the outside. I put it on the grapevine: 'What's with this Donavan? What's the score?' Pretty quick I got the whole story."

"Stop it!" Elizabeth said. "Stop it!"

"They got him for murder one—first degree," Peebles said, grinning, "I mean, they really hooked him. Open and shut. The husband was havin' her followed, see? That give the D.A. all he needed. He had the private cop's reports; he could show the jury what Donavan and this gal had been doin'. And plenty of witnesses—the husband, the private cop, the prowl-car bulls. He could show premeditation. The way it come out on the stand, the woman was tryin' to get loose from Donavan. He wouldn't let her go. He snapped her neck. The only thing that kept Donavan out of the chair was some soft-head hung the jury. They finally come in with a recommendation for leniency. That got him life. He's a killer—that's for sure."

Elizabeth was silent, her lips pressed flat.

"Still don't believe me?" Peebles said. "It was in all the papers, six, seven years ago. You must've seen it."

Elizabeth had seen it. She was remembering the newspaper pictures now: Donavan on his way to the courtroom, handcuffed to a police guard. Donavan, with the jury, at the scene of the crime. Donavan, arms folded, sitting on a bunk in the county jail. She remembered the pictures, but nothing of (Continued on Page 66)

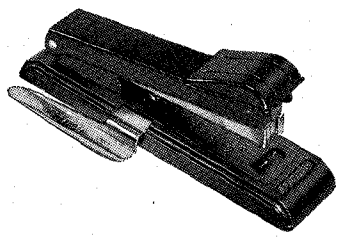
Definition Arrived at While Looking in a Mirror

By Hal Chadwick

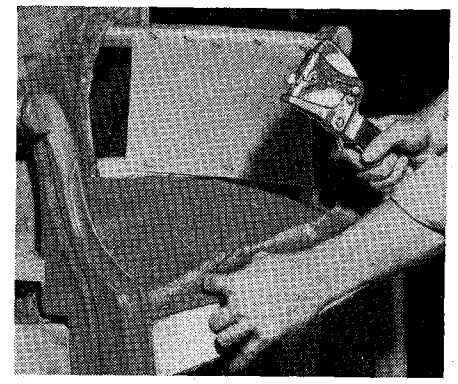
"Middle age" is when the
side view
Of your middle is the *wide*
view.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We'll bet you a Bostitch

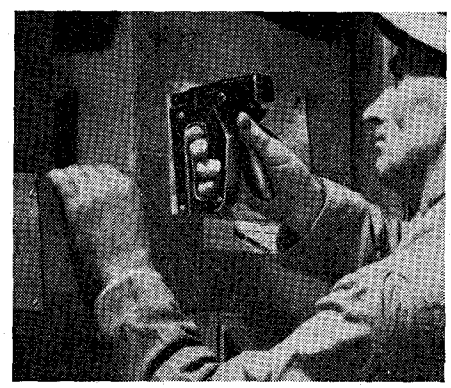


This is our popular and versatile $2.95 desk stapler with staple remover attached. It's yours FREE if we can't show you at least one way Bostitch stapling will save money for your business. First, fill out the coupon below, attach it to your business letterhead and mail to us. A Bostitch Economy Man will then visit you and show you how to save money . . . or hand you the stapler free. He's one of 350 trained fastening specialists working out of 123 cities in the U. S. and Canada. Remember, there are over 800 kinds of Bostitch staplers for every type of business and industry.

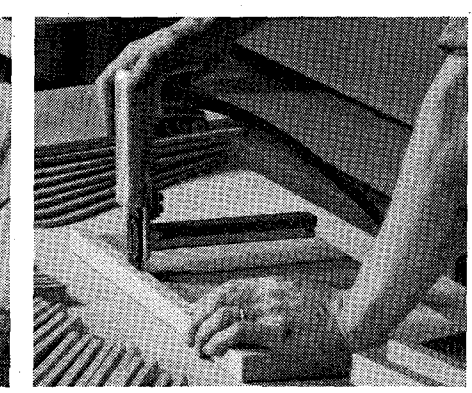


One blow with a Bostitch hammer plants staple firmly. On this upholstering job, staples replaced tacks, *"cut costs 65%."*

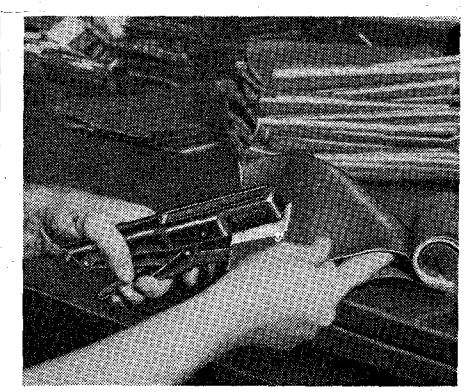
Electrically operated Bostitch stapler bags hardware parts twice as fast as with a hand stapler. *"Savings in labor alone, over 50%."*



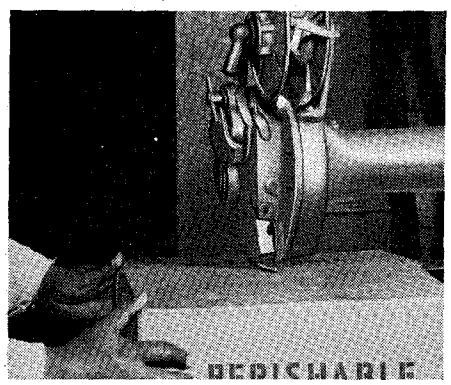
Air freight bills stapled to corrugated shipping containers with new-type Bostitch tacker *"hold better than with tape at 1/10th the cost."*



Hammer and nails gave way to Bostitch air-driven tacker in this cabinet shop. Manufacturer figures *"cost saving of more than 50%."*

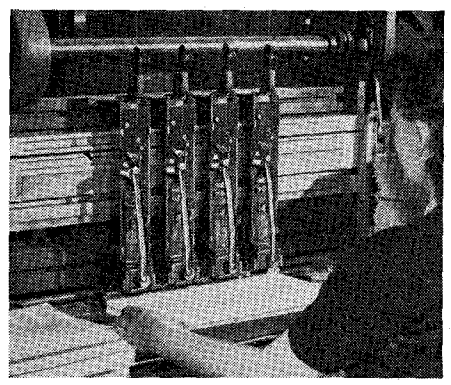


Tags for upholstery samples, once pinned, are now stapled. *"Cost dropped from $9 to $2 a thousand. And the job is 50% faster."*

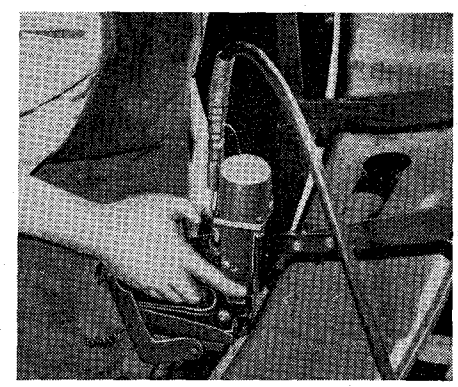


This Bostitch wire stitcher replaced wire strapping in boxing meat products. A famous packer reports *"costs were cut by 50%."*

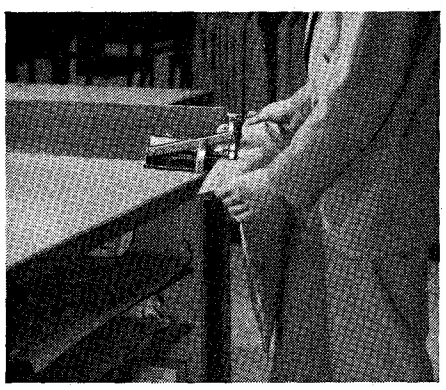
Car seat manufacturer gave up rubber cement in favor of heavy-duty stapler, found stapling *"more secure and twice as fast."*



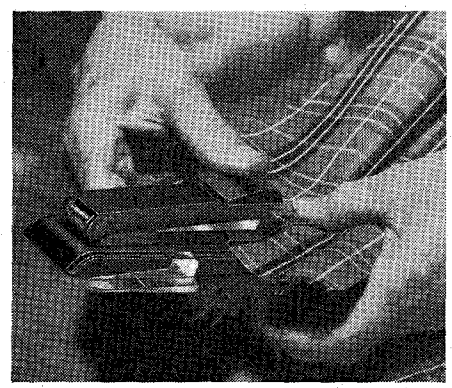
A midwest printer uses multiple-head Bostitch stitchers for making up salesbooks. *"Savings over single stitcher, at least 75%."*



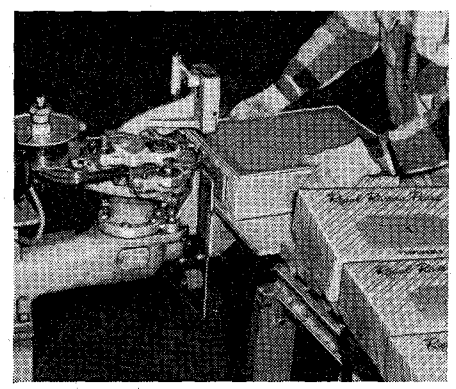
Ducts for air conditioned automobiles are tacked in place with Bostitch air tacker then Bostitch wire stitched. *"Best method found!"*



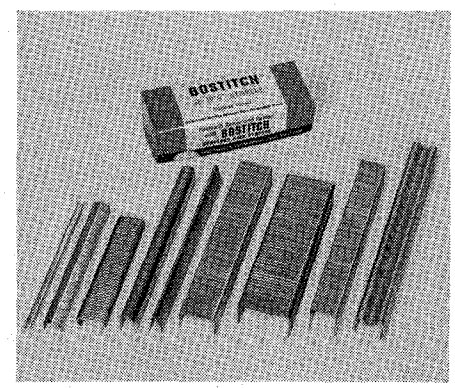
"Clerk-wrapping with Bostitch staplers saves all customers' time and avoids bottlenecks and extra help" for department stores.



Bostitch desk stapler bastes plastic material before sewing. Attached remover whisks out staples easily. *"Saving over pins, 50%."*



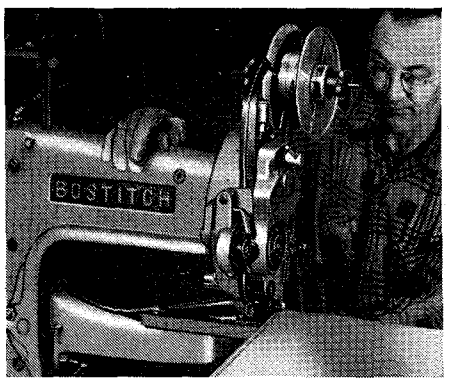
Closing fruit boxes with Bostitch stitcher instead of wire bands, famous packer was *"able to save 90% of his former wire costs."*



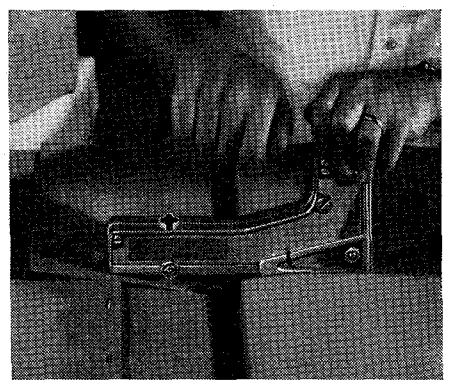
For greatest savings and smoothest operation, use only genuine Bostitch staples in all Bostitch stapling machines. They're precision-made to work together!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

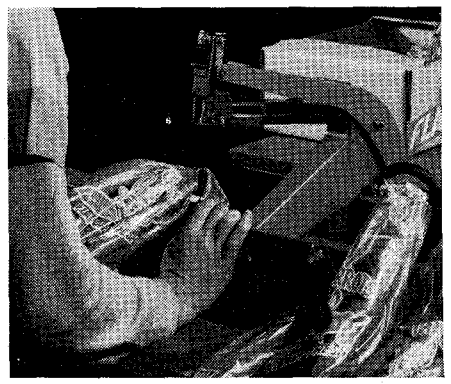
stapler... that your business, too, can save money with stapling



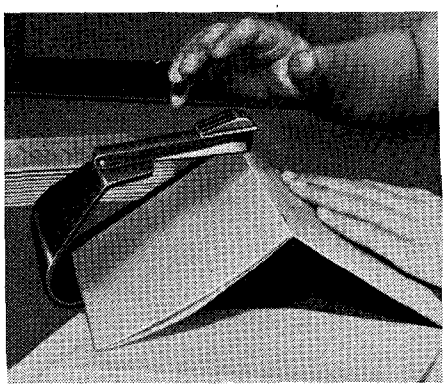
These steel freezer cabinets, once spot-welded, are now wire stitched. *"Bostitch method trims fastening costs by 75%."*



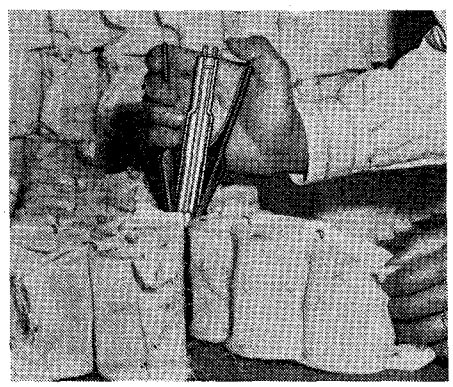
Using Bostitch Autoclench stapler, this man says he seals boxes *"five times faster"* than he can with glue. Manufacturer's saving *"over 50%."*



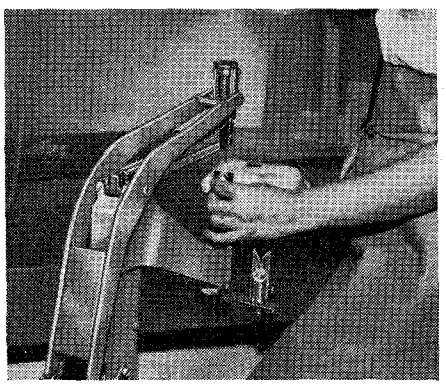
To seal carrots in plastic bags, packer switched from wire twists to Bostitch staples, *"tripled volume, cut costs over 60%."*



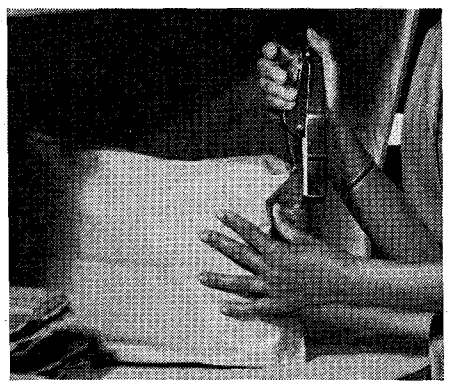
A trade association now binds its own booklets using the new Bostitch "saddle" stapler. The manager reports *"50% cost saving."*



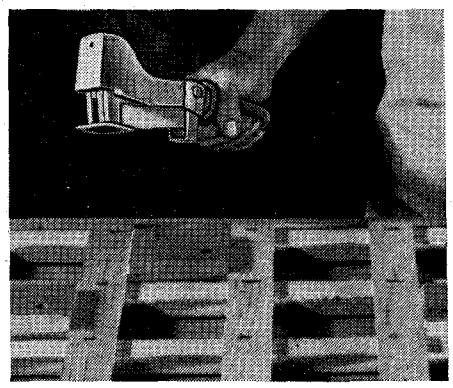
This self-feeding stapling plier forms tight wire rings. Bedspring manufacturer reports *"It's faster than hand tying by 75%."*



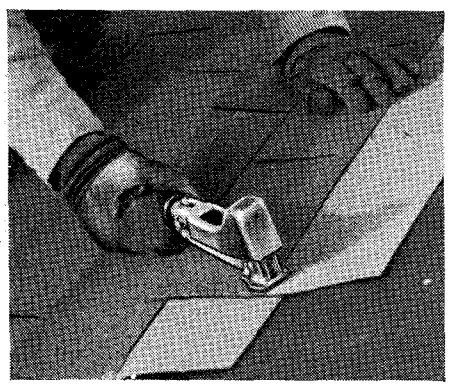
Switching from wire ties to foot-operated stapler, poultry packer found he could package ducklings for freezer *"three times faster."*



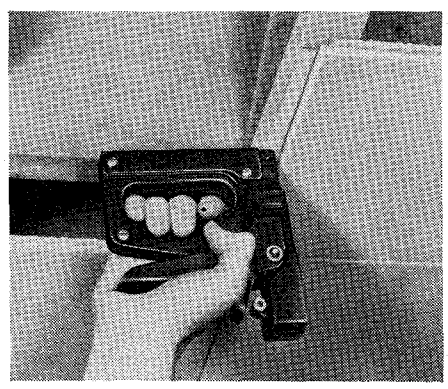
New method of shirt wrapping in this laundry with a Bostitch stapling plier proved *"four times faster than paper-and-tape, cost 50% less."*



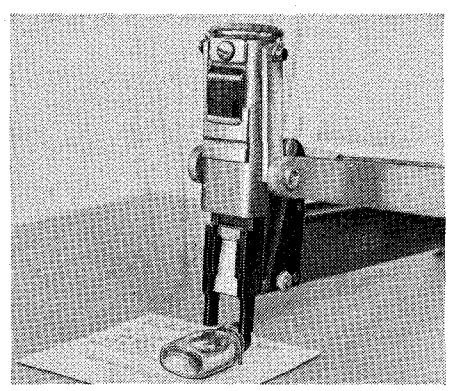
Nailing latticework with heavy-duty stapling hammer produced more secure joints in ¼ the time. *"Estimated savings 60%."*



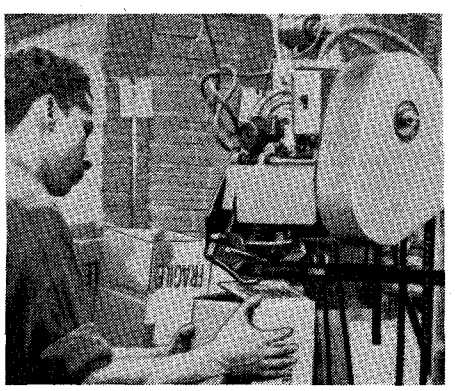
Roofers use heavy-duty Bostitch stapling hammers to lay asphalt shingles on new roofs. *"Four times faster than nailing."*



Ceiling tile goes up faster and neater with a Bostitch tacker. Leaves one hand free to position and hold the tile. *"Labor saving, 50%."*



Fragile perfume bottles are securely fastened to cards by Bostitch stapler, replacing elastic cord. The report: *"Cost is 60% less."*



"Twice as many boxes can be stapled in an hour, with only two thirds as much manpower," says shipper. Staplers also take up less floor space.

FOR YOUR FREE STAPLER *or a chance to cut fastening costs in your business (you win either way), please attach this coupon to your business letterhead.*

Fasten it better and faster with

BOSTITCH®
STAPLERS AND STAPLES

BOSTITCH, Inc., 402 Mechanic Street, Westerly, R. I.

Your proposition interests me — either show me how stapling can save money for our business or give me a free desk stapler. I'm particularly interested in the following applications (please check):

HI-SPEED PRODUCTION FASTENING
- ☐ stapling vs. riveting
- ☐ stapling vs. spot welding
- ☐ stapling vs. screws or bolts
- ☐ stapling vs. glue or cement
- ☐ stapling vs. tape
- ☐ stapling vs. tacks or nails
- ☐ stapling vs. solder
- ☐ stapling vs. wire or string

PACKAGING and CARDING
- ☐ sealing bags (cloth, paper or plastic)
- ☐ mounting products on display cards
- ☐ fastening items to individual cards

SHIPPING ROOM ECONOMIES
- ☐ preparing cartons for filling
- ☐ sealing filled cartons
- ☐ lining or padding crates
- ☐ applying shipping bills or tags

BUILDING APPLICATIONS
- ☐ applying asphalt roofing
- ☐ laying underfelt
- ☐ installing ceiling tile
- ☐ applying insulation
- ☐ installing low-voltage wiring
- ☐ applying shake shingle siding

OFFICE EFFICIENCIES
- ☐ filing
- ☐ routing
- ☐ posting
- ☐ binding folders and reports
- ☐ preparing advertising dummies

Name _____ Position _____

Company _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Continued from Page 63) the trial. There could be no doubt, however, that this was the same man.

"The doll he killed looked something like you," Peebles said. "Same size, same color hair. Her name was Murphy—Nan, Norma—something like that. Plenty o' times in the joint, I hear him talkin' about her in his sleep."

There was a sound below the window. Elizabeth looked out and saw that the rowboat had come into the eddy on the downstream side of the house. It was an old craft, paintless and splintered from much hard usage, blunt of bow, square of stern, perhaps fifteen feet in length. A frayed piece of line trailed from the bow, a foot of water sloshed about inboard. The boat seemed to be traveling under its own power, but it was not. Donavan was in the water beneath the stern, sending it on with powerful shoves and swimming after it. Peebles came to the window.

"Some scow," he said.

Bitterly Elizabeth said, "It's certainly better and safer than the raft you gave Mr. Sharkey!"

"Ain't that a tough break for the screw?" Peebles said.

Donavan made the boat fast to a porch post and came into the house again. He was breathing heavily. His short, dark hair was plastered to his forehead again, water was running in small rivers from his big, smooth body, dripping from his rough shorts. Peebles met him with a towel and a wide grin.

"That's what I call a job!" Peebles said. "Ain't one man in a hundred—a thousand—could've got out to that boat, to say nothin' of bringin' it in. Here, let me dry your back."

Donavan took the towel and used it himself. "Bail the boat," he said shortly. "Get some supplies together."

"Sure, sure." Peebles was all eagerness and haste. He ducked into the bedroom where the cooking had been done; he came hopping back with a kettle for bailing. "When're we goin' to shove off, Donavan? Soon's we can?"

"As near dark as we can make it."

"Man, we ought to get out of this joint. If Sharkey made shore and connected with the law, we're askin' for trouble every minute we stay here. They know where we are. They'll be comin' down on us like a ton of bricks."

Donavan stopped toweling his arms and shoulders, and brought his level gaze to bear on Peebles. He said nothing, and there was no need to. The silent stare was enough. Peebles got out of his outsized khaki shirt, took the kettle and went down the stairs. He cursed loudly as the cold of the water bit through to his bones. Donavan finished drying himself and went into the half-wrecked bedroom. The closet doors here were homemade, fashioned of soft pine boards. Donavan used the ax to pry one of the doors from its hinges. He split away a board and began shaping a paddle.

After a few moments, he looked up to find Elizabeth in the doorway, watching him silently. Her face was a clear mirror of her thinking; she was looking at him with a kind of horrid fascination.

"Peebles told you all about me," he said.

"Yes," Elizabeth said. "And I remember the papers."

"So now you know," Donavan said.

He went on with the work of shaping the paddle. And Elizabeth went on watching him silently. This man was a murderer—this was what a murderer looked like. He looked like almost any other man, Elizabeth decided, and then wondered if she'd expected the ability to kill, the urge to kill, to show as a black mark on his face. Of course not! That kind of thing would be a black stain in the mind, a mind behind an average face. Or perhaps in his hands. Now his hands took all her attention. They were big, powerful hands; working with the ax and the wood, they were deft and skilled. She could well believe those hands could easily break a woman's neck—a grip, and twist and then a snap. Now her own throat began to ache and there was a sickness almost unbearable inside her.

Peebles returned, dripping. "Dry as a bone," he said. "Right now it is. But it's a rotten old tub; we're goin' to be bailin' half the time." No one gave him notice. He had picked up the blanket-wrapped bundle of supplies before he realized it, and then he paused, lifting his head to stare for a moment at each of them. "Say, what's with you two? Fightin' again?"

Neither answered him.

He set the bundle at his feet. "Donavan," he said, "I don't want to butt in where I ain't welcome. But I don't like to see anything go to waste, either. Don't get sore, now. But tell me this: do you want this chick or don't you?"

"I don't want her," Donavan said.

"Y' mean that?" Peebles said. "Y' ain't kiddin'?"

"I mean it."

A wide grin came to Peebles' face. "Holy Joe! How about that? Here, all the time I thought it was hands off!" His narrow shoulders went back, his thin chest came out. His eyes, alive and shining behind his glasses, swung to Elizabeth. "Baby, we been wastin' time! C'mere to me."

Elizabeth was shocked almost senseless. She stared at Donavan with disbelief; she stared at Peebles with horror. Her face was parchment white. She pressed back against the wall, fingers spread, eyes wild. Peebles came toward her, reaching for her wrist. Fear exploded within her and she ran to the only refuge she knew, to a corner behind Donavan.

Peebles started after her, but Donavan brought him to a halt with a level stare. Peebles was uncertain; he shifted from one bare foot to the other; he worked his fists.

"Hey!" he protested. "You just said it was O.K."

"I said I didn't want her," Donavan said. "I don't. She means no more to me than you do, and that is exactly nothing."

"Well, fine!" Peebles said. "So she means something to me. There's no law around. If they ever catch up with me again, they can put this on my tab. So what? I'll never know it."

"If you can come to an agreement with her, it's not my affair. But you'll not abuse her if she's unwilling, and she seems to be unwilling. Put the supplies in the boat."

"Holy Joe! What kind of talk is ——" He broke it off, again stopped by the relentless stare of Donavan. He turned angrily to pick up the blanket-wrapped bundle. "Some people sure ain't got good sense," he said.

Elizabeth sank to the floor behind Donavan, shaken and sobbing. Peebles got the bundle of supplies in his arms and left the room. Donavan went on shaping the paddle apparently oblivious of the heartbroken sounds the girl was making. In a little while the sobbing stopped. Her hands dropped and she stared at him out of brimming eyes.

"Do you always cry your way out of trouble?" he asked.

She didn't answer.

He looked at her. "A good girl, from a good family," he said. "Scared to death, and with reason. I suppose, in my way, I've been as cruel to you as Peebles would be in his. It would seem that I've lost the habit of confiding or making explanations. If it would help your peace of mind, I'll try to answer any questions you care to ask."

"You don't answer questions," Elizabeth said. "All you do is give orders!"

"Try me."

"Will you let me stay here? Please."

"Definitely not."

"You see?"

"I see," Donavan said. "Try something else."

Desperately Elizabeth said, "What are you going to do with me? You can't keep me in the middle of nowhere forever."

"This is not the middle of nowhere." Donavan continued to shape the paddle. "While it may seem like an ocean, with water everywhere, it's really only a river—flooding, but still a river. There's high, dry ground on both sides of us. When I can be sure you'll be safe, I'll put you ashore."

"Where? When?"

"That I can't say," Donavan answered. "My needs, naturally, will come first. I'm going to travel as nearly in the center of the flood as I can, and only at night. I won't put you ashore until I'm absolutely certain that you'll be beyond reach of the flood and near help, and that I'll be safe doing it. I don't know when that will be possible—perhaps tonight, perhaps tomorrow night."

"Why didn't you let me go with Mr. Sharkey?"

"I built the raft with small nails—all I had. I doubt that it will hold together in rough going. Alone, he'd probably survive by hanging onto one of the pieces. If you were along, he'd probably drown himself and you, trying to keep you alive. You won't drown with me. I can keep you alive without a raft and without a boat—you should know that by now."

"How could you send him on a raft like that?"

"It was the best I could do for him while there was still time to do anything at all. Better, at least, than trying to swim with us—and I thought you and I would have to swim. The boat coming along was a lucky chance."

"You planned to leave Peebles?"

"Swimming, I could help only one."

"And now?"

"There's room in the boat. He'll go."

"But you know what he is!" Elizabeth protested. "You know what he intends to do with that knife!"

Donavan nodded. "But it's not my problem. What Peebles intends to do to society, what society intends to do to Peebles, is not my concern. Society revoked my membership six years ago. I can hardly be expected to worry about what may or may not happen to those who are no longer my fellows." He had finished the paddles.

"You're taking Peebles' side, helping him."

"And I'm helping you. It evens out."

"I'm not going if Peebles is!"

"But you are," Donavan said.

He went to the window and leaned out. The boat had swung over against the house below the window. Peebles was bailing again. "Take these," Donavan said, and passed the paddles down. Then he went through the window in a dive that carried him over the boat, surfaced and swam the few yards to the front porch. The roof of this was awash. He was able to climb from it to the roof of the house. From the peak, he had the widest view possible.

The veil of rain, the near darkness, had shut out every sign of high, dry ground. There were lights a half mile or more upstream—the lights of a river craft of some sort, Donavan knew, probably a large tug. The lights did not change position in several minutes. The tug was aground or busy at some task.

Donavan looked downstream. He could see beyond the barn and the grove of oaks to other scattered groves standing in reaches of open water. He mapped a course that would eventually lead to the main body of the big river and impressed it on his mind. Then he ran down the slope of the roof, cut the water in a shallow dive and swam back to enter the house again. Elizabeth was standing at what was left of the bureau. She had found a stub of pencil and an old envelope and was writing a note.

"It's raining again," Donavan said. "Hard. And it looks like it'll rain the night through."

"Just a moment, Mr. Donavan," she said.

There was a new note in her voice, an effort toward firmness. When she turned, Donavan saw that same effort in her face. She had reached a decision of some sort, but since she had only this moment reached it, there was not yet any real conviction in her voice or any real confidence. The girl was not sure she had the strength and the courage to carry through the plan she had made. But the need was clear to her and she was going to try.

"You've decided what?" Donavan asked.

"To go with you," she said. "But not willingly—under protest. And I want something clearly understood. I'm going to do everything I can to see that you go back to prison where you belong. If I can signal anyone, I will. If I can talk to anyone, I'll tell them who and what you are. And when you put me ashore, I'm going straight to the police."

A smile touched Donavan's mouth.

"Is that funny?"

"Nothing like it," Donavan said. "I'm simply surprised. It's big talk for what has been a very small girl. If you're never able to do more, you've at least done this much. It's a credit to you. The note, I suppose, is the first shot in the war against me?"

"Read it, if you like," she said.

She handed it to him, and Donavan read: "To the owner of this house: If you will contact John B. Matthews, Rt. 3, Box 204, Biddleford, all damage to your house, other than flood damage, will be paid for. Elizabeth Matthews." He held the note for a long time, staring at it silently.

"Why don't you smile at that?" Elizabeth asked.

He did not answer at once. His eyes came up to meet hers. They were very sober. "It's not a thing to smile about," he said quietly. "It's a very decent thing for you to do." He put the note carefully on the bureau. "I'd forgotten there were people capable of such things."

TO BE CONTINUED

Put it This Way

By FRANKLIN P. JONES

Build a fence around yourself and people will give you the gate.

One of the penalties of being middle-aged is that you can't let your hair down without exposing your scalp.

Lots of women are sweet and uncomplaining. They've found it the best way to keep their husbands in line.

The trouble with stretching the truth is that it's apt to snap back.

You're an old-timer if you can remember when you could tell whether conditions were normal.

When a modern girl waits for the right man to come along, she's probably invited him.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SHERRY
NUGGET
Sealtest
ICE CREAM
A masterpiece! And only Sealtest brings you this exciting new creation in superlative good taste.
more people enjoy Sealtest than any other ice cream

Sealtest is a trade mark of National Dairy Products Corporation and identifies products of the Corporation and its divisions. It is the sign of the best in ice cream, milk and other foods—and it's your assurance of purity, quality and delicious flavor.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Faithful Wife (Continued from Page 33)

now, Evart told himself. *Someday he'll be telling you, not asking.*

"Daddy," the boy was saying, "what do you suppose she does all day?"

"Who?"

"Mother. All day when we're gone. What does she do?"

"Oh, she washes and cooks and cleans the house."

"That couldn't take all day. She's so quick. Sometimes she has the beds made and the dishes done before we leave."

"Yes. Well—she probably reads and listens to the radio and watches television."

"She told me she doesn't have time for radio and television."

"She did? Funny. Well, what does she do on Saturdays and Sundays when we're home?"

"That's different. She just waits on us."

"Yes. True. Well, why don't you ask her?"

"I did. She laughed."

"She did?"

"Yes."

"H'm."

When he thought it over, it seemed to him true that there were large periods of her day unaccounted for. It wasn't that he suspected her of anything. There was not the shadow of a doubt that she was devoted to him and to her child and her home. Whatever time he phoned her from the office, she always answered promptly. And when he asked her what she was doing, she always said, "Nothing."

Lately he had begun to question that "Nothing."

"Oh," she explained casually "I just made some pudding and a cake, and I'm washing up the cooking things."

"What are you going to do then?"

"I'm going to sit a minute, smoke a cigarette."

"And after that?"

She laughed. "I haven't made up my mind yet. That's too far ahead."

She was never annoyed by his questioning, and that, perhaps, was even more strange.

So it was that this little crack in his virtue was soon noticed by the Devil himself, who pounced upon it. He offered Evart *something, really a pig in a poke—the* knowledge of what she did with her day. And he would take in return not very much, just a little something that Evart would find out about later.

But he couldn't make Evart into a little mouse, as he had said he would like to be. Oh, no! A mouse would never see half the things that went on in Amanda's day, nor half understand them if he saw. No, he would make Evart into something much smaller and cleverer. He would make him into something that could hear and see and understand and even speak. He would turn Evart, for a day, into Amanda's conscience. But he had to promise one thing—there is always a string attached—although he was to be her conscience, he must not speak to her. Amanda would have to go one day without her conscience. For if he spoke, the Devil hinted, there might be very serious consequences.

"Yes, yes," said Evart, brushing all that aside. He was impatient. "What about Monday?"

The Devil looked at him thoughtfully. "You know, Evart, people don't understand about me. I do only what I have to do, and I never do it without a word of warning. My advice to you is to forget the whole thing. And my warning is this: that too much knowledge is bad. Among the most priceless things are the things we take on faith."

"Monday?" asked Evart.

The Devil sighed. "All right."

After the Devil had left, Evart felt nervous and guilty, for, after all, he loved her dearly. His curiosity, however, was greater than his apprehension and a strange inner excitement carried him through to Monday morning.

Every morning Evart and the boy left home at the same time. On his way to the office, he dropped Bobby off at school. This morning it was very odd. No sooner had he kissed Amanda and stepped out the front door than he was inside of her. Somehow his body went on with the same routine, starting the car, backing it out of the driveway, driving off down the street, but he watched it all through her eyes. At the same time he seemed to be a creature apart, with his own reactions to what she did and felt and thought.

At the very first, he was in for a disagreeable jolt. For when she shut the front door, she turned around with her back against it, took a deep, ecstatic breath, closed her eyes and said aloud, "They're gone! They're gone!"

Evart was distinctly shocked. In his twelve years of married life, it had never occurred to him that she might be glad to see him go. And how glad! And in all his long life of masculine enjoyments, he had never achieved for himself anything remotely resembling this magnificent feeling of relaxation and freedom. It was appalling. It was —— He stopped, remembering that he was her silenced conscience, pledged not to disapprove.

She took another deep breath and looked slowly around her pretty living room with a contented, caressing glance.

"Hello," she whispered.

What a strange woman, thought Evart of his wife.

She strolled around the room, straightening a picture here, pulling a shade there, moving a chair, replacing a book. Evart had seen her do this hundreds of times. He had never realized that these little contacts with her possessions gave her such a deep pleasure.

Then she sat down with a cigarette and everything became very, very still, so still that Evart felt himself in danger of slipping off into a doze. She finished the cigarette, *stamped it out in the ash tray. But she* didn't get up immediately. Instead, suddenly Evart felt himself cut off. Just like a radio in a power failure—nothing. Blank. Panic seized him. What had gone wrong? Would he have to be the rest of the day without any body to tell him what was going on?

No, the contact returned as abruptly as it had left. And in a sudden flash of intuition, he realized what had happened. She had paused for a moment to pray. What did she pray about? He would never know, for in moments of prayer the Devil loses contact.

Then suddenly, with renewed energy, she jumped up and flew at her housework. He had always been amused by the vigorous way she attacked any task to be done, though he had often thought that driving herself in this way might bring on a migraine attack. The beds were made, the dishes washed, the place vacuumed in short order; and Amanda burst forth from the kitchen door into the sunny back yard.

A woman's life is a good life, thought Evart enviously, remembering certain drab and confining hours at the office.

Their next-door neighbor was hanging out her washing.

"Hi!" said Amanda. "That's what I should be doing, but I decided to make Evart a lemon-chiffon pie. Monday is his hard day, poor dear, and nothing picks him up like a lemon pie."

Evart was astonished. He never knew that she knew that Monday was his hard day. He never even knew that lemon pie picked him up, though now that she mentioned it, he realized it was true. He felt tender toward her, and grateful.

"And I simply cannot wash and make lemon pie on the same day. . . . Josie, where did you get those violent pink shorts?"

Josie, their neighbor, laughed. She was a redheaded Middle Western girl of limited intelligence. Evart never could understand what she and Amanda found to say to each other that kept them standing at the back fence for hours.

"Jim bought them for himself. That's why I never let him go shopping alone. But once in a while he sneaks off without me. Remember that green tie with the American flag on it?"

Both women shrieked with glee. Evart felt sorry for Jim.

"My Evart is so conservative," said Amanda. "I had to pry him loose from that awful black overcoat he used to wear, remember? He loved it so! And modest! Josie, do you know that even though he and I are the only ones who use our bathroom *he always locks the door?*"

"You're kidding!" said Josie. By this time she had left her clothes and was leaning on the other side of the fence. The sight was very familiar to Evart. He began to feel a little mad. "Jim's just the other way. I often say to him, 'Jim, baby, you really ought to pull the shades!'"

Amanda went on happily. "I never told you what happened the time our eucalyptus tree caught fire, did I?" Evart winced. He reminded himself sternly that he must not speak.

"I'll never forget that night," said Josie. "I was terrified."

"So was I. And Evart's so proud of the fact that he had it under control before the fire department came that it's really mean of me to tell it. But I just can't resist. It's so delicious. You know, we woke up and there was that terrifying flame in the back yard. I screamed. I couldn't help it. And Evart jumped right out of bed and got into his trousers, back side to."

Josie whooped with laughter that Evart found distinctly vulgar.

Amanda went on. "Of course, I didn't know. We hadn't even turned on the light. And he was running up and down in front of me, shouting, 'Button up my pants! Button up my pants!'"

Both women were convulsed now. Evart, Amanda's silent conscience, was doing a slow burn.

"Well, I finally understood, and I buttoned the top button for him. I couldn't zip the fastener, of course, but —— Well, you know the rest. He was very brave and quick-thinking and the fire captain said he probably saved the neighborhood plenty of damage. But there he was—Evart! so modest!—running around in the yard like that. Oh, dear! I can see him now!" She gave up and joined Josie in laughter.

"My!" said Josie. "I haven't laughed so much in a week of Sundays."

"Of course, as soon as he got a chance, he ——" Amanda wiped the tears from her eyes. "Don't tell Jim," she begged.

"I wouldn't dream of it. He wouldn't think it was funny, anyway. You know how men are." She went off again into peals of laughter.

If a man were careful to be one thing only, simple and integrated, life could be simple; every moment could be joy or benefit or both. To be Amanda's sleeping conscience, the witness, the looker-on, was not a difficult feat. What complicated matters was being Evart at the same time, sensitive, egotistical and proud. And while he was *struggling with hurt pride and an almost uncontrollable desire to punish*, Evart completely missed the delicate and impressive ritual of lemon-chiffon pie. Too bad. An efficient woman alone in her kitchen is a beautiful sight to watch. But by the time his tumult had quieted, the pie was finished and Amanda had gone on blithely to other business.

With a song on her lips, she went into Bobby's room, unhesitatingly opened the bottom drawer of his bureau, which was chock full of boyhood treasures—toys worn, broken, discarded, but cherished for the good times they conjured up. In one corner she found a box camera. With the greatest familiarity, she took off the back and extracted from it a small key. With this in hand, she crossed the room to the boy's bank, opened it up, took out two dollars, locked the bank once more, replaced the key and camera, and closed the drawer.

Evart was scandalized. He came very near spoiling everything then by speaking to her, but the phone rang at that moment. And even that might not have deterred him if he had not been so completely surprised to hear his own voice.

"Hello, darling. How are you?"

"Fine," said Amanda. "How are you?"

"Fine. What are you doing?"

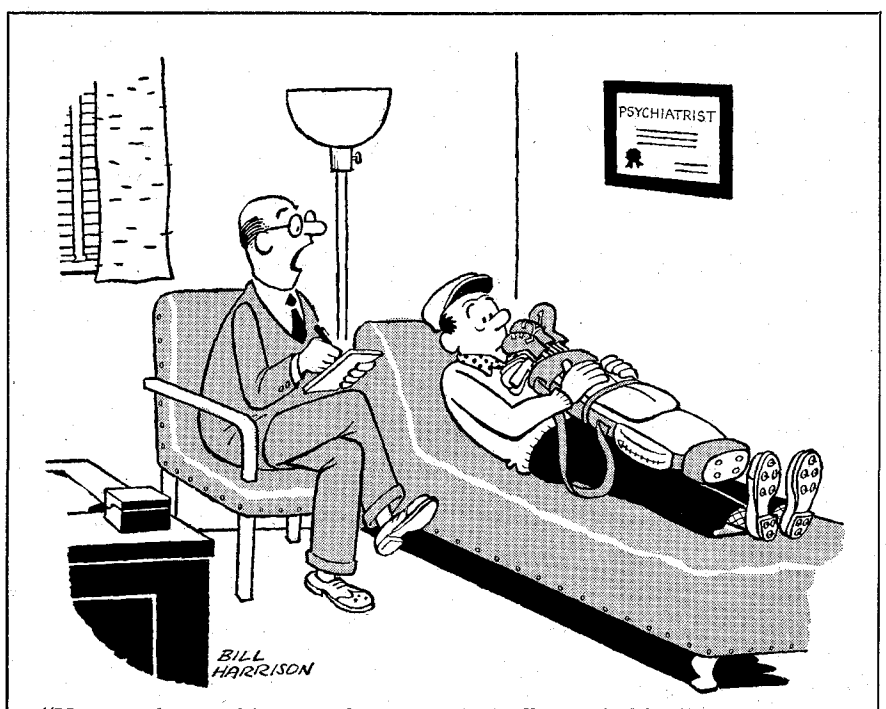
"Nothing."

"What do you mean nothing?"

She laughed. "I made a surprise for you. Now I'm just about to have lunch."

"And after lunch?"

"I have to go to the market to get something for (Continued on Page 72)



"You need something to take your mind off your hobby."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rubber...from the silicone tree

ATOMS from oil and sand—combined and rearranged by modern science—have given us amazing new chemicals called silicones. And one of the fastest growing branches of the silicone family tree is an unusual substance known as silicone rubber.

INDUSTRY NEEDED a material—with the desirable properties of rubber—that could stand up under extremes of heat and cold. An answer was found with the development of silicone rubber.

THIS REMARKABLE MATERIAL is not affected by exposure to sub-zero temperatures. Planes that fly in the intense cold of the stratosphere have many parts made of silicone rubber. And that strip around the door of home freezers will stay pliable and form a tight seal when it's silicone rubber.

EQUALLY IMMUNE to high temperatures, it can seal a steam iron or a pressure cooker and never feel the heat. Silicone-insulated electric wires will last for years under conditions where standard insulation would burn out in weeks. And silicone rubber is highly resistant to attack by oil and chemicals.

SILICONE RUBBER is but one of the many useful products that silicone chemistry has created and improved in the past few years. The people of Union Carbide will continue their efforts to pioneer with silicones to serve you in every possible way.

FREE: *Learn how* ALLOYS, CARBONS, GASES, CHEMICALS, *and* PLASTICS *improve many things that you use. Ask for "Products and Processes" booklet.*

UNION CARBIDE
AND CARBON CORPORATION
30 EAST 42ND STREET UCC NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
In Canada: UNION CARBIDE CANADA LIMITED, Toronto

UCC's Trade-marked Products include

UNION CARBIDE Silicones
Dynel Textile Fibers
SYNTHETIC ORGANIC CHEMICALS
BAKELITE, VINYLITE, and KRENE Plastics
ELECTROMET Alloys and Metals
PRESTONE Anti-Freeze
NATIONAL Carbons
HAYNES STELLITE Alloys
ACHESON Electrodes
UNION Carbide
EVEREADY Flashlights and Batteries
PYROFAX Gas
LINDE Oxygen
PREST-O-LITE Acetylene

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in four-door fashion.

1956 Chevrolet Bel Air 4-Door Sports Sedan

GENERAL M

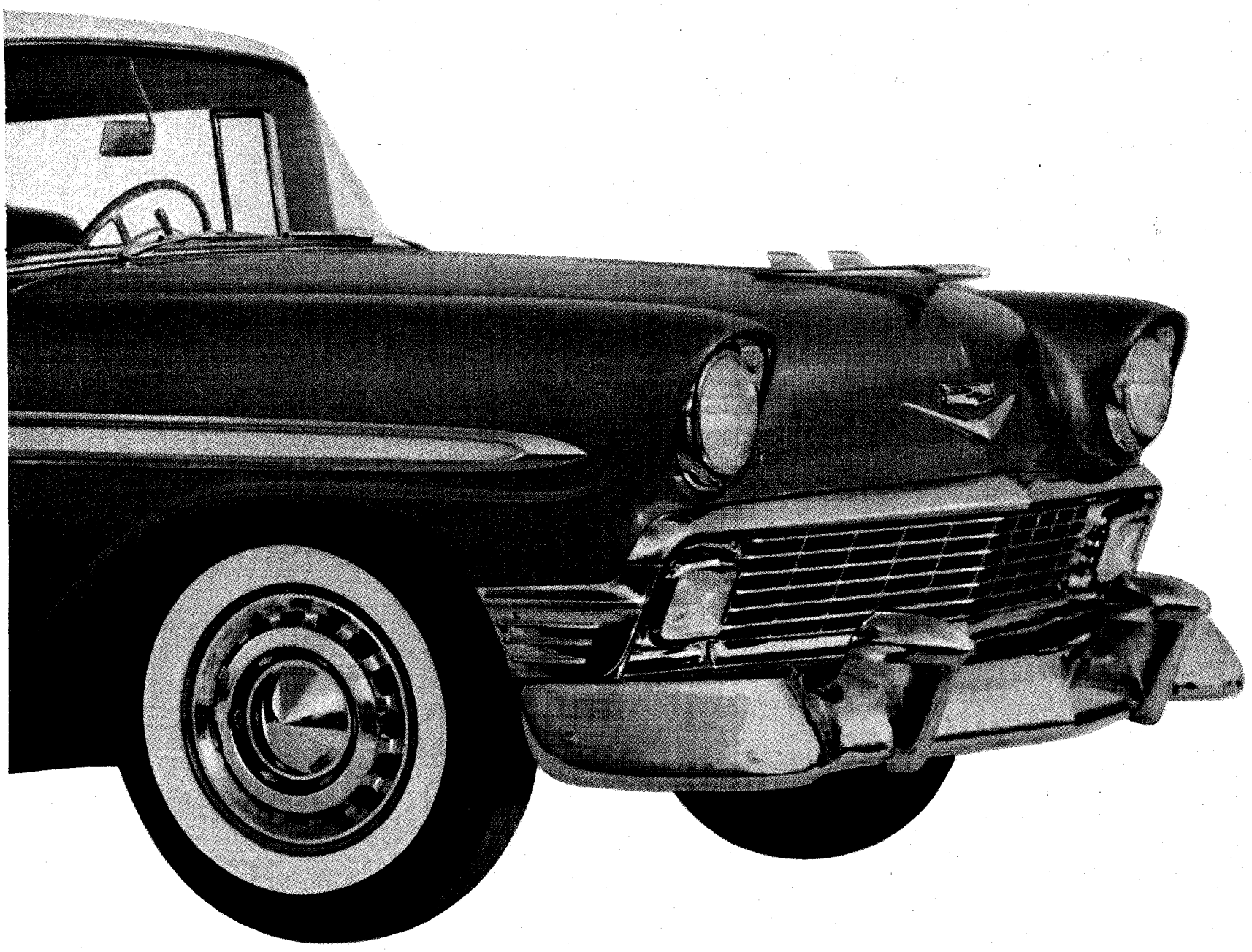
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

No doubt about it, in the four-door hardtop General Motors stylists have created a refreshing new motorcar fashion that is sweeping America—and you can have it in GM cars of every price class.

But the dashing beauty of these roomy hardtops, free of cluttering center posts, is only one reason for their soaring popularity. All GM cars for '56 are powered by new, more efficient high-compression engines—with still smoother, more responsive automatic drives—to set a new high in flashing performance.

Add their many new safety-engineering features like double-locking door latches, precision-aimed head lamps, Power Brakes, Power Steering and seat belts (optional) and you can come to only one decision: Your key to greater value in 1956 is the key to a General Motors car.

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • CADILLAC • *All with Body by Fisher* • GMC TRUCK & COACH



)TORS *leads the way*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Continued from Page 68) dinner. Then Bobby will be home from school. And before I know it, you'll be home from work. I can hardly wait!"

The affectionate teasing in her voice was very familiar. He heard himself laugh—pleased, fatuous, self-complacent. He despised that other self of him on the other end of the phone.

Then she had her lunch, spent some careful moments making up her face, took her shopping cart and started for the market. One of Evart's regrets was that he had never been able to afford a second car for Amanda.

"I prefer it this way," she assured him many times. "An automobile is an abnormal thing. It cuts you off from life."

He laughed and called her a good sport. She did not smile, but gave him a quiet, speculative look, as though she were sizing him up. Now, step by step, as she made her pilgrimage from home to the market, he began to see that she meant exactly what she said.

Evart was only half aware of the neighborhood in which he lived. He saw it as very low middle-class surroundings from which he aspired someday to move. He did not consider himself a snob—just a realist, and ambitious. He even had one or two good friends on the street. But to go along with Amanda to market was like looking at God's little half acre under the magnifying lens of a camera. The neighborhood at once became a community of individuals. And Amanda, wonderful little woman, had a compassionate eye on every life, a sympathetic ear for every joy and trouble.

Mrs. Fitzhugh's husband was dying in the hospital; Mrs. Gerald's new baby had gained a pound and a half; Mrs. Harrison's boy faced six more weeks of inhuman treatment by the Army in basic training; somebody's husband had lost his job; somebody else had got a raise. Evart got confused and tired. But Amanda kept things straight. She wept with Mrs. Fitzhugh. She rejoiced with Mrs. Gerald. To Mrs. Harrison she said, with her characteristic humor which Evart found so endearing, "I know it will be bitter to your ears, Mrs. Harrison, but it is a fact that boys come out of the Army healthier than when they went in." Mrs. Harrison laughed through her tears.

Then, just as he was feeling pleased with her once more, there occurred that incident with the butcher. She stood in front of the meats studying them. When the butcher asked her what he could do for her, she said, "Oh, dear, don't you have any new kind of meat?"

She and the butcher looked at each other and laughed. Evart was sharply annoyed. Was that intentional or wasn't it? Was she flirting or did that "Oh, dear" come out accidentally? The butcher chose to consider it an accident. He looked down prudently, after that first laugh, and said, "We had some giraffe steaks yesterday, and there's a shipment of buffalo coming tomorrow. But today all we have is beef, lamb and pork."

Amanda laughed. She bought a pound of ground shoulder. When the butcher gave her her change, he pressed the coins into her palm. That, of course, didn't prove anything. It just gave Evart the sulks for half an hour.

He was called up out of his ego finally by what was going on in her mind. She had begun to think about him. On the way home, she stopped at the cleaner's to get his slacks; and, back at home, she hung them in the closet and spent some moments rearranging his suits on the hangers. His blue serge. His brown gabardine. His light sport coat.

She came to the gray tweed overcoat, and, much to his surprise, she bent her head and put her forehead against the shoulder of the coat. Suddenly he was cut off again. No contact. Blank. But this time he was not startled. He knew. And he was immeasurably touched.

Bobby came in from school. She was happy to see him, gave him bread and butter and sent him out to play. But her thoughts were still on Evart. And he, quite flattered, began to wish eagerly that he would come home from work.

Then how to explain that completely distasteful proceeding which threw the monkey wrench into the works and gave the Devil, at the last moment, his full triumph?

Late afternoon Amanda was standing near the front door looking out a window, humming a little tune under her breath, drumming with her fingers idly on the window frame. Daydreaming. A young man—one whom Evart had never seen before—came striding up the street and into the focus of her absent-minded gaze. Evart would not have given him a second glance had he not been seeing through Amanda's eyes. Because of her, suddenly he noticed the straight shoulders, the head held high, the fine, firm step, and a striking air of purposefulness and single-mindedness.

Then a strange thing happened. The young man divided. That is, the substantial part of him went on up the street, but a diaphanous shape of him turned up their walk with the same firm step. Evart could see the hedge through him, and the flower beds as he walked. He ran lightly up the steps, strode across the porch, right through the closed door, and took Amanda into his ardent arms. He was so sure of himself, so unhesitating, so eager and strong, that Evart, whose love-making was always tentative and shy, felt a terrible stab of jealousy.

YOU GET A BETTER BUY...

when you deal with a local independent insurance agent

His years of special training and experience . . . his expert skill as a *career* insurance specialist . . . his facilities for providing *complete* coverage . . . are at your disposal—as part of the service he renders.

Great American Group of Insurance Companies New York

Get more for your money—and *sound* protection through an *over-all* insurance program. See the Great American agent in your community, or your broker.

Great American

GROUP OF Insurance Companies

FIRE · MARINE · CASUALTY · SURETY

Great American · Great American Indemnity · American National Fire
Detroit Fire & Marine · Massachusetts Fire & Marine · Rochester American

★ *Standard Stock Company Protection.* ★

18,000 LOCAL AGENTS · WORLD-WIDE FACILITIES

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He said to himself desperately, "*To hell with the Devil. This has got to stop.*" And he spoke to her in an awful voice, "Amanda!"

Immediately the young man winked out into nothingness. They saw him through Amanda's eyes more than halfway up the block, continuing on with his firm stride.

But then, of course, when he had told the Devil where he could go, the barriers were down. The dam burst and all his pent-up indignation rushed out. He began to scold her.

"What kind of a woman are you? Telling stories about your husband, to make him look ridiculous?"

"I love my husband," she answered sturdily.

"All right. Laugh if you have to. But not with the neighbors! Probably gossipy neighbors! And you stole money from your child's bank. Poor little youngster! Encourage him to save so that you can steal from him!"

"I wasn't stealing," she defended herself. "I was just borrowing so that I wouldn't have to cash a check until tomorrow. I always put it back."

"You shouldn't even have known where the key was," he said accusingly. "He had it hidden. You betrayed him."

She did not answer.

"And you flirted with the butcher—I think. Anyway, you let him press coins in your hand. You should have slapped his face."

"That's ridiculous! I know Tony very well. For years. And he knows me."

"And what about this man—this perfect stranger—this ——"

"Well, what about him?" she said impatiently. "He never even laid eyes on me!" Then she shook her head slowly as if to clear it. "What's the matter with me today? I'm neurotic."

Oh-oh, said Evart to himself. He felt an ominous creaking at the base of her skull. And he, who had never had a headache in his life, was able to diagnose that feeling immediately.

After a minute, she went into the kitchen to get herself a glass of bicarbonate of soda. Futile gesture. It never worked. He knew that much about migraines. Too late. He felt guilty and remorseful.

When he came home from the office, she met him at the door, her face white and drawn.

"Evart, dear, you'll have to fix the hamburgers. Open a can of peas. I made you a lemon pie. It's in the refrigerator. When you get a moment, fill the ice bag for me, will you?" She disappeared into the bedroom.

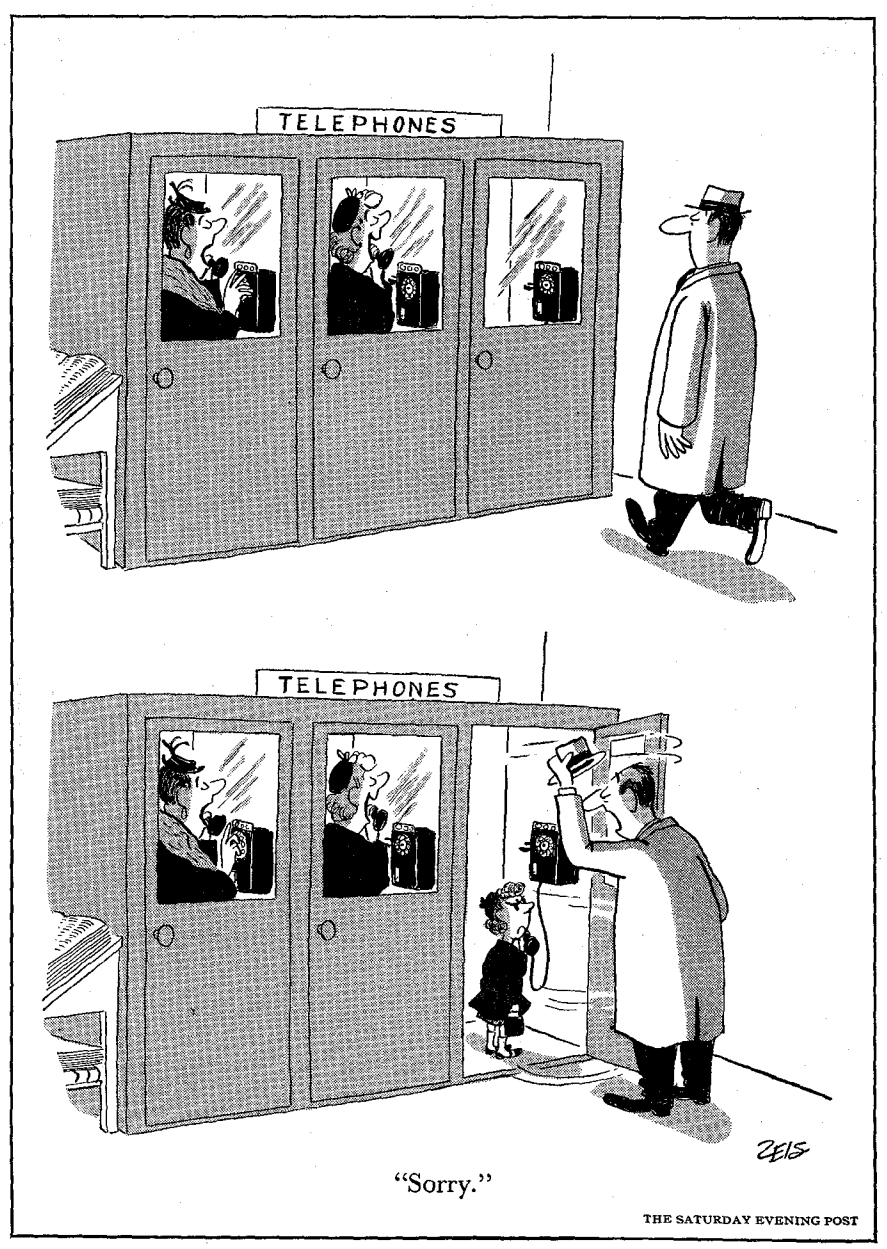
After dinner, when the dishes were washed up and Bobby was in bed and all was quiet, Evart sat down to think about the day. It might be a long time before he could evaluate it fairly. Now it was too close to him. Certain peaks of the day were too sharp, exaggerated, no doubt, by his emotional reactions to them. This young man, for instance. What was the meaning of that?

He remembered once long ago he had been annoyed because she told him that when the hero on the movie screen kisses the girl, he kisses every woman in the audience.

"I don't believe it!" he had said, shocked. "And if it's true of you, you should learn to control yourself!"

She gave him one of those long, speculative looks that now, for the first time, he realized was her way of keeping peace without surrendering.

Of course, he himself admired a pretty girl now and then. But only as one would admire a flower or a work of art. Or was that completely accurate?



"Sorry."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Perhaps the most appalling thing about the whole day was not her behavior, nor even the fact that she lived a quite independent life of her own, but that he, in his loving complacency, had thought that she was his. How could he ask more of her than she gave, devoted little woman that she was? Yet how could he bear it, knowing that her inner self, the very most precious part of her, was not his, never was, never would be?

"Well, Evart, don't look so glum." The Devil stood once more at his elbow. "Everything was fine, wasn't it? Now you know. And I gave you a little bonus, didn't I? You know the cause of her headaches."

"That was my fault," said Evart, pulling himself together.

"Yes." The Devil laughed. "This time it was."

Then Evart got mad and told the Devil off. "All right, so she's human! She's also divine, or wouldn't you know about that? And she taught me the most valuable lesson of my life—that happiness is not a state of being; it's a habit of mind. As for her temptations ——"

"Be careful, Evart," the Devil broke in. "Before you judge, ask yourself who it was that let the Devil in? Remember, for a whole day she had no conscience. And I warned you ——"

"I was simply going to say," insisted Evart with spirit, "that even by the most puritanical standards, she is clean, honest and charitable. And I love her more today than I did yesterday!"

What makes the Devil so hateful is that he has no compassion. "Congratulations," he said, smiling. And if he had stayed a moment longer, Evart would have pushed that word down his throat. But he bowed, still smiling, and left Evart alone, in his own body with his own conscience.

In the morning all was normal again. Not the same, of course, but normal. Amanda, bright-eyed and healthy, was combing her hair in front of the mirror. She had not yet put on her robe. Her arms were so pretty lifted that way! And the turn of her head and the curve of her throat made Evart's heart beat faster. He started across the room to her, then hesitated. How did that fellow do it easily? He made himself continue, came up behind her and put his arms around her waist. He felt miserably self-conscious, but he said, "I adore you." His voice was husky.

She turned suddenly in his arms and threw her arms impulsively around his neck. "You darling! I adore you too!"

"Why?"

She laughed at him. "What a question!"

He wanted to say, "Let's let the boy walk to school and I'll be late to the office for once." Instead, hating himself, he asked, "Amanda, have you any idea why you had a headache last night?"

She looked up at him, still smiling, with limpid, innocent eyes. "Not the slightest. Poor Evart, I wish they weren't such a burden to you. I'm so used to them."

He believed her. Poor Evart indeed! For he knew the cause of that headache, and he knew the fundamental cause of all the others. Now he would not cure her of them if he could. For if it was true, as he had reason to believe, that virtue is in the struggle, then her every headache was proof of her goodness. But by the same token, every proof of her goodness was evidence of her temptations. So there he was, out on the limb. To know all the answers, he would have to be her conscience for the rest of her life. And never to be tortured by curiosity, he would undoubtedly have to be a superman.

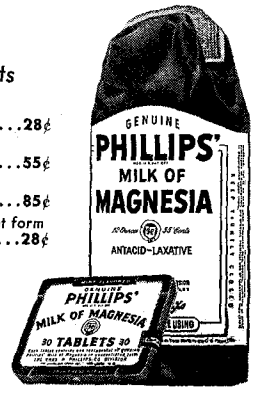
Yes, as the Devil had told him, and as he should have known already from the third chapter of Genesis, too much knowledge is bad. The most priceless things are the things we accept thankfully on faith. THE END

Milk of Magnesia gives more complete relief than single-purpose laxatives which have no effect on the acid indigestion that usually accompanies constipation. For Milk of Magnesia relieves *both* conditions. Two to four tablespoonfuls taken at bedtime work leisurely—without embarrassing urgency. So, when morning comes, you start the day feeling wonderful. Get Phillips' Milk of Magnesia—the best laxative money can buy.

PHILLIPS'
MILK OF MAGNESIA

Liquid or Tablets

The convenient 4-OUNCE SIZE.....28¢
The economical 12-OUNCE SIZE.....55¢
The money-saving 26-OUNCE SIZE.....85¢
Also available in tablet form 30 TABLETS.....28¢



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AMERICAN AIRLINES chooses

America's Leading Airline

Aeroproducts Propellers

for its new fleet of Allison-powered Lockheed Electras

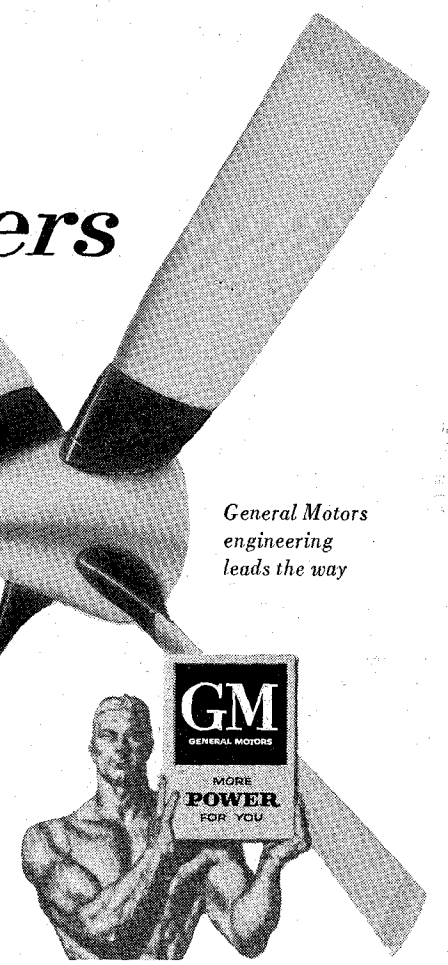
The Lockheed Electra airliners, setting the pace for the era of jet-powered transports and now in production for American Airlines, will be equipped with the proved team of Aeroproducts Propellers and Allison turbine engines. Both are products of General Motors.

Just as the Allison Turbo-Prop engines were selected because they are the most advanced in the world today, American chose Aeroproducts Propellers after the most careful evaluation. The decision in favor of Aeroproducts was based on rugged blade construction combined with unique features of pitch control and dependability.

Result of more than ten years' intensive development, the Aeroproducts turbine propeller made its first flight in December 1945, in the first Turbo-Prop airplane to fly in the United States.

Since then, this General Motors power package of Allison engines and Aeroproducts Propellers has accumulated thousands of hours of successful flight experience in the Allison Turbo-Liner, the Air Force C-131C Transport and the Navy R3Y "Tradewind."

Now the advantages of Turbo-Prop power, demonstrated in this military experience, will be applied to commercial travel by air. The new four-engine Electras will cruise comfortably at more than 400 miles an hour —bringing speed and smoothness to short and medium-range flights. With the ability to take off and land on existing runways, these new Turbo-Prop transports will operate into any airport now regularly served.



General Motors engineering leads the way

Building for today...Designing for tomorrow

Aeroproducts

ALLISON DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS • DAYTON, OHIO

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sioux Uprising (Continued from Page 21)

That country back there is swarmin' with hostiles. Maybe the lieutenant seen the dust to the north yesterday afternoon?"

"I guess I was too busy dodging bullets to notice much," he said.

The laconic admission warmed Vorhees a little toward the officer. The boy was solid underneath; it was just that he was awful green for the job that he had been pitched into.

"That dust was raised by travois poles," Vorhees said slowly. "That means we wasn't hit by any stray band. The Sioux are off the reservation for sure and they got their women and kids with 'em. They'll be watchin' for anybody trying to carry the word back to Fort Cantrell, lieutenant. For Sergeant Delgado."

Landseer considered that for a moment; then nodded, his face sober. "Fall-out Culp's squad," he said. "Then we'll start down."

Sergeant Vorhees saluted again and turned his horse, calling, "Corporal Culp! Fall your squad out here and form an outpost!" and, after a minute, a red-faced corporal led five men out.

"Why pick on me all the time?" he asked sullenly.

"L's goin' to halt down by the creek," Vorhees said in a harsh voice. This Culp was a bad one—a boozer and a man of continual complaint. No business being a corporal, but he was an old soldier and you made corporals out of what you had at hand when the outfit was filled with recruits. "I'll send you a relief pretty soon."

Culp glowered, but didn't answer that, and Trooper Shane Sallyran, sandy-haired and cheerful and not yet twenty, called, "Heroes, one pace forward. . . . Do we get ourselves a medal for this, corporal?"

Vorhees heard that and let it go because there was no malice in Sallyran. He had been watching the boy during the march, and there were the makings of a soldier there. And a little stir of life had come into the rest of the squad at Sallyran's nonsense.

"You got your orders, Culp," Vorhees said heavily, and moved on to the rear of the column.

As he neared the last squad he was aware that Moyne, the Indian agent who had attached himself to the company three days ago, was watching with calculating eyes. Vorhees didn't like Moyne; didn't trust him either. The man was crooked and a coward; he'd been skulking yesterday when the fight was going on.

Too bad that the Sioux hadn't gathered him in. Likely they'd have paid him off good for all the skinny beef that he had issued them during the past year. Lined his pockets good, Moyne had, but his loot couldn't buy him a safe ticket to Singletree now. That thought gave Sergeant Vorhees a morose satisfaction.

Lieutenant Landseer lifted his arm and called, "Forward! . . . Ho!" and the column flowed into motion again.

They angled down through the scattered patches of timber, and then the ground flattened out to come to the creek, and Landseer led the way across. Halted the column again where cottonwoods afforded cover.

Landseer climbed down from his tired mount, gave the reins to Trumpeter Doan and went, stiff-legged from long riding, to where the wagon had stopped.

Mamie was standing by the wagon, superintending while Trooper Milholland and two others lifted Captain Chadwick out of the wagon bed and carried him toward the blanket which Pat Kilgore had spread beneath one of the cottonwoods. One of the men stumbled, jolting a groan out of the wounded man, and Mamie's voice boomed with the first sergeant's note in it as her tongue slipped into the soldier jargon which she had listened to for thirty years.

"Easy there, man! Damn it, you're not handlin' a log of firewood! . . . Hold up his head, Pat!"

The black dress that she wore dragged on the frost-damp ground and she hitched it up impatiently and knelt beside Jed Chadwick while Landseer came to stand at her shoulder and look down. That feeling of lostness came into the latter again as he saw the captain's drawn face, dirty gray beneath its stubble of beard.

"How is he, ma'am?" he asked a little hesitantly.

"Fightin' at Gettysburg still," Mamie told him in a grim voice. "I'll take over the surgeon's department, Mr. Landseer. You can see to your other duties. . . . Get me some hot water, Pat."

A faint flush crawled up into Landseer's face at the curtness of her words and he hadn't missed that "Mr. Landseer." You'd almost think that he was up before the colonel, himself, getting a chewing out. Then he glanced at Pat Kilgore, who was getting to her feet, and the sick feeling deepened in the pit of his stomach. He hadn't been out here long, but it was long enough to learn what happened to white women who fell into the hands of the hostiles. He resolutely put that picture away from him. It couldn't happen to Pat!

"If I can help, ma'am ——" he began awkwardly.

She'd better put it to him straight, Mamie thought grimly as she looked up. Either the boy'd grow up into a man here at Dingman Creek or he wouldn't grow up at all—and he'd better start growing right now.

"Jed Chadwick will give no more orders on this march, Mr. Landseer," she said, dropping her voice now, so that it didn't carry beyond the wagon. "Make no mistake about that. You're in command of L Company now. And command L you've got to do. It's not going to be easy, but that's the way it is."

Landseer nodded soberly. The job was his and nothing could change it. He'd been elected.

Jed Chadwick opened his eyes to look up at Mamie, but there was no recognition in his stare. He mumbled hoarsely, "Damn it, I tell you I got a bellyache. Where's that fool doctor, Mary?" Mary was Jed's wife, and lucky to be a hundred miles from here, Mamie thought sourly.

Automatically she said, "Lie easy, Jed," and turned her attention back to Landseer. "If you can turn up a pint of whisky in one of the saddlebags he can use it," she grunted.

She could use a little of it, too, she concluded with a dour amusement. Fifty-one years old and here she was sky-hootin' around the country with a cavalry column. *It'll serve you right to get that red wig of yours lifted, Mamie, you old fool.*

Landseer went away and came back presently with a flask, and Mamie took it. She had sent Milholland and the two other troopers off to get their coffee, and Pat hadn't come back yet with the hot water, so the two were alone. That was the way she wanted it—never correct a man in front of his subordinates, Bywater always said.

"Once when Colonel Bywater was a second lieutenant," she began offhandedly, "he set out an outpost and didn't bother to check up on it, Mr. Landseer. Almost got himself gobbled up." She paused for a moment, her blue eyes hard on Landseer now. "And if it was me, I wouldn't put too much trust in that man Culp."

Landseer nodded at that; stood for a moment longer looking at her with his eyes troubled, and then wheeled away. Mamie's own eyes softened a little as she followed his tall figure through the trees—he'd understood what she meant. Pat came then, carrying a blackened pail of steaming water, and Mamie knelt again to the task of peeling open Jed Chadwick's shirt; laying it back so that she could get at the stained bandage beneath.

The blood-stiffened cloth came away under the softening of the water, and Mamie tossed it aside; scowled as she looked at the puckered blue hole which the bullet had made.

"Help me turn him so's I can see his back," she said tightly to Pat. "That bullet's still in there."

Pat's face was white, but her hands were steady as she did Mamie's bidding, and Mamie's mind noted that. The girl was all right—had soldier blood in her.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

February Landscape

By Daniel Whitehead Hicky

Now white and gray as
memory of gulls
Above a fog-hung sea, the
hour lies:
Cold February valleys,
streams and hills
Stretching away into
eternities

Of snow and stubbled grass
and thawing fields;
No sound across the
monotonous landscape
here
Save where the sharp wind
cracks a brittle bough,
Leaving it like a scalpel
pointed clear.

Sure-footed as the steps of
unfaltering ghosts,
Shadows of dusk move over
the gray, the white,
Stirring no flake beneath
the moon's frosty eye,
The cold unblinking
watchman of the night.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The bullet was there, making a discolored lump against the small of Jed Chadwick's back, and Jed groaned and swore in a fuzzy voice as Mamie probed with gentle fingers.

"Be careful, doc . . . you damned butcher . . . just give me a pill for this bellyache."

"Take it easy, Jed," Mamie said again, and they turned him back.

"Can you get it out?" Pat asked.

"I've got to have a try," Mamie told her grimly. "The bullet's probably got a chunk of Jed's clothes wrapped around it and he'll be burning up with infection before long if it don't come out. Find Sergeant Vorhees and bring him here, honey."

Sergeant Vorhees came after a little, his seamed face showing nothing. "Yes, ma'am?" he asked.

"You ever cut a bullet out of a man?" Mamie demanded.

Vorhees shook his head. "I've seen it done. Helped. We got to do that for the captain now, ma'am?"

"Either we do or he goes up to sit on the right hand of God before long," Mamie answered harshly. "Get me a knife—a sharp one, sergeant. And bring a couple of men to hold him down. . . . Pat, give me that whisky. It ain't much of an anesthetic, but it's all we got."

She got a big swallow into Chadwick's mouth; then a second, and another after that. For a moment, recognition came into the captain's eyes and he twisted his lips wryly.

"How, Mamie," he whispered. "What you doing here?"

"Fixin' to cut a Sioux slug out of your back," Mamie told him in a matter-of-fact voice. "And I don't want any hollering, boy. You hear? You're goin' to be all right."

"Landseer?" Chadwick asked then, with a question in his voice and the shadows beginning to come into his eyes again.

"He's doing fine," Mamie grunted. "Just take it easy an' don't worry. The boy'll take care of everything."

She saw that quiet belief grow stronger in Pat's eyes at the words; saw the color coming back into Pat's face. Sergeant Vorhees was returning through the trees now, two men with him, and Mamie squinted for a moment at the flask in her hand, then took a quick drink to steady herself, and chuckled a little at the shocked look on Pat's face. The girl'd learn if she stayed out here.

"What's good enough for the patient's good enough for the doctor, honey!" she boomed. "Look in that bag of mine; you'll find needles and thread. Get 'em ready for me."

Sergeant Vorhees came up and Mamie disposed the three men with crisp, certain orders; her voice rasping a little now. Let 'em think that she knew what she was about. Hell, she was scared to death, but they didn't need to know that. They turned Jed onto his face, and Mamie washed his back with the whisky and took the knife which Vorhees dipped into the boiling water and handed to her.

"Good luck, ma'am," he said simply.

It was over sooner than she had expected, Mamie thought, straightening and wiping the sweat from her face. The bullet was out and the wound had been cleansed and sewed up and a fresh bandage—torn from Mamie's petticoat—circled Jed's body now.

Mamie staggered a little as Sergeant Vorhees helped her to her feet.

"I could do with some coffee," she said in a gritty voice.

"Yes, ma'am," Sergeant Vorhees said, and there was a vast respect in his voice. "I'll send some. The captain ——"

His voice trailed its question away and Mamie yanked at the strings of her bonnet and pushed it back on her fading hair. Pat had gone for more water, and the two troopers, who had held Jed under the knife, had drifted back to the fires.

"I don't know," Mamie said, and tiredness had crept into her voice now. "He's got a chance if we can get him to a doctor in time. So we better get him to a doctor, sergeant, I guess."

Sergeant Vorhees said "Yes, ma'am," to that, and half lifted his hand as he turned away. Sheepishly dropped his arm back to his side again—by Godfrey, he'd been about to give her his salute, he realized. And she rated one, at that. She was a soldier, that Mrs. Col. Hector Bywater was. By golly, give her a carbine and mount her up on a horse, and she'd be better than any dozen of these recruits he had. If he could round up a horse big enough to carry her, that was.

On the ridge above Dingman Creek, Corporal Culp and his five troopers picketed their horses in a patch of trees below the crest and settled themselves down to wait as the sounds of the descending column died out in the morning. Four of the recruits made cigarettes and tasted the stale water in their canteens and waited

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for Culp to tell them what to do. Shane Sallyran, saying nothing, began to scoop out a hole for himself where a rocky outcrop broke the ridge.

Culp stood a little apart, his heavy face sullen as he looked down toward where the timber had swallowed the rest of the company. He didn't like this, not any part of it. He was thinking, as resentment at Vorhees' rough words still roweled him. A damned Prussian—that was what Moyne had called the first sergeant night before last. His thoughts lingered on Moyne now.

The Indian agent had hinted a time or two, over beer in the sutler's store, that he could use a man like Culp in his business. A shady business, maybe—Culp had heard the rumors. But a man had to look out for himself out here, and if he could turn a dollar or two issuing bad beef to the Indians, what of it? Maybe, after they got out of this—if they did get out—he'd take that matter up with Moyne again. To hell with the Army with its beans and measly pay!

A voice called "Culp!" from the fringe of brush behind him then and he turned and saw that Moyne had not gone on with the rest of the column, but was there, beckoning urgently. For a moment Culp hesitated, glancing at the rest of the squad. They were paying no attention and he wheeled abruptly and went on to where the agent waited.

"What the hell you doing back here?" he asked roughly. "I thought you went on with the rest."

"I wanted a word with you," Moyne said in a hoarse voice, and Culp saw that the other was scared—bad scared.

"Speak it," he said, keeping his voice down.

"Look," Moyne said, shifting his muddy eyes, "I know this country and I know the Injuns that jumped us yesterday. Feather's band. He's run us into a trap here on Dingman Creek, Culp. By now he'll have another party on the other side to cut us off. Tomorrow night there won't be no more L Company, Culp!"

Culp was sweating now in spite of the chill of the morning. "Maybe the lieutenant's got some plan ——" he mumbled uncertainly, but Moyne's harsh denial cut that off.

"He's got no plan. He's nothing but a fool kid and he don't know Injuns. Nobody down there does except Vorhees and that old battle-ax of Bywater's. And what can they do? L's rotten with recruits, and as soon as they find they're cut off they'll mill like a bunch of sheep waitin' for Feather to shoot 'em down! You know that!"

Culp muttered, "It ain't as bad as that," in a halfhearted voice, but Moyne's words were biting deeply into him now. Moyne saw that and pushed his proposal home.

"I don't care none about having my scalp lifted," he said, dropping his voice lower. "I told you I know this country. There's a way out of Dingman Creek—a column with a wagon couldn't make it, but me and you can. We slip away when the company starts to move again, and nobody'll be the wiser. How about it?"

"Desert?" Culp asked, breathing heavily.

Moyne's eyes narrowed. "You'd like it better layin' down there on the flat tomorrow with the buzzards peckin' your eyes?"

A little shiver ran through Culp as he thought of that, and then he was suddenly angry. Moyne was right! What did he owe L Company or any of the rest of the Army? All it had given him had been beans and bacon and lousy pay for more years than he liked to think about. And then this! Running out here, like rabbits in front of a pack, with the captain probably dead by now and a kid lieutenant in command and Vorhees forever chewing on him! He started to answer, but caution held him as a new thought came into his mind. *What's he asking me for? Why don't he cut and run by himself, if it's a good thing? He ain't the kind that does favors.*

Moyne, watching, read those thoughts and let his heavy lips go loose. "I ain't no good with a gun," he said hoarsely. "And two will stand a better chance than one. How about it, Culp? An' that proposition I spoke of is still waitin' for you, man!"

"They shoot people for deserting," Culp said heavily, but the uncertainty had come back into his voice again. "You know that."

The slyness deepened in Moyne's eyes. "No need to worry about that," he answered softly. "Feather will jump L Company sometime today. When we get back we'll say we got cut off; went for help when we couldn't get back. They'll believe us with two of us sticking to the story. Hell, who'll there be to prove anything different?"

Moyne was rushing him; crowding him too hard, Culp thought with a little wave of self-pity running through him now. Damn it, he needed time to think!

He asked thickly, "Where's this way out, Moyne?" and Moyne started to answer—stopped abruptly.

Brush made a dry, crackling sound behind Culp, and he turned, faintly relieved that the necessity for making up his mind had been put off for a little while. Mathews, a recruit older than the rest and with the marks of the saloons through which he had passed etched into his face, stood there, and Culp turned his dull anger onto the man.

"What the hell do you mean—sneaking up on me like this?" he demanded roughly. "Get back to the ridge!"

Mathews stopped and squinted his eyes at Culp, and spat. "We're waiting for somebody to say what to do, corporal," he said then. Added, his eyes still squinted, "Been kind of wondering if you had run off. No offense meant, of course."

Anger made Culp's face still darker as he wondered what this man had heard. Nothing, probably. They'd kept their voices down. He felt Moyne's probing eyes on him as he snapped, "Get on back! Do I have to lead you by the hand?" and then added over his shoulder, "I'll have a look at that horse of yours when we get relieved up here, Moyne. See you then."

"I'll be looking for you, corporal," Moyne said.

A hundred yards away, just below the crest of the ridge, Trooper Shane Sallyran slid into the hole he had dug and laid his knife beside the neat row of cartridges lined in front of him. Mathews had gone to find Culp; Burke, Kleigman and Jeffries still squatted in the open, cigarettes in their fingers.

"You guys better get under cover," Sallyran said. "I been told we got Indians about, in case you didn't know."

Kleigman looked curiously across at the little arrangement of cartridges and knife which Sallyran had made. "What you got your knife out for?" Kleigman asked then, not because he cared, but because it was something to say. Something that took his mind off that rat race yesterday afternoon and last night. "You think that the Injuns are goin' to get close enough to stick?"

"I think we'll be pickin' 'em out of our hair before we ride back to Fort Cantrell again," Sallyran retorted imperturbably. "Me, I keep my knife handy to pry swoled-up cartridge cases out of this nice carbine that the Government was so good as to give me."

"I wish that the Government would take its fool carbines and sink 'em," Kleigman grunted sourly. "When somebody's shooting at me I don't like to have to pick nothing."

Trooper Burke, Mississippi lank, scratched a cross in the damp earth with a forefinger. "I know what I wish," he said in his slow drawl. "I wish I was settin' on the porch of Hank Mercer's store pickin' my teeth. Back in Mississip."

"Never heard of the place," Sallyran told him blandly. "But I don't get around to them foreign countries much."

"It ain't no foreign country," Burke retorted without rancor. "But it shore would have been some years back if Gineral Bobby Lee hadn't run out of luck. Here comes Mathews an' the corporal. Mr. Culp looks mad."

"Maybe a snake bit him, I hope," Sallyran grunted.

After leaving the cottonwoods, Lieutenant Landseer pushed his horse up the slope on the south side of Dingman Creek and came after a little to the saddle where Corporal Harrison's squad had been sent. Harrison heard him coming and rose out of the brush to meet him, the corporal's homely face red in the morning.

"Everything quiet, sir," he said. "We ain't seen no sign of hostiles on this side of the creek."

Landseer nodded, noting where Harrison's men lay in a rough semicircle covering the heads of the ravines which led up to the ridge here. The way that the book laid it down, and Landseer was satisfied; said that to Harrison. Added then, "Sergeant Vorhees will send a relief up soon."

Corporal Harrison ran a big, rough hand along the stock of his carbine and his face grew faintly embarrassed. His years in the Army had not quite removed all the marks of the farm from him and he had been figuring on going back when this hitch was in. The old man had promised him that forty acres down by the creek and there was a girl back there that he'd been thinking a lot about lately.

"You figure that the Injuns will come after us, lieutenant?" he asked then, dreading the answer a little.

Landseer could feel that uneasiness, but dissembling would do no good now. "Yes, they'll be coming on," he said.

The resignation deepened in Harrison's long face. "I was kind of afraid of that, sir," he said.

Landseer didn't miss that note in the corporal's voice and squared his shoulders a little.

"We'll be ready when they come, corporal," he said.

Corporal Harrison seemed to take a little comfort out of that, but his eyes were still worried. "Yes, sir," he said. "It's just that most of the men are awful green and ——" He allowed his voice to trail away on that.

And you're awful green, too, lieutenant. That's what Harrison was thinking, Landseer knew grimly. Well, it couldn't be helped.

"They'll do all right," he said curtly. "Send word back if you see anything, corporal."

He returned the corporal's salute with a hard swing of his arm, and Harrison said, "Yes, sir. I'll do that sure," and Landseer turned his buckskin down the slope once more.

The morning was a little lighter now, but gray clouds, through which the sun didn't break, hung over the valley as he went toward the creek. It would rain presently, he guessed. A horse and rider came out of the willows above the ford, and Landseer saw the heavy face of the man turned toward him for a moment. It was Moyne, the Indian agent, who had joined them three days ago.

He didn't like Moyne, Landseer thought. Still, the man had the right to L's protection now. He wondered idly why the agent had stayed on the ridge with the outpost—didn't matter, he guessed. Then the buckskin slid, forefeet down, into the ford and Landseer forgot Moyne and went back to thinking of the thing that Harrison had said a little while ago. It worried him a little.

Damn it, most of the men in L were green and they'd had a bad time of it yesterday and last night. And Captain Chadwick was down—even old soldiers could be shaken by such things. The chips were going to be down soon now, and he had no real knowledge as to how L would behave. That thing came to make a mouse-gnaw of worry at the back of his mind as he rode.

Then something spoken by a man back at West Point came into his mind. A man with a soft way of speaking and the marks of battle on him. And stars on his shoulders.

"No man goes into battle of his own free will," he had told them. "No man ever goes forward because he wishes to. And that is where you young gentlemen come in. For any man—even the greenest recruit—will follow when he is rightly led. Never forget that."

Well, that was his job right now, Edward Landseer thought grimly. Maybe L was made up of recruits, but L wasn't going to break, because, by heaven, he'd see to it that they didn't!

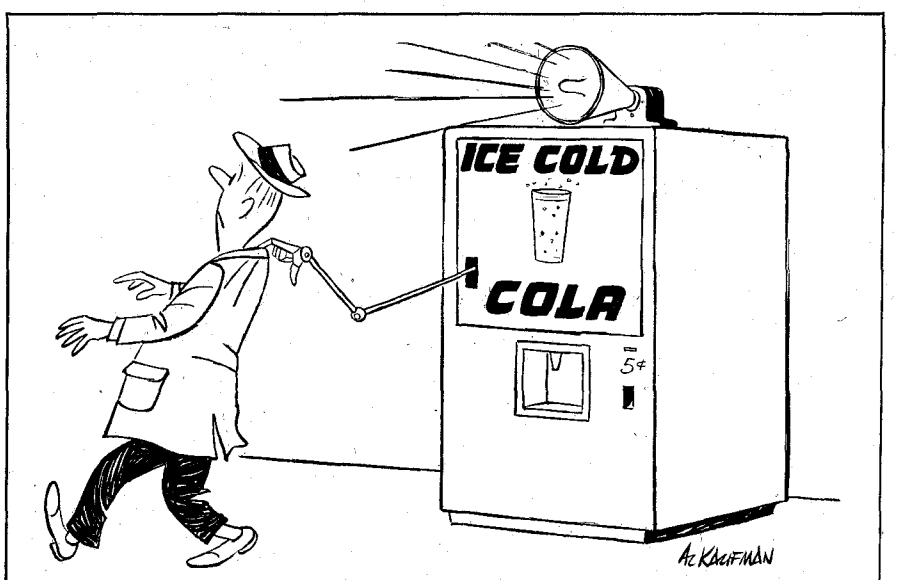
He tied the buckskin with the other horses beneath the crest of the ridge and went forward on foot; stopped as he came to the edge of the brush, and his face darkened as he looked. Four of Culp's men were grouped in full sight, talking idly, while a fifth lay in a shallow hole beside an outcrop a few yards away. Corporal Culp sat with his back against a rock, breaking a twig nervously in his fingers.

There was a whip in Landseer's voice as he moved forward. "Corporal Culp!"

Culp started, turning his head, then said "Yes, sir," in a sullen voice and scrambled to his feet as Landseer came up.

"Is this the way you outpost a position, corporal?"

(Continued on Page 78)



"One moment, sir. Dry? Thirsty? Why not refresh yourself with an ice-cold cola?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mainstays of the Hertz rental fleet are the late-model cars you see above. Front ro
(left to right)—Buick, Ford, Chevrolet. Back row—Cadillac, Oldsmobile, Plymout
Hertz depends on Champion Spark Plugs to keep its rent-a-cars rolli

Why does Hertz — world's largest rental fleet — use Champion Spark Plugs?

Operating 15,500 cars and 15,000 trucks, Hertz wants the most power and the most miles per gallon . . . so Hertz uses full-firing Champions!

You can bet that Hertz—world's largest rental fleet—knows all there is to know about spark plug performance and value!

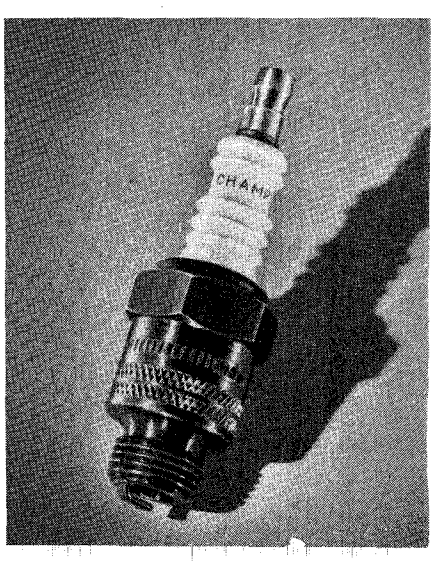
In tropic heat, in arctic cold—in countries all around the globe—Hertz has put spark plugs through the world's toughest road test. And the fact that Hertz uses 5-rib Champions speaks for itself!

Whatever car you drive—Chevrolet, Ford, Plymouth or any of the higher-priced makes—take a tip from Hertz . . . use 5-rib Champion Spark Plugs. When you install new, full-firing Champions, you can immediately *feel* the difference in your car's response. You'll get quicker starts, faster acceleration . . . and more miles per gallon!

When you need spark plugs, don't settle for anything but the best. Get precision-made 5-rib Champions!

CHAMPION

LOOK FOR THE 5 RIBS



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Continued from Page 76) "Vorhees didn't tell me to do no different," Culp mumbled. "He said to fall the squad out here—that's all."

"How much service have you got in, Culp?"

"Twelve years, sir," Culp answered as the sullenness deepened in his face. "I never asked for no chevrons and I never asked to come out here to be gobbled up by the Indians neither."

Landseer's face hardened and the lash was keener in his voice. "The chevrons won't trouble you any longer, Culp!" he snapped. "You're Private Culp as of now! Do you understand?"

Culp mumbled, "It's all right with me," and Landseer's eyes ranged to Shane Sallyran still lying in his hole with the cartridges lined in front of him.

"Your name's Sallyran, isn't it?" Landseer asked sharply, and Sallyran grinned his easy grin.

"That's right, lootenant."

"You're Acting Corporal Sallyran from now on," Landseer said roughly, but he felt his face relax a little and some of the tension run out of him as he looked at the other's cheerful face. They were of about an age, he thought, and they'd both inherited new commands. "Get your men into some sort of position where they can fight if they have to. Can you do it?"

"I can try," Sallyran answered cheerfully, scrambling up. "Burke, you get over to that little knob"—Sallyran swung an arm to his left—"an' holler if you see anything comin' up that ravine. . . . Kleigman, behind them rocks where ——"

Landseer nodded his head, a little satisfaction running through him, as he knew that his decision had been right and his choice wise. He slid his field glasses out of their case and crouched at the edge of the outcrop, near Sallyran's hole, while he searched the far slopes of the ravines in front.

Once he thought he saw something moving along the flank of a gully; he couldn't be sure and he didn't pick it up again. Probably a deer, he guessed. The land looked sullen and empty out there, but that emptiness could be as false as a lead dollar because those upheaved wrinkles of the ground could hide a thousand Sioux. You trusted nothing out here. He knew that now.

Acting Corporal Sallyran came back to slip into his hole once more, and Landseer checked the dispositions that his new corporal had made; found them good and said so.

"Keep on your toes up here, Sallyran," he added tersely. "And pass that word on to Corporal O'Phar when he comes up to relieve you. Any questions?"

"Is the company stayin' here or going on, lootenant?" Sallyran asked then, and Landseer wished that he knew the answer. But he didn't—not yet, anyway.

The answer was given to him then. Trooper Burke suddenly yelled from the knob fifty yards away, "Injuns, Sally! Riding up that little draw!"

His voice was cut off by the solid "whang" of his carbine, and then horsemen suddenly boiled out of the ground two hundred yards in front. Came tearing on up toward the crest, bodies bent low and yells filling the morning above the drumming of the running ponies. A dozen of them; maybe more. Bunched together and coming hard as they followed the track that the column had left.

"The ball's opened," Shane Sallyran murmured, and his carbine began to spit its black smoke from the lip of the hole. "Gents, swing your partners."

Landseer knelt, steadying his pistol arm on his knee, and holding his fire for a moment. That first numbing coldness had gone from his stomach now and he felt tight and alert and steady. A tall buck rode in the van, Winchester held high, and Landseer waited until the man's breast was big in his sights; then took his deliberate shot and saw the man leave his horse in a long, somersaulting fall into the rocks.

The rush split then, and Kleigman and Mathews, on the right flank, began to pour their fire in, joining it with that of the others. Landseer felt a cold, dispassionate satisfaction as he shot now; shooting was something that he knew. He had stood high on the range, back at West Point. The charge wavered; came to a standstill. Then the Sioux began to drift back, leaving two horses and four brown bodies lying out there on the broken ground in front.

"Sashay right an' promenade all," Acting Corporal Sallyran was chanting as he slapped fondly at the stock of his carbine. "You did fine, honey. No swoled-up cartridges!"

Then Corporal O'Phar, with his six troopers fed and coming up in relief, poured onto the ridge, and Landseer was suddenly on top the buckskin again and leading the seven down the sloping ground to where the Sioux were slowly falling back. Exaltation rode in Landseer now, and he knew that his voice was uncertain no longer.

"Ride them down, L!"

It was over presently, with the hostiles, herding two more riderless horses, gone into the folds of the ground. Landseer reluctantly halted his troopers and led them back toward where Sallyran's squad lay covering. Corporal O'Phar, an old hand out here, pulled his horse up beside the buck who had taken Landseer's first shot.

"Feather's son," Corporal O'Phar said softly. "Hit plumb center. Feather ain't goin' to let us get away now, lieutenant. Not if he can help it."

Landseer nodded, looking dispassionately down at the man he had killed—feeling no sorrow and no triumph. The exhilaration of the charge had gone now, leaving its ashes behind, and he knew that the events of the last few minutes had changed nothing. Company L was still out here on its own.

He gave his orders to O'Phar and watched while the corporal disposed his men with quiet competence. He then signaled for Sallyran to bring his squad back and mount up. He led them down toward the creek, and it wasn't until then that he felt the burning in his upper arm and saw that his sleeve was blood-soaked from a bullet that he hadn't felt. Nothing too bad, for the arm still worked.

He remembered something then. That general had been right, back there at West Point. Men would follow when they were led, and that was a milestone that he had put behind him. The talk, easy now, of the men at his back told him that they were well satisfied with themselves, and that was good.

Another thought came to him as the buckskin dropped into the ford once more. If the Sioux had hit the ridge ten minutes earlier—with Culp and the others bunched there like chickens—the hostiles would have gone right through. And if Mamie Bywater hadn't sent young Mr. Landseer out to check on his outposts ——

It was wearing on toward midmorning as Landseer led the small party back into the cottonwoods. L Company was standing to horse there, and Sergeant Vorhees rode out, his face set into hard lines. Landseer dismounted stiffly, gave his reins over to Trumpeter Doan and felt sudden weakness seep into his knees as he stood.

"We were about to ride to support the lieutenant when we seen you comin' back," Vorhees said, his voice flat. "I figured ——"

His words trailed away and his eyes went to the soaked sleeve of Landseer's shirt as the latter said, "It was a scouting party; not too many. We've chased them off for now. You can let the rest of the men fall out again, I think, sergeant."

"The lieutenant's wounded?"

"Just a scratch," Landseer began, but Mamie Bywater's booming voice came through the morning then.

"Get over here, Mr. Landseer! I want to have a look at that arm!"

For a moment Sergeant Vorhees' craggy face softened a little. "You better do it, lieutenant," he murmured. "That lady is sure a hellion when she wants something. She was goin' to ride with us up to the ridge after you. I couldn't have stopped her."

Pat Kilgore came then, her eyes a little scared as she pressed close. "I heard the firing," she said, her voice tense. "But I knew you'd be all right, Edward. You are, aren't you?"

"I'm all right," Landseer told her and held her for a moment, not caring that troopers were watching. That really didn't matter now.

Clouds had fallen lower over the valley and a gray drizzle had set in as they went on toward the wagon where Mamie Bywater waited impatiently. Fresh strips of petticoat lay handy there.

"Goin' to be running around in my skin if this keeps up," Mamie grunted. . . . "Get back on the hot-water detail, Pat. . . . What happened up there on the ridge, Mr. Landseer?"

"Indians," Landseer said laconically and didn't miss the bright, approving glance that Mamie gave him. "We ran them off."

"Humph," she grunted. "No more than that, eh?" She had his shirt off now and was squinting at the raw furrow which the bullet had gouged. "M'm'm'm. Bled a good bit, but you could hurt yourself worse, shaving. Anybody else get hit?"

"I don't think so," Landseer said and remembered, suddenly uncomfortable, that he hadn't checked. "I guess I didn't ask, ma'am."

"Kind of a good thing to do, Mr. Landseer," Mamie told him dryly. "A man'll sometimes carry a ball in him an' say nothing. Then when you're counting on him, you'll find that you haven't got him."

Pat Kilgore came back with hot water, and Mamie swabbed out the flesh wound; bound it up as Landseer winced. "Maybe not as fancy as Doc Littlejohn would do it," she said cheerfully. "But I'll bet that my private graveyard is littler than his is, at that. So the Sioux are moving in, Mr. Landseer. What do you propose to do now?"

Landseer had been dreading that question and there was no way of evading it beneath Mamie Bywater's hard blue stare. Well, he had mighty few choices left—just two of them. They could fort up here on Dingman Creek and hope that Sergeant Delgado had got back to Fort Cantrell and that help would come. Or they could take up their running again. And it was his decision. For a moment his eyes turned to Captain Chadwick lying beneath the wagon bed.

"How about him?" he asked Mamie in a strained voice. "Is he able to travel, ma'am?"

"Pat, take that pail back to wherever you got it," Mamie said, her voice suddenly steely.

She waited until Pat was out of earshot; then put her hands on her hips and turned a narrow attention back onto Landseer. Better say this now, she thought.

"Boy," she said, lowering her voice so that it didn't carry beyond the wagon, "as far as you're concerned, it don't matter whether or not Jed can travel. The same goes for Pat and me. This is what's important, boy: You're commanding L in the face of hostiles, and you've got to make a commander's decisions, not influenced by any personal feelings that you've got. Do you understand, Mr. Landseer?"

Landseer's face grew thin and older as the impact of her words came home to him—and that was a thing that Mamie's watching eyes didn't miss. *Please, God,* she thought, *make the boy say the right words, because it would be a terrible thing if I had to say them for him. A terrible thing.*

Landseer's voice broke in on her then. "L stays together, ma'am," he was saying thinly. "Maybe we keep on running; maybe we don't. I don't know yet. But whatever we do, we do together. And wherever we go, we take our wounded with us and we bury our dead. That's all that I can tell you now."

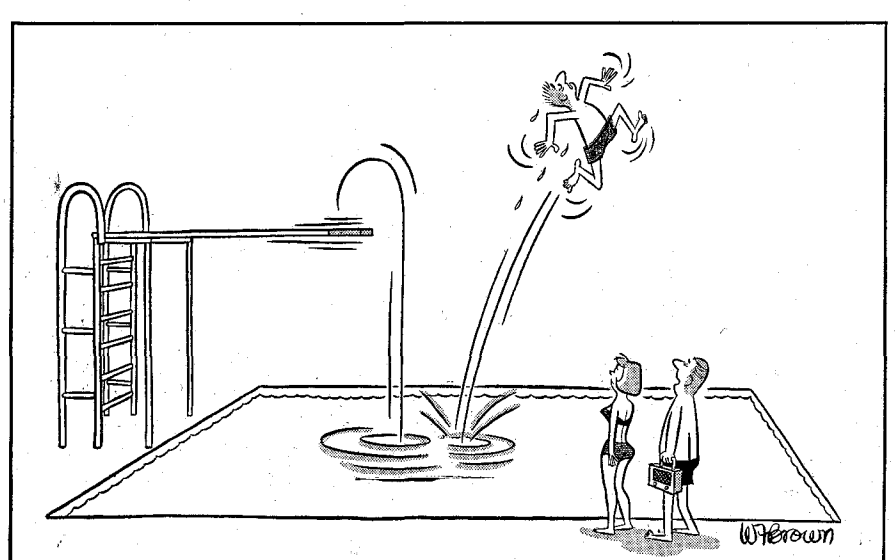
Mamie's craggy expression softened as the drizzle came down to drip from the brim of her bonnet and trickle across her cheeks. Far across the flat a messenger was coming in at a run and Sergeant Vorhees was riding to meet him. A quietness seemed to hang in the morning now as Mamie stirred.

"I think you've said enough, Lieutenant Landseer," she said gently then. "Bywater himself couldn't have said it better."

And that, had Landseer known it, was a high compliment, coming from Mamie, for only to herself did she ever refer to the man with whom she had lived for thirty years as "Bywater." It was always "the colonel" to others, but she knew that Bywater would approve of the intimate use of his name now.

For she had guessed that the messenger, riding all out across the flat, was bringing word from Corporal Harrison that Indians had been sighted south of Dingman Creek. They were cut off now.

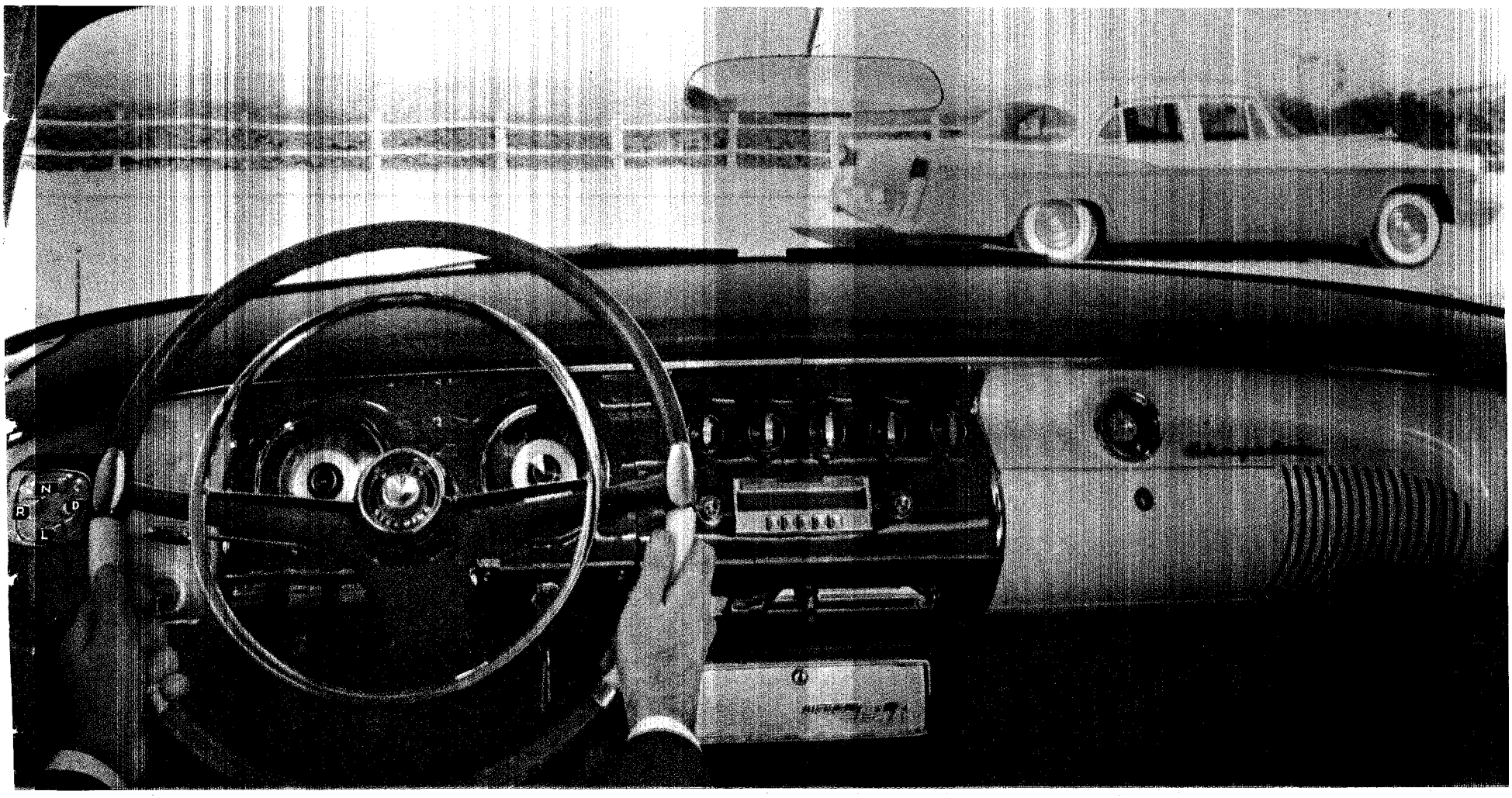
TO BE CONCLUDED



"Must be a lot colder than it looks."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



They'll think you paid $1000 more!

Slide behind the wheel of the new 1956 Chrysler Windsor — today's biggest buy of all fine cars — and your ideas about motorcars are bound to change.

This looks, feels and drives like a car costing $1000 more, and your friends instantly agree.

We've seen it happen in thousands of cases in the past few weeks. Particularly among motorists who have been driving other cars in Chrysler's price class. And the longer they've driven these other cars, the more complete their conversion to Chrysler.

Here are the advantages which have made this the most successful Chrysler in history . . . advantages which are giving Chrysler the fastest sales gains in the fine car field.

. . . power at your fingertips in Pushbutton PowerFlite . . . mechanically operated, and trouble-free . . . the smoothest, most automatic of all transmissions!

. . . power transmitted to your hands by the full-time magic of Chrysler's PowerPilot Steering!

. . . power at your feet when you bring this lightning bolt to sure, safe, cushioned stops with big, longer-lasting PowerSmooth Brakes!

. . . . the thrill of instant response to your slightest command by the first airplane-type V-8 engine on the highway!

. . . the triumph of owning the sleekest, most newly styled of all big cars — the *biggest* car for its price today.

These are the advantages no other car can come close to offering. These are the advantages which are giving Chrysler the fastest sales gains in the fine car field. Just compare the others and feel the difference in the exciting new

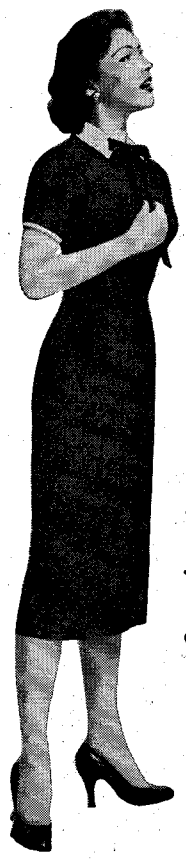
"PowerStyle"

CHRYSLER

Today's Biggest Buy of All Fine Cars

BIG BEAUTY ON THE HIGHWAY—"POWERSTYLE" CHRYSLER WINDSOR V-8

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Your whole life is before you!

Isn't it nice to be the very age you are! Young enough to be full of plans. Old enough to take advantage of them. Wherever you look, you see a series of enchanting tomorrows. Your whole life is before you.

May we offer you one bit of advice? Don't ever settle for needless discomfort. Avoid the too-tight girdle, the shoes that rub, the slip that binds—and don't be tied to sanitary protection that puts you into a harness instead of a happy frame of mind. Millions of girls have found in Tampax internal protection the convenience, the comfort, the freedom they're looking for.

Tampax prevents odor from forming. Tampax is invisible and unfelt when in place. Tampax is readily disposable. Tampax is small, dainty, easy to carry, easy to insert and change. Can be worn in shower or tub. Can be bought at any drug or notion counter throughout the country. Comes in 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Look for Tampax Vendor in restrooms throughout the United States. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.

Sanitary Protection Worn Internally
FOR MORE ABSORBENCY SUPER TAMPAX
FOR MISSING DAYS JUNIOR TAMPAX
Regular
TAMPAX
10 TAMPAX—AN AVERAGE MONTH'S SUPPLY
Safe • Sure • Hygienic • Comfortable • Easy to Use

Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

TAMPAX INCORPORATED
Palmer, Mass.

Please send me in plain wrapper a trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Absorbency is checked below.

( ) REGULAR ( ) SUPER ( ) JUNIOR

Name_____
(Please print)

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Wisconsin Throws Them Out of Jail

(Continued from Page 25)

sleep. He had it coming. That mattress was a little firm, like oak, but he was paying board. Most of these hubers pay their keep, and more. It is one of many ways in which this system reverses things.

By ancient tradition, prisoners in county jails and houses of correction sit around for weeks doing nothing, there being nothing for them to do. They play cards, they walk the bull pen. "In some jurisdictions," says one Wisconsin official, "they don't even clean their own cells."

They constitute a heavy burden on the taxpayers. Judge Oscar J. Schmiege, of Appleton, one of the architects of Wisconsin's system, puts the cost per prisoner at $4500 a year—$2000 to maintain the prisoner, $2500 more to support his family on public assistance.

In the case of the hubers, that whole picture is changed. They keep right on at their old jobs, usually, or in new ones found for them by the sheriff. As wage earners, sometimes making very good money indeed, they support their families and themselves. They pay the cost of guarding them, pay for the extra bookkeeping entailed.

In 1954, Milwaukee County hubers earned $154,911. Of this, their wives and children were given $74,887. The prisoners paid board and room amounting to $19,946, and the county got $11,798 more as its share of their surplus earnings. Total to the county, $31,744, instead of the customary loss. While at it, the hubers paid their own working expenses, carfare and the like, paid up $7783.12 in debts, so that a good many family men stepped out of jail debt-free.

The singular arrangement which makes this possible sometimes is called "the third choice" or "the middle way," meaning between confinement and the full liberty of probation. Once you get used to the idea of a jail devoted to letting people out rather than keeping them in, once you get accustomed to the notion of prisoners hurrying off to work as others do, "the middle way" has a great deal of logic.

You don't find any holdup men or bank robbers in the huber quarters, of course; they go to the penitentiary. In certain felonies, however, the judge has the option of sending a prisoner to the county jail as a huber. Among the huberites, consequently, are men convicted of fairly serious offenses. In 1955 the Milwaukee County hubers included petty offenders as well as prisoners serving time for carrying concealed weapons, for assault with intent to do great bodily harm and for negligent homicide.

Circuit Judge Harvey L. Neelen, who had much to do with getting this operation going in Milwaukee, says it "humanizes punishment without penalizing the prisoner's family." District Judge Robert W. Hansen finds this kind of sentence an extremely useful tool because it solves "social problems which are basically not criminal." Sheriff Max A. Barczak is firmly convinced that "this is advantageous to the county and a success." An outside observer, Prof. Frank T. Flynn, of the University of Chicago's School of Social Service Administration, says that if the prisoners are well selected, "everybody benefits—the prisoner, his family and the community."

Judge Schmiege would like to see the plan adopted nationally "in the interests of human welfare." In the six years of 1949–54, inclusive, prisoners in his county earned $333,941. The saving in institutional costs is put at $202,317, the saving in relief, at $176,901. And the number of prisoners is decreasing because a great many chronic offenders have straightened up.

In the field of penology, thoroughly successful ideas are almost as rare as white blackbirds. To win so much approval in terms of social, psychological and financial results, an idea must have something. What the huber system has is most easily judged from a sample case. Here's how the thing operated when twenty-eight-year-old George Green drew six months last summer for reckless driving involving an injury. The name is fictitious; all facts and figures, however, are from George's file.

They threw George into jail, as they would have in any other state. After sentence on June sixth, George was taken to the lockup in the Safety Building and given a copy of the simple rules that apply to hubers.

He could continue in his regular job, but must go directly to work and come directly back to jail, with no loitering. He must stay out of taverns. Compliance with the rules would get a full one fourth cut from his sentence. Getting out of line would mean getting moved to the House of Correction to do the full six months under lock and key.

If George hadn't had a job, they would have found one for him. These prisoners can't loaf around the jail all day. George kept his factory job, but he could no longer handle his pay. Instead, he executed an assignment of wages by which the pay went to the sheriff's office. Some prisoners don't want to do this. "If the boss finds out I'm in jail," they protest, "he'll fire me." In such cases, they may be allowed to pick up their checks as usual, but must bring them to the jail uncashed. A good many men serve their time totally unbeknownst to their employers. Usually, however, the boss knows about it, and doesn't mind. That was George's situation.

A sheriff's-office aide now looked into George's family circumstances. George had a wife and three small children. A budget was worked out giving the wife $25.50 a week. There is nothing standard about this allowance. Families of George's jailmates were getting $36.71, $44.03, and, in the case of a wife and eight children, $83.29. The amount depends on the prisoner's wages, the family's standard of living and other circumstances. Roughly it is based on Welfare Department calculations of a family's needs.

George worked the night shift, three P.M. to midnight, including one hour of overtime. He left jail at two P.M. every day and was due back very shortly after midnight. He was handed two dollars as he left, to buy dinner, carfare, cigarettes and sundries. This twelve dollars a week came out of his earnings, and he was allowed to draw for other expenses: laundry, work clothes, haircuts, union dues, and so on.

Twice George was a little late in getting back, and got chewed out for it, but otherwise he was a good prisoner. So on October twenty-second, he had earned his "good time"—the time off for good conduct. That cut his term by 45.75 days and they made it forty-six, giving him the fraction.

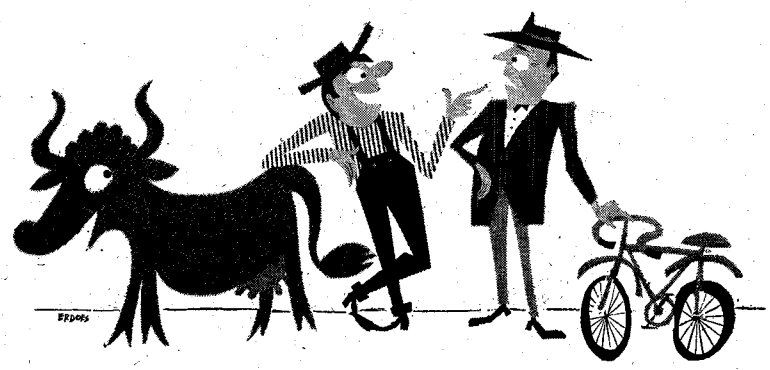
George had earned $2113.91. The company had deducted $293.33 for the credit union, on a loan, so the checks collected came to $1820.58. Of this, $161.80 had been earned before George became a huber, and was returned to him. For personal expenses he had needed $331.56. He had paid the county $319.70 for board and room. The rate at the Huber House at the time was $2.30 a day. For this, George got breakfast, lunch and a bunk. A day worker would have got breakfast and supper. The charge is based on cost, and rose this year (1956) to $2.85 a day, showing that you can't beat the high cost of living, even in jail.

George's family had been given $409, and the sheriff's office had paid off George's debts to the total of $549.98. So there was $48.54 left in George's account. By law the county is entitled to half of any such surplus, but they figured George needed this to tide him over until next payday and the county waived its cut.

What the county saved on George is pretty clearly $728.70—his keep and the $409 given to his family—that being what the county would have provided had the family been without income. As for George, he kept his job, kept his seniority, kept his skill.

A random day early last (1955) winter found sixty-five hubers doing time in Mil-

The Perfect Squelch



The bicycle company's new salesman was, in his own opinion, a whiz. To hear him tell it, he would soon have everyone riding bikes instead of automobiles. He boasted that he could even sell bicycles "down on the farm." Calling on a dairy farmer, the salesman tried to convince him that he would find a bike useful. The farmer said, "No," and kept on milking. The salesman persisted. The farmer said he would rather spend his money for another cow.

"You can't ride a cow to town," the salesman retorted.

"No," said the farmer, "and I can't milk a bicycle."

Howard Gauss

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

waukee, all but eight rolling out to report to regular jobs. The others were day laborers, working when they could find jobs. The hubers have separate quarters and don't mingle with other prisoners. The two top floors of the Safety Building are reserved for them. Eighty is a capacity crowd, but Lieutenant Callan has had as many as 130 guests, with the overflow sleeping on cots.

The section has its own ground-floor entrance and its own elevator. The object isn't so much to favor the hubers as to discourage other prisoners from trying to escape in the guise of workingmen.

"Jail was never like this," visitors remark, and then add, "Well, quite like this." Depending on how you look at things, this is either the country's most pleasant jail or the country's worst hotel. Probably only in a Wisconsin jail would you hear a prisoner phoning the cleaner to come and pick up his blue suit or beefing because his laundry isn't back and he is low on white shirts.

The hubers must also be the only prisoners who can check out occasionally of an evening to attend a union meeting, a Legion meeting or choir practice. A few go to night school, and one went home every night for a week to baby-sit with his own children while his wife was ill. The prisoner who looks sore may be sore at his wife because she wants him to come home and put in the screens. Hubers can leave jail for chores like that, and few have the courage to refuse.

Hubers can have cars, if they're needed to get to work. Others get to their jobs because friends drop by in the morning to pick them up. Now and then in the evening a prisoner arrives by taxi, perhaps carrying a brief case; he has brought work home from the office or plant. Evening finds a few salesmen making out reports, a few businessmen frowning over figures. The others play cards, listen to radios, read or talk. They like to sit in the "lobby" between cellblocks, with one guard on duty at a desk.

Now and then, however, the guard gets fed up with the noise or with requests for special service: "How about sending down for a pack of cigarettes? . . . Any magazines in this crummy joint? . . . You got change for a half, bud?" In that case he rears back in his chair and issues a pointed reminder, "This is a jail, not a hotel, and I ain't no damn bellhop."

It's a jail, all right, in far too many respects ever to be popular. Everywhere you look there are bars as thick as broomsticks. The hubers' quarters consist of cell blocks, two to a floor, five cells to the block. Each cell is home to four men, with the usual washbasin, exposed toilet, bare light bulb dangling from a cord. The place is clean, smelling of strong soapsuds. The chairs in that lobby are hard as granite. You would never confuse the place with the Athletic Club.

There are certain amenities, however. Though the main door is stoutly locked, the prisoners are never locked in their cells, which makes a vast difference in a man's spirits. They are frisked every time they check in, but only because they might try to smuggle in a bottle. And the fact that they are working earns them a certain amount of dignity and self-respect.

"Anybody for pinboy?" the guard sings out. A bowling alley has phoned to say it is shorthanded. If there are volunteers, the bowling alley will send a taxi around. The job will keep a man out until midnight or so, but as long as he's working, that's all right. One huber, accustomed to spending his evenings in a taproom, found time hanging so heavy that he asked for a night job in addition to his work by day. One was found for him, and then the money rolled in. "His old lady," says a deputy, "thought every week was Christmas. She never had it so good."

Only eight women have served time as hubers in this county, and they always constitute something of a problem. One of the first was Ruth, a twenty-nine-year-old housewife. She and her husband, in the sentimental fashion of newlyweds, had been observing their "six months' wedding anniversary." That night they drank beer in a tavern owned by relatives. It was a sedate evening, but on the way home, with the wife at the wheel, they rammed a parked car.

A campaign was on against driving after drinking and, to make it worse, the wife had no driver's license. "Just once we had to go out," she said mournfully, "and I had to beg to drive." She got a ninety-day sentence.

Nobody knew quite what to do with Ruth. Some took the view that a housewife is not "employed," and thus not entitled to Huber Act treatment. But the judge said a wife owes a duty to keep house for her husband, and that was job enough. The couple had no children. To pass the time, the wife had to take up embroidery, surely a strange form of penance, but she stayed scrupulously at home. After dinner, she and her husband would stroll to the Safety Building, where she checked in to spend the night in a cell. At eight A.M. each day she was released.

A lady lush presented no problem. She kept right on in her job as an office manager; her boss said she was indispensable. But they couldn't encourage another prisoner to keep on in her usual line of work; she was in for hustling. They found her a job in a laundry.

To some stern souls, this "semiprobation" is "no real punishment at all." The prisoners themselves are likely to look on it as punishment of an especially efficient sort. It's a combination of real liberty during working hours and real confinement in the only hours when they could enjoy liberty.

"No sleep is what gets me," said one. "I run a jackhammer all day and I need my rest. On these bunks I'm lucky to get three hours."

"All night, down below," said another, "some drunk is hollering, 'Let me out of here.' I'm telling you, this ain't the Schroeder," referring to one of Milwaukee's leading hotels.

A younger prisoner was more philosophic. "It isn't a bad deal," he said. "At least I'm saving a lot of money."

For husbands, there's a drawback: their wives can always find them. "During visiting hours," said a guard, "the place is full of wives, bringing their troubles around." Now and then, a prisoner has to hold still for a fierce lacing from a wife who has discovered his favorite secret. "You told me you were only making eighty dollars," she cries, "and all the time you were knocking down a hundred and six!" It's a clear call for that practiced peacemaker, Lieutenant Callan, who won't let his guests be woman-handled.

On a single man with a good job, a county can make a good deal of money. Too much, some Wisconsin officials feel, and the law may be amended. One prisoner serving six months in lieu of a $500 fine earned well over $1000 in a couple of months. The county's half would pay his fine. So he got a lawyer and won parole.

That case and a few others like it brought about a change in the law to provide for paying the hubers' debts, out of earnings. Many a married man has a stack of bills—perhaps $700 worth—so there is nothing left to split with the county. Paying the bills is regarded as socially desirable because it removes one of the chief causes of family strife.

One departing huber found his financial affairs in such abnormally good shape that he asked the sheriff's office to keep on as his manager. "Can't be done," a deputy told him. "You got to be in here legitimate."

Only new SUPER ANAHIST

ANTIBIOTIC NASAL SPRAY gives you all these positive benefits

1 Antibiotic ingredient kills germs on contact . . .

2 . . . while Thonzide ingredient penetrates the mucus-barrier to reach the site of infection *fast!*

3 This results in a shrinking action on swollen membranes . . .

4 . . . amazing reduction of post-nasal drip . . .

5 . . . clearing action melts away mucus to make breathing easy . . .

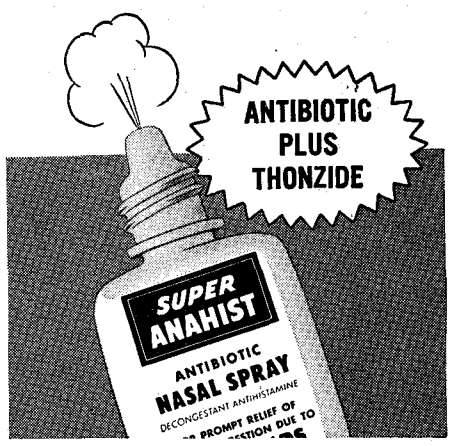
6 . . . with fast recovery from head-cold miseries!

It's the same type therapy
Doctors Prescribe

Super Anahist Antibiotic Nasal Spray is Not a Watery Mist but Millions of Active Congestion-Breaking Droplets

No other nasal spray in the world gives you all six of these positive benefits. Because no other nasal spray . . . only SUPER ANAHIST . . . has this exclusive *antibiotic formula plus Thonzide!*

At drug counters everywhere. Get the leak-proof, pocket-size plastic container . . . today.



And on Cold Tablets, Cough Syrup or Chest Rub— the name SUPER ANAHIST means "Best Medicine for Cold's Distress"

Worms can kill your dog

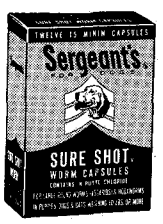
The two most frequent types of worms in dogs are common hookworms and the large roundworms.

Common hookworms live on your dog's blood and can kill him. Roundworms rob him of part of his food.

You can see the large roundworms. But it is necessary to use a product which will get rid of both types of worms.

For the far more dangerous common hookworms are invisible to the naked eye. If you eliminate the roundworms alone, you do only *half* the job and can leave your dog in great danger.

You can be sure of a thorough worming job with Sergeant's SURE SHOT Worm Capsules*. It has been proved safe and effective against common hookworms and roundworms. Sergeant's outsells all other worming products 2 to 1. Use it at least twice a year and protect your dog. Only 75c at any drug or pet counter.



*For puppies and dogs under 10 pounds, use the smaller doses in Sergeant's Puppy Caps

Sergeant's® SURE SHOT Capsules

MONEY...
In Your Spare Time
Spare-time income can help you meet expenses. Write for details about our subscription-selling plan. No obligation.
CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
344 Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa.

TRAVEL DREAMS COME TRUE!
HOW TO GET THE MOST OUT OF TRAVEL FREE write dept E
Cast loose to follow the sun . . . explore the byways, relax by a rippling stream . . . enjoy the sea, the woods, the mountains, with all the comforts of home. Write for free booklet!
AIRSTREAM TRAILERS INC.
110 CHURCH ST., JACKSON CENTER, OHIO
1755 N. MAIN ST., LOS ANGELES 31, CALIF.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Some hubers work like beavers; they may have to. A runaway husband from Green Bay had to pay the cost of his capture and return from California, a staggering $967. To do it and support his dependents, he worked by day in a lumber yard and by night as a musician. The money spent returning runaway husbands all could be saved, Judge Schmiege points out, if there were an arrangement whereby the husband could work where he is tagged.

About eighty hubers have gone over the hill in the last six years in Milwaukee County. Chiefly they were vagrants, regarded as good riddance. Escape is pointless for most men; they would also be running away from their jobs. The hubers can in general be trusted so far that William Oldigs, chief probation officer of the municipal and district courts, thinks they ought to be moved out of jail into a boardinghouse, which would effect even greater savings.

A large number of them are there for nonpayment of alimony. Most of them don't stay long. It occurs to them that fate has them boxed. As hubers they'll work, and part of their pay, whether they like it or not, will go to That Woman. So they pay up and move out.

One stouthearted rebel neither paid nor earned. He worked. But he hired out to brother hubers, for cigarettes and magazines, as housekeeper and laundryman. It was pointed out that he was working harder inside than he'd have to work outside, but he was a man of principle and didn't mind. "I don't object to work," he said, "but I'll never earn one damned penny for that woman to spend." Back he went to his mops and washtubs.

It's a virtuous life and some men can't take it. An alimony prisoner went AWOL one Friday and was found on Monday morning trying to order highballs at a soda fountain. Serious transgressions cost a man his huber privileges. Minor infractions—coming in a bit late or with a drink or two aboard—will get a man a chewing out and may cost him extra time, but won't get him cashiered. The big object is to keep him working, for his own and his family's sake. That's more important, in Lieutenant Callan's realistic view, than insisting on saintly behavior.

Here, very quickly, are the financial and social results in some typical cases.

Joe did thirty-five days for reckless driving. An estranged wife was given $55.96 and Joe had no debts to pay. Left after expenses, $34.62, the county taking half. Bill was single, owed $80 in bills. When he finished twenty-two days for operating a car after revocation of his license there was $122.72 to split. Tom did sixty-seven days for drunkenness. It took all he earned to support his family and pay for his own board and room. Nothing for creditors, nothing to the county, but the saving—because the county didn't have to support the prisoner and his family—was $445.12.

The Huber Act dates from 1913, when the late State Senator Henry A. Huber grew upset over the fact that lawbreakers spent their time "smoking and chewing tobacco and playing cards" while respectable citizens toiled.

Under Huber's compulsory-work law, a few offenders—chiefly vagrants and men doing time for disorderly conduct—were paroled to employers, usually farmers. However, most sheriffs found it impossible to get work for the kind of prisoners available. And the operation of the act, in some cases, rubbed liberty-loving Wisconsinites the wrong way. In Janesville, a wife had her husband jailed and then hired him to work in their own tailoring shop. She handed his pay to the sheriff, who handed it back to the wife.

For many years the act, like the prisoners, lay dormant. Not until 1943 did the thing take on its present character of work by day, jail by night. Judge Oscar J. Schmiege, taking the municipal bench in Appleton, found war plants crying for manpower while good machinists languished in jail. Giving the Huber Act a brand-new interpretation, Judge Schmiege instituted a "day-parole" arrangement by which almost anyone not dangerous to society could hold down a regular job outside, and pay his keep in prison.

The system works best in the more populous counties and is used most extensively in seven: Milwaukee, Racine, Kenosha and Sheboygan, containing the cities of the same names; Dane, containing Madison; Brown, containing Green Bay; and Outagamie, of which the seat is Appleton. In Dane, one recent year, out of a year's total of 1648 prisoners, a full 1200 were of this self-supporting variety—to the considerable relief of that forgotten man, the taxpayer.

Elsewhere than in Wisconsin it is our curious custom to jail a husband for nonsupport, after which the taxpayers assume the burden, along with feeding and lodging the prisoner. We also jail men for nonpayment of fines, which amounts to passing the fine on to the taxpayers. A huber prisoner, in sharp contrast, pays his fine out of earnings, and the outcome of a nonsupport charge is support.

Which makes far more sense, many think. James V. Bennett, director of the Federal Bureau of Prisons, inquired into Wisconsin's achievement recently, with a view to promoting the idea in his own state, Maryland. "Wisconsin," he was told, "unqualifiedly recommends this type of legislation to its sister states." Actually, the same results can be obtained without legislation.

In Pennsylvania, last summer, Assistant District Attorney Edward Youngerman, of Reading, took a leaf from Wisconsin's book to recommend jail on weekends only for a man who got in trouble only on weekends. Though new in Pennsylvania, the sentence was perfectly feasible, there being nothing which says a judge must impose sentence to be served in consecutive hours or days.

There is every chance the idea will spread. John W. Tramburg, New Jersey Commissioner of Institutions and Agencies, is sold on it. The new Massachusetts Director of Corrections, Russell G. Oswald, also finds much merit in the plan. Both saw it work in Wisconsin, where Tramburg used to head the Department of Welfare and Oswald the Division of Corrections.

But there is an officer in the British Army who won't join in hailing this as something new and different. Criminologists say that when the British captured Jerusalem in World War I, they put a Scot in charge of the local lockup. The zest with which prisoners attacked their meals distressed him, and he hit on the idea of sending them home to eat. Then it occurred to him that what he was running, with the prisoners gone so much of the day, was, in effect, a hotel—and free. So he told the prisoners to get out and get jobs, and charged room rent.

The City That Refused to Die (Continued from Page 30)

textile mills were closing like falling dominoes, and thousands of unemployed walked the streets. These were not temporary shutdowns; the plants were closing permanently. Besides, the machines and structures of the city were worn out. Fire trucks still had solid rubber tires and two-wheel brakes. Children were being taught in wooden school buildings built in 1876.

In rapid succession the awakened people of Woonsocket scrapped an ancient city charter and adopted a modern one, elected youthful Kevin Kavanagh Coleman as reform mayor, and chipped in some $425,000 out of their own pockets to help bring industry back to the city. And then, for frosting on the cake, the Junior Chamber of Commerce decided to hold a Northern Mardi Gras as a morale booster.

A cynic might observe that it would be a cold day indeed when there would be dancing in the streets of Woonsocket. But this phenomenon has occurred during the past two Februarys and will occur again this year, February eighth to fourteenth, blizzard or no, complete with a King of Misrule, a Queen, parades—and dancing in the streets. The New Orleans Mardi Gras is held in a climate that ranges from forty-nine to sixty-five degrees. The Woonsocket fiesta is held in a city where the annual snowfall averages thirty inches and February temperatures are usually below freezing.

About three quarters of the population of Woonsocket are of French-Canadian extraction, with a strong infusion of descendants of the Irish laborers who built the Blackstone Canal nearly a hundred years ago. This Gallic-Gaelic combination dominates the Woonsocket Junior Chamber of Commerce and it was they who chose to go ahead with Mardi Gras and to hell with the weather. For two years now, the Northern Mardi Gras has been held during a perfect week of sunshine and warmth averaging fifty-five degrees. "We live right," say the chamber members as they prepare again.

But long before this the King of Misrule had conquered Woonsocket. His big foot was on the people's neck and his greedy hand tapped the municipal till. Just about the time people got worried about the depression, they began to realize that there might be a connection between hard times and the goings-on at city hall. And what goings-on!

Jobs were sold for cash on the barrel head; $1500 for firemen and policemen, $1200 for schoolteachers. City warehouses were filled with maintenance materials purchased at fabulous prices through a go-between whose principal office was inside his hat. Civic bandits even stole the municipal poorhouse by putting it up for auction in a masked advertisement that described it only by parcel and lot number. It sold for $4000—a twenty-two-room house and four acres of land. Everything that had been bequeathed to Woonsocket by past generations was going to rack and ruin. The city was dying.

Bookies and other petty racketeers ran wild, unmolested by police. Slot machines clanged in the corner groceries and the gin mills stayed open all night. Petty frauds drained money from the city treasury. The city grew shabbier, the streets became pockmarked; a general air of malaise settled like a permanent smog. Old businesses closed their doors, never to open again; potential new businesses surveying the ruins, smelling the decay, moved on. No new industry except the worst kind of sweat shops want to move their assets into a sewer. For twenty-five years the population of Woonsocket had stayed virtually stationary at about 50,000. The movement outward of youngsters seeking jobs more than offset the high birth rate. Weekly average payrolls slumped by $250,000 in 1953 to a new, dismal low point.

For ten dreary years, free-swinging Kevin Coleman had been taking pot shots at the municipal buccaneers, first as councilman, then as alderman, but without much effect. Coleman had been hand-picked to run for the council twelve years before, at the age of twenty-two, because he had an Irish name that would compensate for the largely French-Canadian slate. Also, it was probably believed that he was a natural patsy, because he had rosy cheeks and was politically naïve.

Apple-cheeked Coleman went to his father, a cigar maker, and said, "They want me to run for council, dad. What do you think?"

"It's your own decision," his father said. "But if you do, remember how you were brought up."

"That was the only advice dad gave," Coleman says today, "but I got the point." Most of the younger men were away in the war at the time, and Coleman feels this helped in his selection. A partially disabled left arm barred him from active military service.

The political bosses could not have been more wrong when they mistook Coleman for a genteel booby. Coleman, now thirty-four and prematurely white-haired, remembers the first meeting he attended in camera with the political boss and the eight other members of the council. The boss had the list of people who were to get jobs. Coleman made a suggestion. "A good competent man," he concluded.

"That's the way, Kevin," said the boss, smiling. "Speak right up and give us your opinion. . . . Shall we vote, gentlemen?"

They did, and eight votes went against Coleman's one.

"I began to wake up to the fact that the whole thing was rigged," he says. "They were using me as a stooge."

His disillusionment grew when he found the chairman of the ward committee had convictions for armed robbery and rape.

Coleman got mad, but he soon found you can't lick city hall in a day or even a year, particularly when the same people dominate both parties and make Tweedledee and Tweedledum of the Republican and Democratic parties. Agents of the bosses often ran in both caucuses.

Coleman is a medium-sized man with traces of his pink cheeks and earnest naïveté still intact. But there is a stubborn quality about him, a tenacity that is evident even in his conversation. Once he has begun a declaration, he will not be interrupted, and he cannot be distracted from his original premise until he has made his point. His attitude toward the city government has been just as stubborn. One night when presented with a ready-made budget, he kept the council in session until five o'clock in the morning, questioning individual items.

Day in and day out, as opportunity presented, he sounded off about the city government. He told how the wily fellows operated on the theory that so long as the tax rate was constant nobody would complain. It remained for years at twenty-five dollars a thousand. But deficit spending was common. Woonsocket is still paying interest on funding bonds issued to cover operating costs thirty years ago. It is still paying for capital improvements made fifty years ago. And the city was being crowded to the limits of bond issuance, set by statute.

Finding himself blocked in both council and (Continued on Page 84)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If you're saving for their college education...

Where you save <u>does</u> make a difference

The difference, you'll find, is well worth looking into. Because you get these important advantages when you put your savings in insured Savings and Loan Associations . . .

Excellent returns from your money is one advantage.

Modern, efficient, forward-looking service is another.

And, of course, your money is safe because in insured Savings and Loan Associations your savings are protected by sound management and substantial reserves. They are insured up to $10,000 by the FSLIC—an agency of the U. S. Government.

No wonder Americans are now putting more of their savings account dollars into insured Savings and Loan Associations than anywhere else!

Have the money you want when you want it! Put your money where it really works hard for you—in an insured Savings and Loan Association. With 34 *billion* dollars of assets, these Associations are a great force in encouraging thrift and home ownership.

The nation's most popular place to put savings account dollars is in insured Savings and Loan Associations. Not only do you get excellent returns here—your money *works* for your community and helps it to prosper.

© 1956, TS & LFI

SAVINGS AND LOAN FOUNDATION

This sign identifies members of The Savings and Loan Foundation Inc., a nationwide organization of insured Savings and Loan, Building and Loan and Homestead Associations which sponsor this message. Address: 1111 E Street, N. W., Washington 4, D. C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Continued from Page 82)

aldermanic chamber, Coleman ran twice for mayor. The first time, in 1948, he lost by 105 votes after the machine boys had locked the polling places and spent a long time counting votes. In 1950 he ran again as an independent and lost by 265 votes, again being counted out by the boys inside, operating behind a cordon of police and officeholders.

In 1952, Coleman decided the handicaps of running as an independent were too great. He fought for the Democratic nomination for mayor, and won it. When the people at last had the chance to vote for Coleman as regular Democratic mayoralty candidate, they went for him by 16,242 to 8238.

At the same election, citizens thoroughly frightened by the economic woes of the city voted in a new city charter that would streamline the government. Four months later Coleman had to face the electorate again under the new charter. Running this time without party designation, he again won by a two-to-one vote, as "strong mayor" with a unicameral system.

About that time a water-bureau official went to prison for selling water meters. Seven other city officials indicted by a grand jury were favored by hung juries and went scot-free.

Teams of experts were brought in to survey the nearly wrecked machinery of government. Their expert probing revealed that the city's plant was even worse than thought possible. Of eighteen schools, it was recommended that ten be abandoned as unfit. Fire and police departments were understaffed; most of the apparatus was old and obsolete. The city had done virtually nothing about its growing street and traffic problems.

Meanwhile, as the experts totted up the bad news, a system of merit appointments was started. An M.I.T. graduate was placed in charge of public works; a certified public accountant took over the city's financial affairs; an honest and courageous man was put in charge of public safety and told to enforce the law.

People started mailing in their parking tickets to the new director. "Mail them back," Coleman said. "We play no favorites."

Saloons were closed at legal closing time, the bookies went on relief, slot machines and pin balls vanished from town. In 1952, the National Municipal League cited Woonsocket as an "all-American" town because of its vast reform convulsion. No award could repair the damage that a generation of political harpies had done to their fellow townsmen, but order slowly replaced chaos.

Formerly, the budget was dumped in the councilmen's laps the night it was to be passed. Now it was prepared well in advance, for study. A new form of budget was adopted, listing in detail all expenditures. Competitive bidding on city contracts became really competitive.

Salaries of city officials were raised to put them beyond temptation. For example, the director of public safety was jumped from $5000 to $12,000 a year. The man who had been deputy city clerk for thirty-five years, and doing all the work, was appointed clerk; the deputy's job was abolished. Deficit spending was stopped and a revaluation of the city's tax lists was ordered. Of the city's 12,000 parcels, some 7000 were increased in valuation; 5000 were decreased. Inequities based on who-knew-whom were abolished. The tax list went from $96,000,000 to $110,000,000.

Slowly but surely the rusty machinery of the city began to move a little smoother. It was still bad according to high standards, but it was improving constantly. People sighed and said, "It's about time."

And it was just about in the nick of time. Woonsocket, fourth largest city of Rhode Island, lies thirty-nine miles southwest of Boston and thirteen miles north of Providence. It is the shopping center for 125,000 persons, a densely populated area with 5706 persons per square mile. Through the heart of the city flows the Blackstone River, and on its banks there had sprung up in a hundred years' time one of the greatest clusters of woolen and worsted mills in the world.

But the textile industry, like coal, had been sickening for years. New methods had outmoded some of the older plants. Others had moved South to profit from lower labor costs. For years the downward trend had been gradual but continuous. A state of mild stagnation existed until 1953, when the economic blows began to fall like Krupa drumbeats.

The Guerin mills moved to South Carolina, and 700 jobs were lost. The American Paper Tube Company pulled up stakes and moved to Mississippi; 300 more jobs disappeared. Within a few months nine major manufacturers closed their doors forever. The rest of the country was prospering, but Woonsocket, with a working force of 26,000 persons, had 8500 on unemployment rolls.

Textiles, the city's major industry, was dying. The paralysis spread; building slackened and department-store sales fell off. By every financial test Woonsocket was doomed.

The new mayor called a group of leading citizens together—representatives of the retail trade, and men like Frederick S. Blackall, tool manufacturer, and Arthur I. Darman, a textile leader. Coleman talked turkey.

That marked the launching of the Industrial Foundation of Greater Woonsocket, a nonprofit organization created for the sole purpose of attracting industry and creating new jobs for Woonsocket. The theme of the drive for funds was "not charity, but survival." Even the optimists were astounded by the way the city responded to a call for $300,000. Hospital workers staged a minstrel show. A Legion post gave $200. A Pulaski Club donated $100. A sign painter refused to send a bill for his work painting campaign signs. A "friend" in nearby Pawtucket sent in a $100 bill. A printers' union gave $313. And individual mill workers, shop girls, gave installment payments of one dollar a week, to be taken from their pay envelopes. It was the greatest thing the city had ever seen, and when the grand total of $425,000 was announced in the crowded ballroom of the Dreyfus Hotel, mill workers and textile-company presidents cheered and slapped one another's backs.

Once the financial goals had been reached, all who had political connections withdrew. The foundation, run now by seven trustees and seven advisers, drew up its blueprint for operation: to survey city assets, purchase plant sites, erect new plants, give financial assistance to new industries.

As with the reform in government, this drive for new business is inching forward as it overcomes inertia. But eighteen new job-making industries, most of them small now, have come to Woonsocket already. One is a plastics company that employs 300 workers, for which the foundation provided an immense unused mill property.

Since the foundation started, relief rolls have tumbled from 8500 to 4500. The foundation has even moved outside Woonsocket into neighboring North Smithfield, where it has purchased what it describes as "New England's most modern industrial park." This thirty-two-acre tract—100 acres more are under option—is located on a railroad line and adjoins a river. It is eight minutes from Woonsocket, and although it will not help the tax list, it will eventually provide jobs for Woonsocket people.

The foundation lists several desirable features about its community: The people of Woonsocket are steady workers; the location is near the densely populated cities of the East. And then, the foundation brags, Woonsocket has "honest and progressive city government," a statement that would have evoked horse laughs a few years ago.

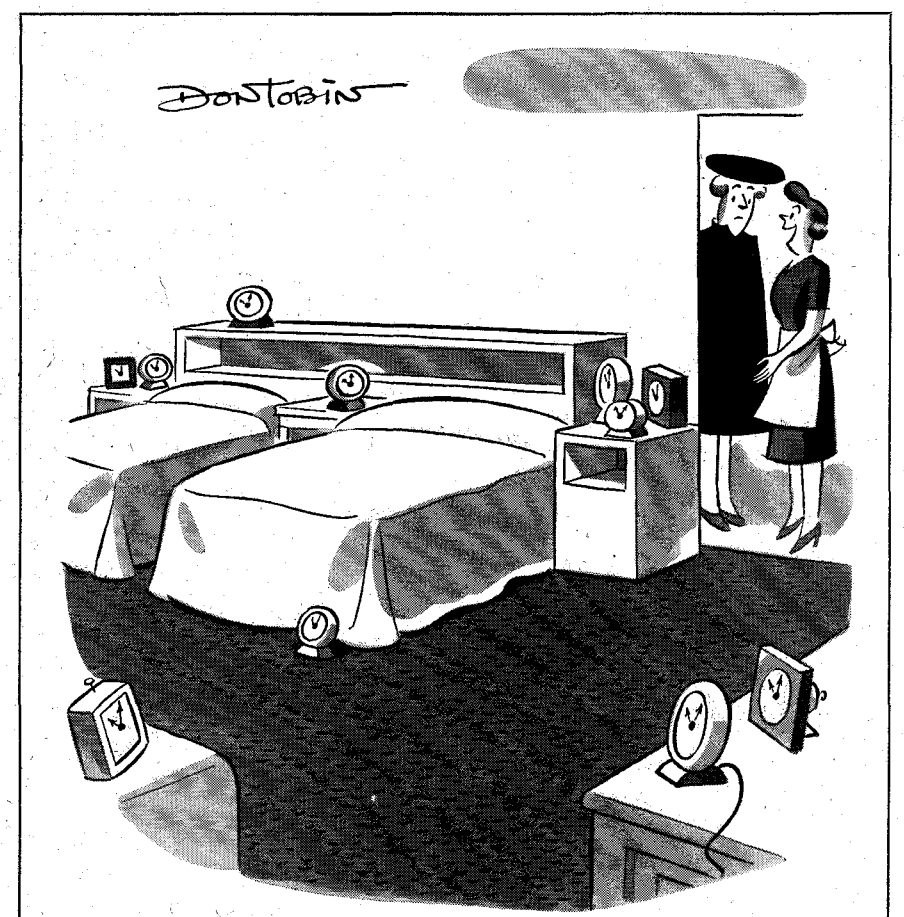
To picture this beleaguered textile town as a land of milk and honey would be absurd. It would take the city's total income for five years merely to restore plant, structures and streets to reasonable levels of efficiency. Not one of its elementary schools can score higher than 49 per cent on an educational rating system. Fortunately, more than half the children attend private or parochial schools. Woonsocket still faces the problem of developing proper highway and traffic controls, of renovating an inadequate sewer system, of enlarging its water supplies. It needs new traffic regulations and new building codes.

Like a patient in a modern clinic, the city has been thumped by experts who are trying to assess the damage done by years of profligate living. And after all these municipal blood tests, the doctors agree that the patient won't die, but is suffering from thirty-five years of dissipation.

For one thing, the city is now prepared to take disaster in its stride. Only a few months ago the huge $6,000,000 Manville-Jencks mill located in Greater Woonsocket burned, and with it went some 650 jobs with the occupying Royal Electric Company. Within weeks the foundation bought another mill, and the Royal Electric was back in business in Woonsocket proper, again employing 650 Woonsocket people. That wouldn't have happened three years ago.

Hurricane Diane dealt Woonsocket a terrible blow in August, 1955. Dams broke north of the city and sent a fifteen-foot wall of water cascading into the Social District, most congested residential section. Hundreds of business buildings were damaged.

The city government was not wholly unprepared. Two weeks earlier, the mayor and his advisers had drawn up a comprehensive disaster plan. That plan was put into immediate operation. More than 5000 persons were evacuated from 1100 homes. The flood caused damage estimated at $8,000,000, but the city didn't even whimper. It spoke proudly of the efficient way its new public-works department had swung into action; how well the police and firemen had behaved. And the people gave thanks because there was no long casualty list. Even before the waters had subsided people were asking: Will there be Mardi Gras this coming winter, with all these disasters?



"By the time he gets the last one shut off, he figures he might as well stay up."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

There are mixed opinions about Woonsocket's Northern Mardi Gras. Some say they wish the energy could go into something more durable than a week-long series of dances and parades. Others point out that this is the third time around and the King of Misrule and his Queen might be smothered in deep snow. But the Junior Chamber of Commerce men, a hardy breed, say, "Mardi Gras is good for our morale."

So Woonsocket will soon go about its task of selecting a Queen, not on the basis of beauty or talent, but on the practical ground of tickets sold. "To sell tickets, you got to be pretty," they reason. "So we always get pretty queens."

Last year, they point out, the Mardi Gras was seen by more than 250,000 visitors. It created the greatest traffic tieup the state has ever seen.

"This year the Mardi Gras will be bigger than ever," says John T. Murphy, chairman of the Mardi Gras Committee. "We'll have four parades instead of three. Nothing will stop them except an old-fashioned blizzard. What's a little thing like cold weather?"

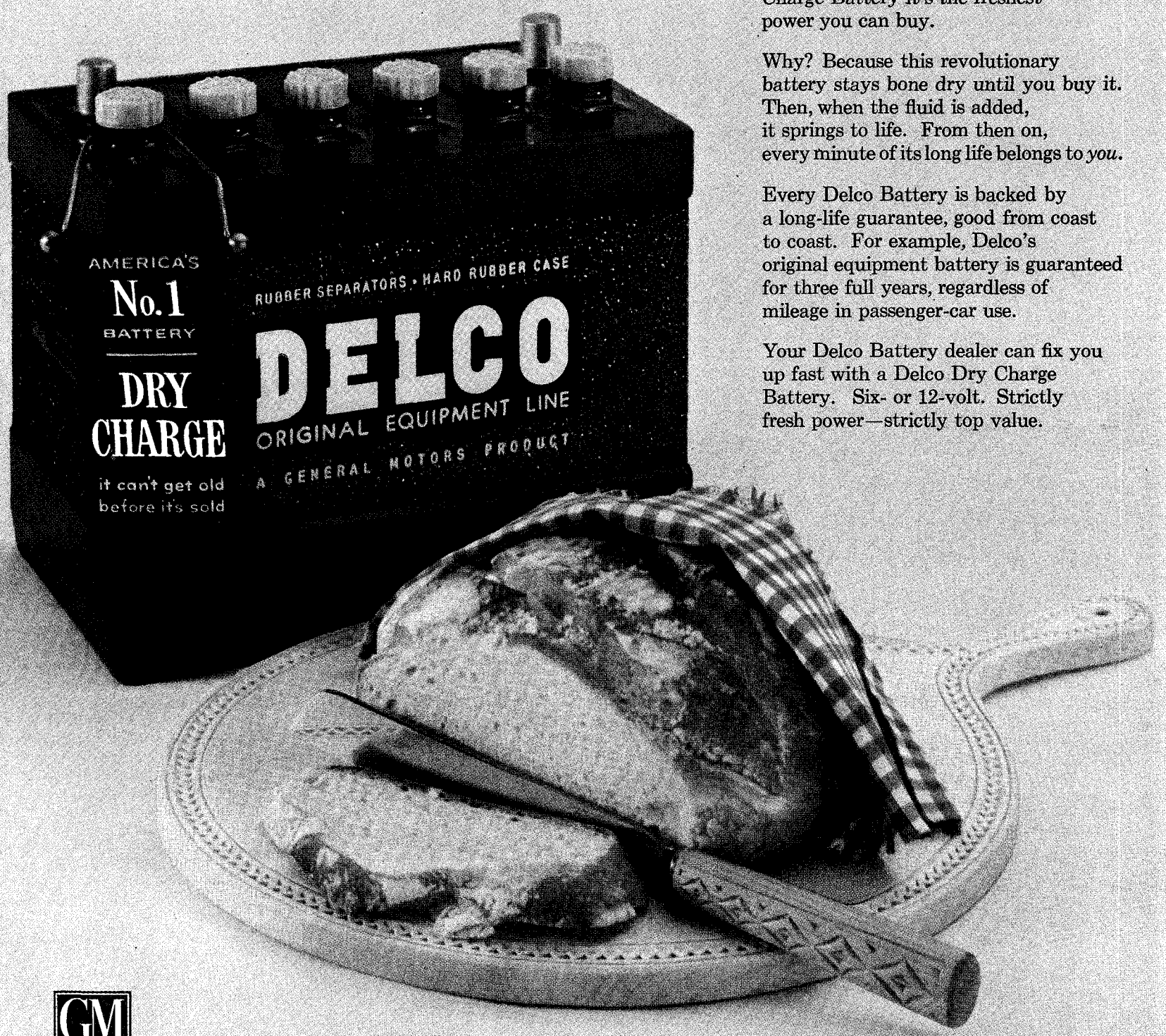
What, indeed, to a city that has survived blood-letting by political parasites, borne the burdens of unemployment, been wracked by flood and fire? This spunky city is now looking ahead, not begging sweet charity, but determined to work itself out of trouble, and to have fun doing it.

There will be music and singing and dancing in the streets of Woonsocket this month. And who knows, perhaps a bit of sunshine too. THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Best because they're fresh

and a Delco Dry Charge Battery is always fresh when you buy it



One mouth-waterin' whiff—and you just *know* that bread is fresh!

And now there's a sure-fire test for freshness in batteries, too. *Just look for the name.* If it's a Delco Dry Charge Battery it's the freshest power you can buy.

Why? Because this revolutionary battery stays bone dry *until* you buy it. Then, when the fluid is added, it springs to life. From then on, every minute of its long life belongs to *you.*

Every Delco Battery is backed by a long-life guarantee, good from coast to coast. For example, Delco's original equipment battery is guaranteed for three full years, regardless of mileage in passenger-car use.

Your Delco Battery dealer can fix you up fast with a Delco Dry Charge Battery. Six- or 12-volt. Strictly fresh power—strictly top value.

GM GENERAL MOTORS PARTS SALES

UNITED MOTORS SYSTEM

GENERAL MOTORS LEADS THE WAY····· STARTING WITH DELCO BATTERIES

TUNE IN . . . ON TV Spectacular "Wide Wide World" on NBC Network **ON RADIO** Lowell Thomas Newscast on CBS Network • See your local listings for time and station

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Reds' New Gimmick

(Continued from Page 17)

we shared this aversion, he endlessly repeated the same grand theme to Bulganin, to Khrushchev and to the world at large:

"America's intentions are wholly peaceful, and nothing on earth can tempt us to commit aggression."

At the same time, Eisenhower was not so softheaded as to suppose that he could get peace simply by convincing the masters of the Kremlin that America wanted peace at any price. He saw quite well that it was positively dangerous to seem too peaceful, unless he could also convince the Soviet leaders that they would suffer sorely if they were not every bit as peaceful as ourselves. Besides his grand theme, therefore, Eisenhower also had to tell the Soviets, in effect:

"Although you can be quite certain we shall never launch an unprovoked attack on you, be careful that you don't push us too far. For if you go on pushing as you have been doing, and America's security begins to be endangered, we shall surely hit you with everything we've got."

Obviously, it was not easy to say this sort of thing to Bulganin and Khrushchev without grave risk of misunderstanding. Hence it perfectly suited the President's purpose that his old friend and former Russian comrade-in-arms, Soviet Marshal Georgi Zhukov, had been included in the Soviet delegation to the Summit. Zhukov had been brought to the Summit primarily because he was known as the President's friend. His mere presence there, in fact, was an open invitation to presidential confidences. The President gladly accepted the invitation.

Eisenhower's long personal talks with Zhukov were the most closely guarded episodes of the entire Summit meeting. But the President has now told just enough people just enough about these talks, so that one can be sure of the second point about the Summit that has to be firmly grasped. The point was originally made by Eisenhower to Zhukov in the high, gilded room overlooking Geneva Lake.

Here, in the intervals of free discussion of many other topics, Eisenhower in fact conveyed to Zhukov approximately the kind of warning against further Soviet pushing that has been outlined above. The warning was conveyed amiably, almost philosophically, in the context of Eisenhower's protestations of peaceful intent, and in the context also of the two soldiers' confessions to each other that H-bomb war would be just about tantamount to national suicide. No line was drawn. No limit was laid down. Eisenhower simply intimated that we would end by risking war, if need be, rather than go on submitting to Soviet pushing until the Western alliance was finally pushed to the wall.

Zhukov seemed to see the President's point. Eisenhower left Geneva hoping that Zhukov had understood him, and hoping, too, that the masters of the Kremlin would understand Zhukov's report on his talks with the American President.

The mere existence of this hope, even though it was temporary, tentative and secret, clears up one part of the mystery of these last months. It explains the extraordinary post-Summit optimism of the Western leaders. And indeed, if the President's hope had been fulfilled, he might well have won his great gamble.

The birth of a degree of confidence between the cold-war adversaries; a measure of disarmament, for which the President's inspection plan was intended to prepare; and above all, an end to the endless Soviet pushing, leading on to final acceptance by both sides in the world struggle of the existing frontiers between them—these are, after all, the essential ingredients of an agreement to live and let live. If these three ingredients were only present, all the big but subsidiary problems, such as the problem of Germany, would quickly become capable of some sort of solution. Either way, the cold war would thus be drawing to its close.

The President's very tentative hope was by no means foolish, for it was based on a practical estimate of really long-range Soviet interests. But the big fact that must now be faced is the fact that the President's generous gamble at Geneva utterly and tragically failed. The Soviet pushing that he had in mind when he conveyed his warning at the Summit was the old familiar pushing in the Far East. This has not ceased. Instead, it has been intensified.

In the last six months, the Chinese-communist military build-up in the region of the Formosa Strait has continued to a critical point. The military-political pressure that has already won North Vietnam is now being directed in a most active way against all the rest of Indochina. Communist intrigues are beginning to wean Thailand away from the Western alliance. In Malaya, the communist military-political underground has lately achieved a brilliant new success; after the elections there, the great British commercial center and naval base of Singapore is now trembling in the balance.

But these developments in the Formosa Strait and Southeast Asia are far less than half the story. At the very moment when Eisenhower was exchanging confidences with Zhukov, the Soviet leaders were already planning a wholly new and desperately dangerous push in a wholly new and absolutely vital area.

In April, a full three months before the Summit meeting, the Czech ambassador in one of the Western capitals approached his Egyptian colleague with an interesting suggestion. Egypt wanted arms. Because of the tense situation between the Arab states and Israel, the Western powers had imposed a voluntary ceiling on arms shipments to the Middle East. But if Egypt could not get arms from Washington or London, why not, asked the Czech ambassador, seek the same arms in Moscow and Prague? MIG-15 jet fighters, Il-28 jet bombers, T-34 and Stalin tanks were just as good as anything the Westerners could supply, and maybe better. And such arms, added the Czech, might be obtainable on easy terms.

This discreet approach, so ironically made under the very nose of one of the chief Western allies, soon led to negotiations in Cairo between the Soviet ambassador there, Danyil Solod, and representatives of the ruling Egyptian junta headed by Col. Gamal Abdel Nasser. By May, the American Government had indications that these negotiations were going on. In June, the Israeli Government sent an official message to Washington that the Egyptians would shortly be getting Soviet arms. The Israeli message was in turn confirmed by repeated, anguished messages from the able American ambassador in Cairo, Henry A. Byroade.

These disturbing messages were somewhat fecklessly disbelieved by the American policy makers. Hence it seems unlikely that Eisenhower made any specific reference, in his talks at the Summit, to the important new move the Soviets were already preparing. In any case, the Summit meeting did not interrupt the Soviet-Egyptian negotiations. The arms-purchase agreement was concluded. When the first shipment of arms was actually on the way to Alexandria, the agreement was announced to the world this autumn.

At the same time, it also became known that the Soviets were peddling arms to Syria, Saudi Arabia and Afghanistan. And it was further revealed that the Kremlin had offered to build the gigantic high Aswan dam for the Egyptians, at a total cost of $600,000,000 and on remarkably easy credit terms.

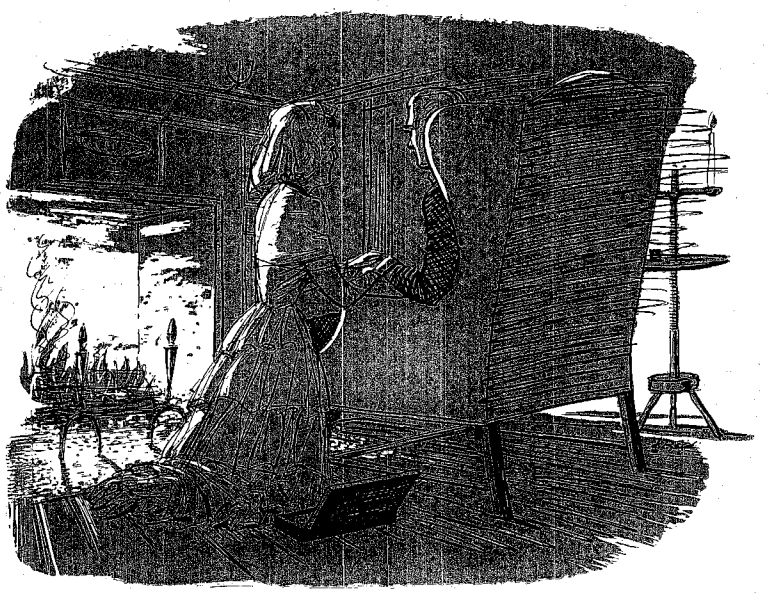
Soviet propaganda has claimed that these are "ordinary commercial transactions." But this is nonsense. For the short run, as the masters of the Kremlin clearly foresaw, the Middle Eastern arms sales have created a grave danger of renewed fighting between Arabs and Israelis. The Israelis are now almost unbearably tempted to attack preventively, while they are still stronger than the Egyptians and their other enemies. Later, the Egyptians will be almost equally tempted to try to crush the Israelis with the new power they are gaining from the Soviets. This Middle Eastern war danger will be hard to guard against. If war comes, the resulting troubled waters will be ideal for communist fishing.

For the longer run, moreover, the new Soviet maneuvers in the Middle East must be regarded as mere opening gambits in another vast communist power play. The anti-Western bitterness of the Arabs, caused by the presence of the Israelis; the always enduring tension between the two races; the extreme instability of most of the governments of the Arab states; and the deep penetration of the communist underground in all these states, including even Western-allied Iraq and Jordan—such are the explosive raw materials with which the masters of the Kremlin have now briskly gone to work.

Their purpose is nothing less than driving out Western influence and establishing Soviet predominance throughout the whole strategically vital Middle East. The ablest Western leaders deeply fear, moreover, that the masters of the Kremlin may eventually accomplish their purpose. Publicly, the Western leaders whistle in the graveyard. But during the fiasco of the recent Foreign Ministers' meeting—which was supposed to be and indeed proved the "acid test of the Geneva spirit"—Secretary of State Dulles told the Israeli Foreign Minister, Moshè Sharett, that the Soviet intrusion into the Middle East was potentially "more serious" than the Korean aggression that forced us to go to war. Later, Dulles is known to have informed the National Security Council that the establishment of a strong Soviet position in Egypt would be "worse than the loss of China."

Yet even this enormous extension of the Soviet pushing program into another vulnerable area of the utmost importance to the West is really not the whole story either. To the old Soviet techniques of pushing, which are military menace and political infiltration, two new techniques of pushing have now been added. Both were first revealed in the Middle East. First there is the parody of American foreign aid, like the offer to build the high Aswan dam for the Egyptians. Such parodies of our aid programs are also being staged in other strategically significant countries, like Burma. Second, there is the hawking of the huge arms surpluses created by the continuous modernization of the gigantic Soviet war machine. This is also happening wherever these surplus arms will cause the most trouble, even including some countries in South America.

Besides adding these novel techniques of pushing, the Kremlin also seems to be contemplating still further extensions of its pushing program. For example, credible reports have already described the establishment of a special Kremlin bureau to co-ordinate Soviet pushing throughout hatred-poisoned and disordered Africa. In sum, instead of the agreement to live and let live which Eisenhower sought, the real sequel to the Summit meeting has been a ruthless and determined Soviet offensive, employing wholly new weapons, sustained by importantly increased resources, and waged on an immensely enlarged front. The sober London (Continued on Page 88)



What's Going On Here?

The wife of a leading American attorney and war hero, a man so distinguished that he is regarded as being of presidential caliber although never nominated for the post, is pleading privately with her husband. She questions whether he should take a dangerous course which has already cost the life of one member of their family. But he feels duty-bound to proceed. His decision leads to his untimely death at the age of forty-seven. Who was he, and how did he die?

Robert Y. Roberts

(Answer on Page 88)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Having fun is good for you...

Whether it's playing with the children outdoors or having some other kind of fun, it helps you relax, gives you a break from the daily grind and improves your outlook for tomorrow.

Feel good so you can enjoy your fun!

Sometimes you don't feel up to fun. And no wonder! After a rough day, you may be sort of all-in, all-over with a headache, upset stomach or general achy feeling. That's when you should . . .

take the medicine that's so refreshing

Take ALKA-SELTZER

Drop ALKA-SELTZER tablets in water and listen to them *fizz!* This is the action-in-the-glass that completely changes ALKA-SELTZER tablets into liquid . . . a relief-giving liquid your system can use easily and naturally. After all, even solid food has to become liquefied before your system can make use of it. ALKA-SELTZER saves your system time and quickly sets you right again.

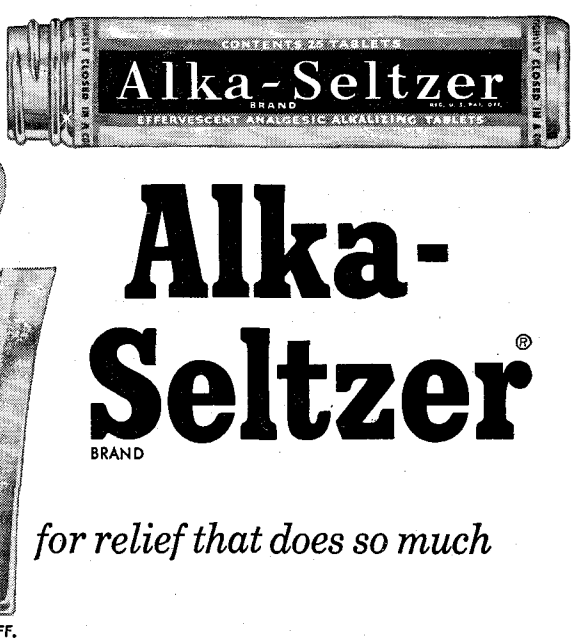
Take ALKA-SELTZER . . . for relief of Headache, Upset Stomach, Aches and Pains, or Cold Discomforts.

WHEN YOU HAVE A COLD . . . the comfort ALKA-SELTZER gives means so much.

GARGLE with ALKA-SELTZER to relieve the irritated throat.

DRINK ALKA-SELTZER to ease the feverish, achy feeling.

FEEL BETTER while you're getting better — keep on taking ALKA-SELTZER as directed for relief in colds.



Alka-Seltzer®

BRAND

favorite of so many *for relief that does so much*

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Miles Laboratories, Inc. • Elkhart, Indiana

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Continued from Page 86) Economist has stated the Soviet goal in a single chilling sentence:

"Country after country is to be pushed or pulled into the (communist) orbit until freedom is finally extinguished."

But how can Britain's freedom, how can our freedom, be threatened in the slightest by the scrawny communist guerrillas lurking in the steaming Malayan jungle or the screaming, communist-bedazzled students of Singapore? What is it to us if another of the Vietminh's communist cadres has just wormed his way into control of another little village on the rocky coast of Annam? Why should we shiver at the news that at least two members of the ruling Egyptian junta, Vice-Premier Gamal Salem and Col. Arwur el Sadat, are already classed as fellow travelers? Are our vital interests menaced because the chaotic and luxuriantly corrupt government of Syria permits Khalid Baqdash, the chief of the communist underground in the Middle East, to use Damascus as the headquarters of his far-spreading net of agents and infiltrators?

These questions can be answered correctly only by a painstaking calculation of the consequences, to us and to our major allies, of the great extensions of communist influence and rule that the Kremlin is now hoping and working for.

Some of these entirely foreseeable consequences are primarily political. Further great communist advances in Southeast Asia must be expected to cause a reversal of alliances in Japan. Serious Kremlin successes in the Middle East will importantly encourage the reversal of alliances that many Germans are already considering, because of their desire to reunify their divided country. And if Germany and Japan ever break their present links with the West, the twin nightmares of Western diplomacy will have become hard realities.

Others among these consequences are primarily economic, with the political results following at one remove. If the communists ever control the rice of Southeast Asia, they can quickly starve a good many million people in India and Ceylon by the simple act of blocking rice shipments. Or if the communists ever control the seemingly inexhaustible oil pool that extends from Arabia up through Mesopotamia to Iran, they can eventually cripple our own economically vital motor industry by the simple act of turning off the oil tap. Too few of us realize the raw-material appetite of our own economy, but an expert study just prepared for the inner circle of American policy makers has now shown that within ten years over 40 per cent of the growing United States oil requirement will have to be supplied by the threatened Middle East.

A complete, factually supported list of the consequences the Kremlin hopes to produce by its pushing program would take a long, learned and depressing volume. Furthermore, ominous but general forecasts do not show how the chains of consequence will actually work. Let us try, therefore, to be as specific as possible. Let us take a very strange cast of characters—say a Malayan communist guerrilla, a permanent official of the British Treasury, and the tough, brilliant leader of the United States Strategic Air Command, Gen. Curtis LeMay. And let us see how these three wildly ill-assorted men can be intimately and grimly linked together in a drama of two scenes and a sequel with the utmost potential meaning for every American.

Scene 1 is set in a half clearing in the lush depths of the Malayan jungle. Besides the sunlight filtering through the forest roof, nothing marks the place but a few leaf-covered huts. All the same, this is the temporary headquarters of the secretary general of the Malayan Communist Party, Chin Peng. He is a slender, tubercular-looking Chinese, who won a British wartime decoration for his fight against the Japanese, and has now led the communist guerrillas in the jungle through most of the last ten bitter years.

Chin Peng is trying to decide a big question. After the first election held under the just-granted constitution of the Malay States, the new Malayan Chief Minister, Tengku Abdul Rahman, has proclaimed a cease-fire and invited the communists to truce talks. What should Chin Peng do about it? As Chin Peng ponders, one of the ghostly communist jungle runners slips into the clearing, panting but bearing news.

In Singapore city, which also has a newly elected representative government, the chiefs of the communist underground feel that the outlook is brilliantly promising. Lee Kuan Yew, the stooge who heads the procommunist grouping on the Singapore assembly, lacks only a couple of votes to gain a governing majority. More and more of the rich Chinese who really control the life of Singapore are taking communist orders in the vain hope of saving their skins and fortunes. "Fight on," is the message from Singapore; "in a little while this city will be ours; moreover Comrade Khrushchev and Comrade Mao have now ordered us to fight, by the channels you know of."

After such a message, Chin Peng has no choice. Calling his lieutenants, he issues rapid orders for a big new guerrilla attack that will utterly surprise Tengku Abdul Rahman and his friend, the British army commander in Malaya. So ends Scene 1.

Some such scene as this must actually have occurred not long ago, prior to the bloody, treacherous communist assault on the undefended town of Kea Fram, which abruptly ended the Tengku Abdul Rahman's cease-fire and started the Malayan fighting all over again. As for the second scene of our drama, it is no doubt taking place as these words are written, as part of the preparation for British Prime Minister Sir Anthony Eden's visit to President Eisenhower.

Scene 2 is set in one of the shabby, cozy, Victorian offices of the higher civil servants of the British Treasury. A Treasury official is anxiously conning Britain's national balance sheet. At this moment a money crisis is going on in London. Yet the Treasury official all but ignores the figures showing that Britain's vital hard-currency reserves of gold and dollars are now shrinking toward the danger point. Instead, with weary apprehension, he turns to the figures showing the principal points of origin of the annual hard-currency earnings which are literally Britain's economic lifeblood.

No less than 16 per cent of the total British income of hard currency is produced, in most years, by the Malayan tin mines and rubber plantations. Another large percentage is earned by the British shipping, banking, insurance and mercantile enterprises of Singapore. Still another, even more vital percentage comes from the British-owned oil wells in the Arab states. Altogether, just about 40 per cent of Britain's entire annual income of hard currency comes from the Middle and Far East. In other words, 40 per cent of Britain's lifeblood comes from the principal target areas of the Kremlin's pushing program.

So the Treasury official writes a minute to his Chancellor, for submission to the Prime Minister. The Prime Minister must be at pains to persuade the President, so the official writes, that some way must be found to halt this Kremlin pushing here and now. For if the Kremlin pushing is finally successful, the loss of Britain's earnings from the Middle and Far East will leave Britain economically prostrate, barely able to feed her people, and all but destroyed as a nation.

Then the Treasury official remembers the breakdown of the Malayan cease-fire, and he adds an illustration. Britain's margin is so narrow, he writes, that the mere loss of the Malayan revenues will mean final defeat in Britain's harsh postwar struggle to maintain her historic standing as a world power. Let Malaya go, and the NATO divisions in Germany and all the other considerable British contributions to Western defense will have to go by the board too. The sternest austerities will have to be resumed at home. And this sort of heartbreaking setback, so unexpected by the British people, will also quite surely produce an enormous political upheaval in Britain.

Might it not be well, the Treasury official suggests, for the Prime Minister to spell out—in a tactful way, of course—the kind of form the political upheaval can so easily take—to point out, for example, that it is quite likely to bring to power a Labor Party led by Aneurin Bevan, whose anti-American sentiments are greatly feared, and with some justification, in the United States? With this suggestion, the Treasury official finishes his minute, and so ends Scene 2.

Our drama's first and second scenes, it must be emphasized, symbolically yet very precisely represent the situation as it stands today. From these two scenes, in turn, the sequel involving General LeMay can be logically deduced. If the Kremlin's pushing program is frustrated, of course, there will be no such sequel.

But suppose Chin Peng finally wins Malaya, in accordance with the Kremlin's plan—which is quite possible. Suppose that the near-bankruptcy caused by the loss of Malaya in turn produces a major political upheaval in Britain—which will be quite inevitable. Suppose that the Treasury official is right and that this upheaval brings Aneurin Bevan to power in London—for this is just the sort of chance that Bevan is very obviously and rather astutely waiting for. In this event, we must expect that the new Prime Minister will soon expel Gen. Curtis LeMay's air groups from their great air-base complex in East Anglia; for Bevan has long advocated the expulsion. And we must expect, further, that our other trans-atlantic air bases will be denied to us shortly thereafter; for in this touchy matter it is almost mathematically certain that our lesser allies will follow the lead set by our strongest, stoutest and most intimate ally.

What then will be the effect on our Strategic Air Command—the only offensive weapon, remember, in the whole armory of American and Western defense? How much will SAC be weakened by the loss of the overseas bases by the chain of consequences outlined above? Where will SAC stand, and where shall we stand, if this chain of consequences ever unfolds to its wholly logical conclusion?

The arithmetic of the answer is simple but displeasing. In brief, General LeMay's SAC has only an extremely limited power to strike from continent to continent. Almost all its long-range groups are still equipped with B–36's. These lumbering aircraft cannot be relied on to penetrate the new Soviet air defense built around the very-high-performance Farmer day-fighter and Flashlight night-fighter. Replacement of the obsolete B–36's with the new B–52 jet bombers is going forward at a snail's pace.

Furthermore, SAC has only a very small complement of true long-range groups. The great majority of SAC groups are officially designated as medium range. The 1500 B-47 jet bombers of these medium-range groups constitute much more than three quarters of SAC's total striking power.

SAC does not have 1500 B-47's, of course, just because this number happened to strike General LeMay's fancy. SAC has 1500 B-47's because General LeMay figures he cannot be sure of doing his assigned job without a force of this size. In other words, SAC needs to be able to mount an initial attack on a scale of no less than 1500 B-47's, in order to be sure of knocking out the Soviet Union if that terrible necessity ever arises. And if the overseas air bases are denied, SAC's B-47 striking power will be cut by a wholly crippling 80 per cent.

That statement will startle all but a few insiders, but the facts are not secret. With no overseas bases to stage through, a B-47 must be refueled in the air at least twice—once on the way out and once on the way back—in order to reach a Soviet target and return to this continent. For this air refueling, SAC depends on a fleet of about 600 tankers, many of them obsolescent, and with replacements, once again, coming in at a snail's pace. One long air-refueling sortie is the best a tanker can do in a day. Hence a single intercontinental B-47 sortie will require two supporting tanker sorties. With 600 tankers, therefore, SAC can mount an intercontinental B-47 strike on the scale of only 300 planes, instead of the 1500 that General LeMay regards as a minimum requirement. So there can be no knockout blow without the overseas bases.

In this rather simple manner, therefore, the Kremlin can win the cold war—and the world. The pushing program deals Britain a deadly wound in her Achilles' heel, which is her dependence for economic survival on the remnants of her empire. The wound to Britain in turn exposes our Achilles' heel, which is SAC's dependence on its overseas bases. And so the hoped-for moment comes when the air-atomic balance, which is the present mainspring of history, is broken at last in the Kremlin's favor; when we can hurt the Soviet Union, but can no longer destroy it; and when the Soviets meanwhile can utterly destroy the United States. It may be as easy as that, and who can doubt what the result will be, if that moment which the masters of the Kremlin hope for comes indeed?

Naturally no one can be positive that the precise chain of consequences outlined above will unfold in the precise manner that has been described. In the soft areas where the Kremlin is pushing, the key nations of the Western alliance have not one Achilles' heel, but several. One may be defended, while another is struck. There are a score of different kinds of major success that

---

Answer to

What's Going On Here?

(Page 86)

Alexander Hamilton, Revolutionary War aide to George Washington, former Cabinet member and outstanding lawyer, was fatally wounded in a pistol duel over politics in 1804 on the same field at Weehawken, New Jersey, where his eldest son, Philip, was killed in a political duel almost three years earlier. Aaron Burr, who shot the senior Hamilton, was a member of the same Federalist Party to which Hamilton belonged, but their clashing personalities led to a feud which could be settled only under the code of honor of the day. Burr, afterward indicted for murder, went south and was later cleared.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the pushing program can win for the Kremlin; and each success is capable of producing not just one reaction, but several different possible reactions. But our drama, although unavoidably oversimplified, none the less accurately and concretely conveys the basic strategic concept behind the Kremlin's pushing.

The concept originated from the intense aversion of the masters of the Kremlin to the fearful dangers of an H-bomb war—the same aversion that the President built his hopes on when he made his great gamble at the Summit. Since the masters of the Kremlin have no desire whatever to fight an H-bomb war—at least until our own air-atomic power has been safely crippled—they are avoiding any provocative frontal assault on the leading nations of the West. But the masters of the Kremlin still want victory without any inconvenient risk of all-out war. That is the aim of the pushing program. The soft areas into which the Kremlin is now pushing seem impossibly remote to the peoples of the leading Western nations. Hence the pushing involves only the most trifling war risk. But in actuality, these same soft areas are the exposed flanks of the Western alliance. If the flanks fall, the Western center will become untenable. So communist victory is to be won in the end, and this victory will be no less final and complete because it has been so largely won by indirection.

Such, beyond doubt, is the grand strategy of the Kremlin in the present phase of the cold war. A great many people will think that it is lurid and over-gloomy to suppose the Kremlin may win the cold war by its pushing program. But these people should compute the consequences of the first post-war push of world communism. Whatever they may have thought about Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, not one American in ten thousand even dimly foresaw the price that would be paid for the loss of China. Yet that price, to date, has been the bloody, costly and indecisive war in Korea and the further loss of the key region of Indochina; and the whole bill has by no means been presented yet. And just as the loss of China utterly upset the whole Asiatic balance, so the loss of all the Far and Middle East will surely upset the whole world balance, leaving Western Europe in chaos, this country beleaguered and the Soviets in a posture of unchallengeable power.

That is what can happen if we are flaccid, self-indulgent and shortsighted. But it does not have to happen if the Western alliance is wise and determined. It does not have to happen, above all, if the United States is ready to make the efforts and take the risks that are needful to defeat the new Soviet offensive.

If we do not delay too long, the risks should not be unbearably great. At some future critical moment, it may certainly be necessary to behave in a Theodore Roosevelt manner—to send a message like T.R.'s famous ultimatum, "Perdicaris alive or Raisuli dead," which made the Sultan of Morocco jump to liberate a kidnaped American. But as long as the Kremlin is convinced we mean what we say, and is convinced, too, that we still have the power to erase the Soviet Union from the face of the earth, we can afford to be intelligently firm if the situation impellingly demands firmness.

As to the efforts that are needed, they will certainly be painful. A bold and imaginative development program is plainly essential to prevent the soft areas from remaining soft indefinitely. The nations that are now the Kremlin's targets are all disorganized, disordered and adrift, because they are all in the midst of the difficult transition from the ancient to the modern world. They cannot be left as standing temptations to the communists. They must be helped through their transition as rapidly as possible, and that will cost much money and clear thinking and hard work.

Money and clear thinking and hard work will be needed, too, in order to change the present trend of the simple military balance between the Soviet empire and the Western allies. This trend most probably was what gave the masters of the Kremlin the self-confidence, or perhaps one should say inspired the arrogance, with which they rejected the President's Summit overture. If they did not have their Farmers and Flashlights and their new jet bombers, the Bison and Badger; if they were not atomicizing the whole core of the Red Army while we equip a mere three divisions for atomic war; and if they were not presently ahead, too, in the crucial field of guided-missile development, they would hardly have ventured to answer the President with an enlarged and extended offensive. Their own consciousness of superior strength is another standing temptation to the chieftains of world communism, and this temptation must also be removed at all costs.

But make the efforts and accept the risks. Do all that is needful to achieve the stable world balance of power that the leaders of the West thought they might just have achieved at the Summit meeting.

Then the time will come again to seek an agreement to live and let live, such as the President sought at the Summit. His great Summit gamble was worth making, because it had at least an off chance of success. Indeed, it had to be made, for who would reject even an off chance of peace? And although the gamble failed, it still has the greatest meaning for the Western world, for it shows us what we ought to try for when by effort and by boldness we have gained ourselves a better chance. THE END

Best Cooks way to delicious QUICK MEALS

STOKELY'S *Finest* CUT GREEN BEANS . . .

so tender, slender, and garden fresh . . . with crisp, golden-brown chicken. A dish to delight both eye and taste.

STOKELY'S . . FOR THE FINEST IN FRUITS AND VEGETABLES • VAN CAMP'S . . THE LARGEST SELLING BEANS IN THE WORLD

Stokely–Van Camp

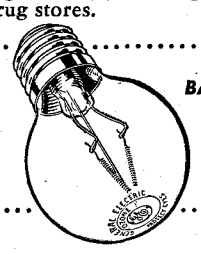
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Keep your home sweet-smelling with G-E OZONE lamps

You can avoid the embarrassment of objectionable odors in any room of your home—and enjoy the clean, fresh scent of outdoors—at a cost of less than 1¢ a day!

A tiny, 4-watt, General Electric Ozone Lamp electronically produces ozone—an activated form of oxygen—that destroys odors. No refills . . . no moving parts . . . no bother.

G-E Ozone Lamps operate in special, small fixtures. You can get attractive ones at leading department, electric appliance, hardware and drug stores.



BANISH ODORS OF:
Cooking • Closets
Stale Tobacco Smoke
Pets • Basements

For a FREE booklet giving complete information on these amazing G-E Ozone Lamps, write General Electric, Nela Park, Dept. SEP-2, Cleveland 12, Ohio.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Amazing New Medical Discovery

WORMS YOUR DOG AS YOU FEED HIM!

Now you can worm your dog quickly, easily—without muss or fuss—without danger, and no unhealthy after-effects. With New PULVEX Worm Caps you worm your dog as he eats. New PULVEX Worm Caps contain Piperazine Adipate, an amazing discovery that's proven to be fast, effective and safe. There's no starving, no struggling, no vomiting, no diarrhea.

New PULVEX Worm Caps are odorless; practically tasteless. Just mix with your dog's food. And while he eats, New PULVEX Worm Caps go to work to expel large roundworms (Ascarids). Get New PULVEX Worm Caps, with Piperazine Adipate, at your drug, pet or department store. Also sold for cats and kittens. Another quality Pulvex pet care product from COOPER, Chicago 14, Ill.

The Wolves in Our Tent

(Continued from Page 35)

camp. We shouldered our final back packs, put leashes on the wolves and went toward the lake. To our surprise, the wolves led easily.

A high bank concealed the plane. I waited with Lady, out of sight of the alien activity. Taking Trigger, Cris went down to help the pilot load our pile of dunnage.

Lady strained against the leash to escape. If I had fallen, she would have dragged me. Then she stood still, staring over the tundra and the bright mountain world that had been her home. Here she had leaped with Trigger in play; here they had dug for the mice called voles. Wild with delight, they had shoveled their noses in the first snow and found treasure to race with—the dropped eagle's feather, the shed caribou antler.

Lady whirled and leaped despairingly at my face. I shouted for Cris. He put Trigger's leash in the pilot's hand, and came. He dragged Lady to the plane. Meanwhile, Trigger had bitten the pilot twice. Our wolves had turned—how deeply and permanently we did not realize.

On the flight out, Lady lay motionless, her face in a corner. Trigger crouched by Cris' knee. We came to Bettles airstrip, south of the range, and waited there a few days for a plane to Point Barrow, where we were to winter. The two wolves refused to eat, refused to let us touch them.

At Barrow, Cris chained the wolves in front of our wanigan, one of a row of four or five wanigans beside the airstrip. A wanigan is a narrow shack on runners; it can be drawn by tractor across snow or tundra. Ours had been the cook's galley. One end was nearly filled by the cookstove, the other by an improvised bed. A counter stood between bed and stove. There was a narrow aisle; tight quarters these, for two people and all their gear.

Outdoors there was constant activity during the "day," which was dark except for a few hours of twilight. Eskimos from Barrow village four miles away, working at the airstrip, snow weasels roaring, on some days a plane or two landing—all terrified the wolves.

Cris said, "Lois, I'm going to bring them inside." He dragged the wolves, one at a time, toward the open door. They shot under the bed, seeing it in a flash as a den. Cris, talking quietly to them, ventured a hand and unsnapped their chains. The two hostile wolves were at liberty with us in the wanigan.

They lay quietly under the bed, except that each time we sidled past, Trigger bit our ankles. The den had become his property, and he resented encroachment. Cris hung a tarp over the side of the bed, giving the wolves and our ankles more seclusion.

The next night we were awakened by cold noses touching our faces. There was the smell of wolf fur, like the smell of clean hay. Shadowy forms prowled about our bed.

"Is that you, Lady?" we quavered. "Is that you, Trigger?"

Cris got the light on. The wolves, thoroughly recovered from the horrors of their plane ride, were prepared to take the wanigan to pieces. Trigger stood on his hind legs and pulled clothes from overhead shelves, tipped over Cris' cameras, reared almost to the ceiling, paws on the counter, and looked purposefully into the kitchen end of the wanigan. Then he burrowed his chin in the softness of our sleeping bag. One leg, then all four legs snuggled on top. Trigger, always a luxury lover, had found new luxury.

At first we were amused. Cris got up and fed the wolves; for the first time in days they ate. Trigger, with his bloody bone, leaped onto the bed. He felt me move inside the sleeping bag and lunged at my face, snarling. His eyes flared black and brilliant.

There was no time to think. I instantly began to talk "wolf." In Lady's brilliant, complaining voice, like that of a peevish woman, I said, "Do-o-n't, Trigger!"

The wolf's clear, intelligent eyes brushed mine. Cris took the cue. He began to coax. Trigger caught on. He got off the bed. Luxurious as it was, he understood that it was for us alone.

Another eerie adventure occurred at Christmastime. I had received several bottles of perfume. Before retiring, I stroked some on my forehead. I was awakened in the night by a hard, hairy jaw stroking my forehead. Then a wolf's chest began rolling over my face. Cris got the light on. It was Trigger, in ecstasies over the perfume.

Cris was interested. "Get some of that stuff for me," he said.

We perfumed our hands and let the wolves roll on them. Their eyes flashed, their white teeth showed. "I like to see them enjoying themselves," Cris said. "Let's get a pint for the wolves."

Trigger joins Cris Crisler in spontaneous song. The Crislers never disciplined the wolves nor tried to teach them anything.

One morning Lady was in the wanigan when Kobuk, a white dog she liked, came by. She darted out after him, into the blackness, dragging her short chain. We were not much concerned, knowing she would not desert Trigger. What we didn't know was that Kobuk occasionally ran away to the Arctic Research Laboratory, a mile off, where other dogs lived.

Lady did not return. After some hours, Cris put on his parka and went to search for her. When he came back, he said, soberly, "I didn't realize the Eskimo fox traps were so near. They're lined up all along the airstrip and the lab area."

He searched again, returning once in a while to see if Lady had come home. He looked tired and white. At noon he telephoned a fifty-dollar reward notice to Barrow village. At four o'clock, when darkness had come again, he raised it to seventy-five dollars.

I bathed my eyes and resolved not to cry any more. *If only she died quickly and cleanly,* I thought.

Dean, our only neighbor, came over in the evening. He said, "A wolf is worth eighty-five dollars dead in the village."

Cris raised his offer to a hundred, and Dean went home to telephone the new

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

price to the native store in Barrow. Half an hour later he came back. "A native boy saw a 'big black fox' in a trap," he said. "The boy doesn't speak English. An Eskimo is bringing him here in a snow weasel."

The two Eskimos, with Dean and Cris, set out into the night, riding the weasel. I waited, and prayed. If it really was Lady in the trap, when she saw the yellow headlights of the weasel rolling toward her in the night, she might tear her leg loose and escape, injured, never to return.

After a while, Dean's rosy face appeared at the door window. "Do you want to come, Lois?"

"Is she badly hurt?"

"No."

Outside, the snow weasel stood at Dean's door. Cris, in the back, pushed a dark mass toward me. "Can you take Lady?"

I wrapped her chain around the wrist of my leather-and-wool mitten. For an instant I held the dear, huge, bushy form in my arms. Now Lady rushed me along the row of empty wanigans, lunged uncertainly at the first one, then recognized ours. The powerful wolf leaped at the small window, smashing it. I dragged her down, wrenched open the door, and Lady shot in and under her bed.

Cris told me what had happened. In the beam of the weasel headlights, they had seen the black wolf standing, one paw held in the trap. Her chain was wrapped around it. Cris went to her, talking gently. He lifted the trap and foot to his knee. The trap was too strongly set for him to open. He called an Eskimo to help. The man was afraid to approach, so Dean came up and tugged the trap open while Cris held Lady.

"She never whimpered or uttered a sound," Cris told me with pride. "A dog would have gone crazy."

The wolves still seemed uncanny to me. Would they ever turn on us violently, unpredictably? Up to now, when they had turned on us, it had been under pressure and understandable.

At the end of January the sun rose. Change was ahead again for us and the wolves.

We flew back to our old camp in the Brooks Range, where we had adopted the wolves as pups. The chartered plane set down our supplies on the snowy tundra. We penned the wolves while we back-packed the supplies to the tent. On the day we finished this work, Cris opened the gate of the pen. In the genial gruff voice the wolves had always seemed to like, he sang out the old question, unused since November: "Want to go for a walk?"

It was a radiant arctic spring day, twenty below zero. The hummocks on the tundra and the marble mountains around us cast azure shadows. The free, collarless wolves raced around us. As the four of us proceeded, happiness purred in me. But would Trigger and Lady come back to camp with us? They did.

Then one day on a walk they did not return. Our hearts died. "They took part of our life with them," Cris said. Two days later, when he had gone out at twilight for one more long sad look over the tundra, I heard him speaking gently, "Here, Lady. Here, Trigger." The wolves had come home.

A week later Cris propped open the gate for good; we lived with free wolves. Trigger came home sometimes with his tawny face and long legs tinted with blood. They had made a kill. But they came home! "A wolf has more authority after he has killed a caribou," Cris said.

Two Eskimos with a dog team pitched camp half a mile from our camp. They killed a caribou and threw the meat down near their tent. Trigger discovered it; it was now "his" meat. We saw him toiling up a distant ridge with a caribou leg in his mouth, seeking to cache it.

When we went down to the tent, followed by our wolves, an Eskimo was harnessing the dogs to bring in a second caribou he'd shot. His dogs were eating the old meat. Trigger's meat! The wolf was enraged. To him, those dogs had become enemies. Cris and I ran to stand between Trigger and the dogs.

As the dog team started to move, Trigger rushed in to attack. Cris, fending him off, said, "Get sticks!" I brought slender willow branches.

The scared driver held the dogs to a walk so we could keep up. Trigger had gone crazy. He uttered strange half howls. Again and again he circled to evade us and rush the dogs. We ran to intercept him. His eyes flashed, measuring me and my little willow stick.

When the dogs were tied at camp once more, Cris said, "Ask if they have a rope I can try to lead him home with."

I brought the rope. Now began a strange, unequal struggle. On one side was the man, armed only with love for this animal; on the other side was the crazed wolf, full-grown, a killer. His fangs were twice as long as a big dog's. His jaws could open to encompass a caribou's throat.

The wolf avoided Cris. Cris followed. Finally he got his hand on Trigger. He snatched for Cris' hand as the rope went swiftly around his neck. Cris gripped the rope at the nape of the wolf's neck to make it harder for him to bite his hand.

Holding the wolf this way, he patiently led him over the snow and bare tundra, speaking to him in a friendly voice.

Cris brought the wolf to camp and waited while I ran to get meat. "Go into the pen with the meat," he said. The wolves followed along.

In the cabin at last, Cris clung to me for a minute. "Trigger is so jealous of those dogs!" he said. "He nearly burned up when he saw them taking 'his' meat." Then, solemnly, with an inward look, he added, "Trigger didn't want to bite me. He tried to bluff me."

It was true. Trigger had actually been half permissive; he had pulled his punches. I never mistrusted the wolves again. If Lady growled at me, I hugged her. The margin of mystery was gone. We felt that we knew our wolves to their hearts, that they would never be hostile to us except under pressure of circumstance.

One evening several days after the Eskimos had left, a strange wolf passed camp, uttering a mournful cry. Lady ran to her; Trigger followed. The stranger bit both on the flanks; wolves have little courtesies and ceremonies, and Trigger and Lady had omitted them. Then the wild wolf courted Trigger and Lady.

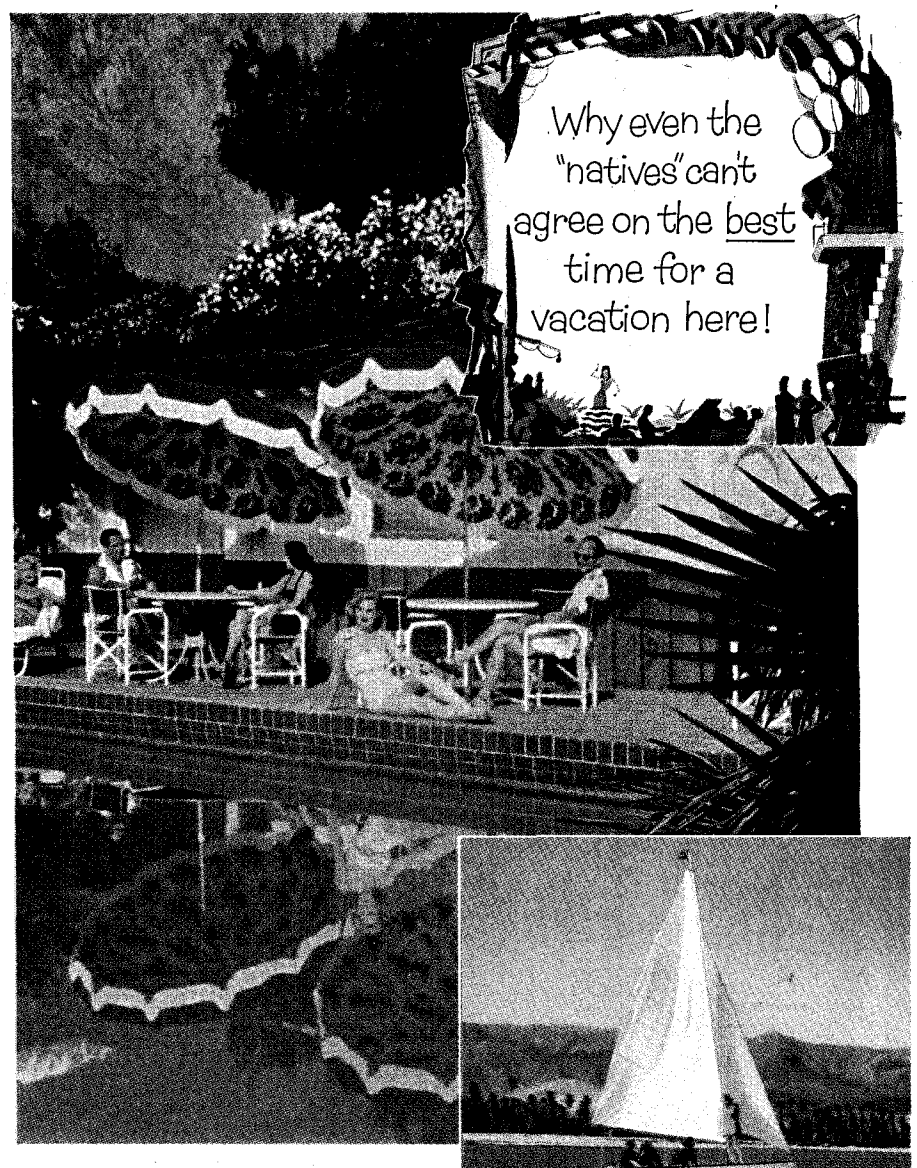
She was the most beautiful wolf we had ever seen, with a wide silver cape, black-edged. We gave her a name—Silver-mane. By night she hunted with Trigger and Lady; by day she lay on a low ridge overlooking camp, a quarter of a mile away.

Wolves do not breed till nearly two years old, but they start choosing mates when a year old. Silver-mane, an older wolf, chose Trigger. But Lady wanted Trigger too. She chased Silver-mane, who ran—at first. Then Lady played with Trigger, leaping over him as wolves do, easily and gracefully.

Trigger rejected her one evening just as they started the night's hunt. Leaving camp, they sang the deep hunting call together. It turned out to be Lady's death song. Silver-mane answered from the ridge. That night Lady and Silver-mane fought. In the morning Trigger and Silver-mane came home alone. Lady lay dead on the tundra, a patch of torn fur.

Now Silver-mane and Trigger hunted nightly on the arctic slope. Each morning on their return, she uttered grieving howls as he left her for the camp, and trotted off

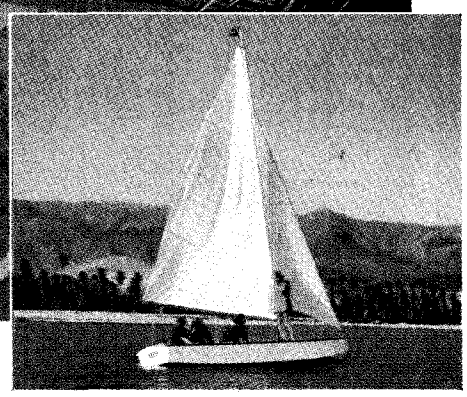
SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA



Typical midwinter scene, near Los Angeles. Because of our dry subtropic climate, opinions vary about the "best" time for a Southern California vacation. This Mediterranean-like climate (found no place else in U.S.) means *year-round* sunny skies, outdoor sports and flowers. If the oleanders aren't blooming, the camellias, roses or hibiscus *are*. You'll see oranges growing any day of the 365; our lawns and palms are forever green. And imagine a land where you sun-tan in January, yet sleep under blankets in July! What time of year *is* best here? Take your choice: winter, spring, summer, fall!

Seeing movie star footprints in forecourt of a Hollywood Blvd. theater. You'll also ride by homes of the stars, take in a radio or TV broadcast . . . Other "all-year" attractions close by: old Spanish missions, tall mountains, a subtropic isle!

ALL-YEAR CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA. *This advertisement sponsored by the Los Angeles County Board of Supervisors for the citizens of Glendale, Hollywood, Inglewood, Long Beach, Los Angeles, Pasadena, Pomona, Santa Monica and 182 other communities.*



Pacific Coast, north of Los Angeles. A 4-season fun area like *all* of Southern California. Its sunny beaches, crashing combers and salt air are yours to enjoy around the calendar. Sea caves and headlands . . . pelicans . . . ships Orient-bound!

SURPRISING FACTS ABOUT COSTS FROM ACTUAL VISITORS:

"The whole Southern California trip for five of us cost just $175 more than we normally spend."—*Herman M. Krueger, foreman, Milwaukee.*

"We found accommodations reasonable. Cost our family of six $150 more than our usual vacation much closer to home."—*Walter L. Keller, commercial artist, Redford, Michigan.*

FREE! BIG SIGHTSEEING MAP of Los Angeles County, all Southern California. Locates 645 sights, 80 movie star homes. *Mail coupon now.*

All-Year Club of Southern California, Div. C-2
629 So. Hill Street, Los Angeles 14, California
Please send me free Color Sightseeing Map.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____

*Zone*_____ *State*_____

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS

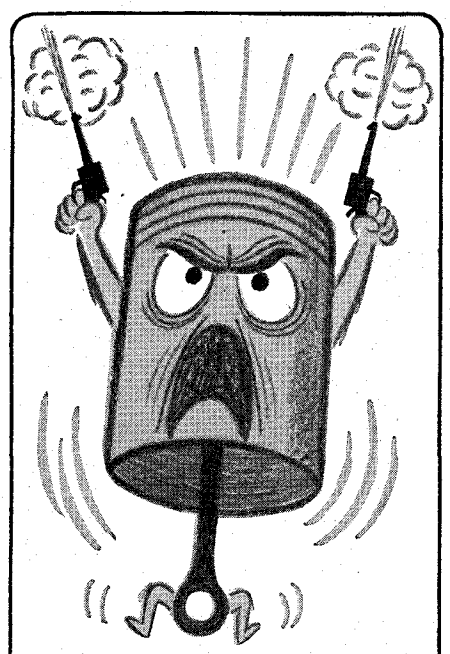
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Acid Indigestion? Heartburn? Gas?

Fix it On The Spot

with handy TUMS for the tummy

Now—to make sure you're never caught short—brand-new vacuum pack tin of twelve 10¢ rolls of TUMS . . . plus handy metal TUMS carrier. All just $1.00. Get one for your car, office, locker and medicine chest today.

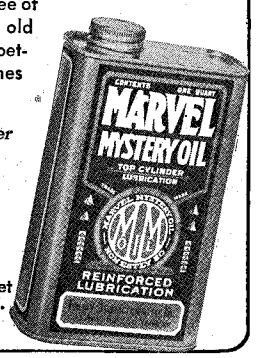


Pistol Packing Pistons?

Why wait for your car to blow its top! Stop ping, knocking, other engine noises with Marvel Mystery Oil. Marvel *lubricates* vital upper cylinders areas...keeps exhaust valves free of carbon...makes old engines sound better...new engines run smoother.

Ask your dealer for Marvel Mystery Oil today!

EMEROL MFG. CO., INC.
Dept. 450
242 West 69th Street
New York 23, N. Y.



to her old vantage point. She went with Trigger and me on walks, a hundred yards or more to the side. If I stopped and looked at her, she scratched defiance at me with her hind legs. Trigger could not get the human and the animal parts of his family together. I followed a short way in the evening sometimes, as the wolves left for the hunt. When I stopped to go back, Trigger would glance around, expecting me to continue with them.

Early on the morning of July thirtieth we saw Trigger coming home. Waiting, we called softly to him. In another five minutes the big, gray wolf would have his bowl of warm, powdered milk and be stretched out to sleep.

Suddenly we realized that he was not alone. Out on the tundra, following him, came Silver-mane and three other wolves. At last the two had found companions, and Trigger had brought them home.

The wolves saw us, and froze. Then they sped westward, away across the vast bright tundra. Trigger paused and glanced back at them. The wolves were fleeting away; Silver-mane too. We saw him make his decision. He stood motionless, his side toward us, his jaw firm, choosing. Then he was gone, following the wild wolves. We never saw Trigger again.

Miss Revolution (Continued from Page 24)

"All of them?"

"Only one. Those are some of his titles."

She considered it. "Sort of a dictator type?"

He looked at her again, a trifle more sharply this time. "You don't say things like that—not aloud." He put the car in gear. "Now the market."

"You married?"

"No."

"Engaged?"

"No."

"Antifemale?"

"Only on occasion," Bill said.

She nodded, pleased. "You bite, too, or at least show your teeth." The pleasure faded. "But when A.P. says 'frog' ——"

"I jump," Bill said. He looked at his watch.

"Late for your date? Just let me out anywhere. I'll get along."

"This is the market," Bill said. "The country people come down from the hills with their produce. And the local merchants have stalls." He had stopped the car. "Maybe you'd like to walk around."

"Oh, sure," Agatha said.

A.P. regarded Jefferson, who squirmed. "It is nothing I have done, A.P.," Jefferson said. "I promise you that. It is ——"

"Facts of life," A.P. said. "I'm a hotelman. This was a hotel. It was run-down; it hadn't made a nickel in fifteen years. It belonged to the state and it wasn't doing them any good at all. So we made a deal."

Jefferson looked somewhat relieved.

"I got the hotel for—peanuts. I put money into it, modernize it, make it attract tourists. Good for them, good for me."

Some of Jefferson's relief disappeared. "But *El Presidente*, from what I hear ——"

"If you listen you can hear all sorts of things. He's smart. He knows when not to be too greedy. We'll get along."

"But ——"

A.P. raised one large hand. "If he wants a small bite for himself, out of profits ——" He shrugged. "We'll go along. Cost of doing business." He paused. "I'll take care of policy. You just run the hotel." He stood up. "Anything else?"

Jefferson opened his mouth and then shut it again carefully. "No, A.P."

"Hoedown tonight all set?"

"Yes, A.P. I have made all arrangements." He hesitated. "*El Presidente* has accepted our invitation."

A.P. nodded. "Good. Looking forward to meeting him."

The market was crowded. "This is the big fiesta," Bill said. "Tonight, tomorrow, the next day. Everybody comes in for it. Fireworks ——" He stopped, nodded as a man walked past.

"*Es bueno el día?*" the man said.

"*El día es bueno*," Bill said. "Now over here are the silversmiths ——"

Agatha was translating laboriously. "He said, 'Is the day good?' didn't he?"

Bill nodded. "Something like that. . . ."

"And you said the same thing back, only reversed. But the guidebook says you say, '*Buenos días*.'"

He had stopped. He was looking at her, and he was smiling. It was the first smile she had ever seen on his face. She decided that it was more of a grin. "Guidebook?" he said. "You?"

"Your point." She said it easily, without pain. And then, "What were you before you went to work for Fitch Hotels?"

"Newspaperman."

"And before that?"

"Child."

She nodded. "That's where I want you to begin—right at the start."

"Silverwork," Bill said. "You pick out the souvenirs you want. I'll haggle for you."

"I'll bet your hair was curly," Agatha said. "And that's why you wear it short."

Bill said firmly, "Bracelets? Rings?"

"Just one. Through my nose. Then you can lead me around." She paused. "I have a funny feeling about you."

"I wear trousers," Bill said; "if that's what you mean." His hand on her elbow was surprisingly strong; it almost lifted her up to the nearest stall display. "Pick, Miss Fitch."

The man of the stall came forward. He smiled at Bill "*Es bueno el día?*"

Bill nodded. "*El día es bueno.*" It was not a good day, but if everything went well, the night would be better. Fifteen years was a long time, he thought, and the waiting was almost over.

They left the market. "You," Agatha said, "are sort of like an onion." Her elbow was a trifle tender where his hand had gripped it; it felt good. "A layer peels off, and there's another one right under it."

Bill said nothing.

"Where now?"

"Food."

She smiled at him. "Your date?"

"My date," Bill said.

Johnny O'Higgins already had a table, in a corner, set for two. He stood, tall and lean and graceful. He bowed over Agatha's hand. He held a chair for her. He smiled.

Bill said, in Spanish too fast for Agatha to follow, "I'm stuck. I couldn't get out of it without attracting attention, but it will be all right. I have the money." And then, "She's a brat."

Johnny said, "Impolite, old boy, speaking Spanish in the lady's presence." And his smile deepened. "And such a charming lady."

"Say it again," Agatha said; "slower this time. I think he missed it."

Bill said nothing.

Johnny popped his fingers for a waiter, ordered swiftly. "You have been seeing our city, Miss Fitch?"

"Every nook and cranny. Columbus and I"—she held up two fingers—"like that."

"And this afternoon?"

She looked at Bill. He said, "I thought maybe a swim at the hotel."

"The hotel," Johnny said. He lingered over the word. "Or a drive in the country? Out to my place, perhaps? You can swim there."

Agatha said, "Sounds wonderful."

Bill said, "I think the hotel. Miss Fitch is tired from the plane trip, and there's the—ball tonight." His hesitation supplied emphasis, ever so slight.

There was more silence.

Johnny said slowly, "Perhaps you're right. Another time."

"Maybe tomorrow," Agatha said.

"Tomorrow ——" Johnny began. He stopped. He and Bill looked at each other. "Perhaps tomorrow," Johnny said. He popped his fingers again. "And now, let us eat. The food here is good. I suggest ——"

They were in the car again. "I have freckled," Agatha said. "See?"

Bill nodded. His face was thoughtful.

"There are those who like freckles," Agatha said, "and those who don't. You might declare yourself."

"I'm neutral."

"That I doubt. I think you're crawling with convictions." She watched him turn to look at her, and his eyes seemed to have taken on an almost wary look—which was ridiculous. Or was it? She said, "You're probably knee-deep in the antifreckle movement."

He had turned away again, and she could no longer see his eyes. "On you they look pretty good."

"I have other attributes."

"I've noticed."

"This," said Agatha, "is living."

"You're young and—attractive, and bright."

"More."

"And rich."

"Don't let that bother you. You sort of get used to it, like having red hair."

They were into the hotel drive, among the lawns and the flaming tropical trees, only these in his memory unchanged. He stopped the car in the parking area, got out, walked around to open her door.

"And spoiled," he said. He held her elbow as she got out. "Shall we have our swim?"

The pool was new and vast. It was surrounded by lawn and tables and umbrellas and chairs.

Agatha lay on her stomach, her chin propped in her hands. "That onion again," she said. "I get a layer peeled off and think I've hit the soft part, and what do I get? Onion juice in my eye."

He was sitting on the grass beside her, hands clasping his knees. He nodded. "You're consistent."

"I have a change of pace too—what they used to call a slow ball. You use it to catch the batter off-stride."

"Do you?"

She nodded. "For example, what was it you gave Johnny O'Higgins just as we left? It was an envelope." She watched his smile disappear. "See?" she said. "A clean strike." And then, "What was it? He paid the check, and he doesn't seem to lack for money. You weren't just paying my share." She waited.

And then, behind her, A.P. Fitch said, "How's it going, kitten? . . . And you, young fellow—bearing up?"

Bill stood up. Agatha rolled over. She said, "We're getting along fine. He's a good sparring partner."

A.P. looked skeptical. He looked at Bill. He said, "You have evening clothes?"

"Yes, sir."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A.P. said, "You stay with her, hear? Tonight, at the hoedown. The president will be there, and his whole government, and everybody else who amounts to anything around here, and I don't want any—embarrassment."

"You," Agatha said, "embarrassed?"

"There are times," A.P. said, "when I think I should have stayed with that flea bag I owned in San Francisco. Then maybe you wouldn't have got too big for your britches." Then, to Bill again, "Keep her quiet, you hear?"

"Yes, sir." He looked down at Agatha as A.P. walked away.

"He exaggerates," Agatha said. "He thinks I'm a time bomb."

"So do I," Bill said. "In spades."

She sat up. She adjusted her halter—what there was of it. "You didn't tell me what it was you slipped under the table."

"It was a letter," Bill said. "It came in on the plane for him. I picked it up when I met you and your father."

Her smile was bright. "I don't believe it. I think you're up to something." She caught his hand and pulled herself to her feet, and for the moment she was very close, and disturbing. "But you're baby-

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Fashion Picture

By May Richstone

Some women wear their
clothes with an air,
And some, like me, are
endowed with the knack
Of tripping off to some
festive affair
Looking as though they
were trudging back!

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

sitting for me, and that means you're stuck with me, and so you won't have a chance to do anything spectacular, will you?" She moved away then. Over her shoulder she said, "Unless you count me in, that is."

The last thing he saw of her was her toes, pointed, graceful, as she disappeared into the water. He wondered what the chances were of her not coming up again.

It was evening. Bill stood in the middle of his room. Johnny O'Higgins sat on the bed. He had a large automatic pistol in his hands, and he toyed with it idly. "I would have preferred a submachine gun. We have some lovely ones. But I thought it might be—melodramatic."

"If everything goes right," Bill said, "you won't need anything."

Johnny shook his head sadly. "A pity. Some of my ancestors were *conquistadores*, and I can only think how pleasant *El* fat slug *Presidente* would look with a bullet in ——" He stopped. He looked at Bill. "Oh, I have promised, friend Bill. In return for your brains, and the means of getting the money today from our friends in the States ——" He sighed. "I have agreed to lay aside my natural proclivities. Reluctantly."

"I'm interested too," Bill said. He was a little astonished that he felt no nervousness, now that the time was at hand.

"But, of course," Johnny said. He looked around the room. "The hotel is changed since we were young, is it not? Many things have changed in fifteen years." And then, "No matter. At midnight, when the bells ring and the fireworks are lighted ——" The telephone rang, and they looked at each other in silence.

Bill walked to the phone, picked it up and spoke his name.

Agatha's voice said, "I'm in a quandary. Shall I wear red or white?"

Bill opened his mouth, closed it again carefully. There was silence.

"What you're thinking," Agatha said. And then, and her voice had altered, become strangely subdued: "I've made you really mad this time?"

"All of the women will wear white," Bill said.

"Then I'll—wear red." Johnny, on the bed, clucked his tongue. Agatha's voice said, "Are you alone? It sounds like ——"

"I'll meet you on the terrace," Bill said. He hung up. He swore softly, with feeling.

"Wonderful creatures, women," Johnny said. "And the way that one looks at you, and you look at her; the glow on your faces when you entered the restaurant ——" He shook his head. "And her father, what of him, friend Bill? He has bought the hotel, paid for it ——"

"All right," Bill said. "All right! He had his eyes open."

Johnny looked sad. "I offend you? I apologize—I, Juan Garcia Pizarro O'Higgins y Lopez, apologize." He looked again at the automatic. "Do you think I should have been too melodramatic if I had chosen one of the lovely submachine guns?"

"Come off it," Bill said. "Be serious."

Johnny's head came up. His eyes were sober, dark. "Do you think that I am not?"

Bill was waiting on the terrace when Agatha came down. His eyes watched her, reflections of the annoyance, almost contempt, she had felt on the phone.

She said, "I promise to behave. Honest."

"I thought," Bill said, "that you were going to wear red?"

"I—changed my mind." She tried, and failed, to account for it.

"Would you like a drink?" Bill said. "Or a walk? We have a few minutes."

"Anything. Anything at all."

He suspected a trap. "You feel all right?"

"Yes. And then, no." She paused. "I made you mad. I'm sorry."

"We'll walk," Bill said.

It was the early evening of the tropics, soft, balmy, scented. "There ought to be a moon," Agatha said. She wondered that it should occur to her at this moment.

"And a marimba band. I slipped up."

"I didn't mean that."

"Didn't you? Your change of pace?"

She stopped. She searched for words. She found only one. "Bill." She reached upward, groping. Her hands found his ears. She pulled and his head came down. She rose on tiptoe. It was a long kiss. And afterward, for some little time, there was silence.

Bill said, "Satisfied?" And his voice was not quite steady.

"I can see the moon. And hear the band." And this, too, was true. Then, "Did I pull too hard on your ears?"

"Now," Bill said, "you have another little item for your memory book." His hand did not touch her elbow as they walked back.

In the ballroom, A.P. studied them both. To Bill he said, "Do you always wear lipstick at night?"

"No, sir." He told himself he was back to normal. He got out his handkerchief and scrubbed. He thought about *El Presidente*.

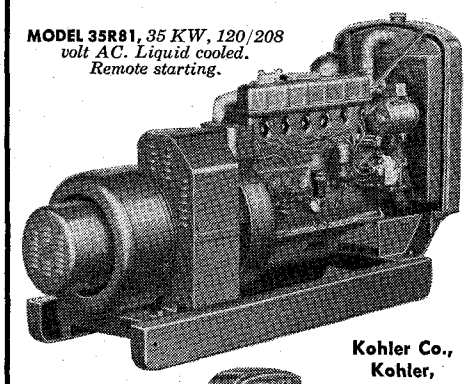
"It's—mine," Agatha said. And then, in explanation: "I—he—we ——" She nodded brightly, having told all. And then: "And I hurt his ears."

"I see," A.P. said.

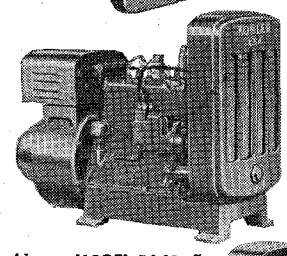
El Presidente arrived with a flourish—four automobiles, aides, dignitaries, guards, and the great man himself. He wore a uniform, white, gold-braided, bemedaled; it fitted his massive curves with precision. Two aides followed him into the ballroom.

Bill watched in silence, looking beyond the ridiculous exterior to the man himself,

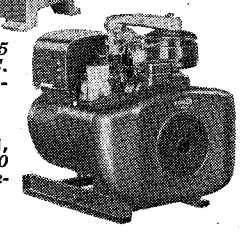
KOHLER Electric Plants
...independent power anywhere, any time



MODEL 35R81, *35 KW, 120/208 volt AC. Liquid cooled. Remote starting.*



Above—**MODEL 5A61,** *5 KW, 115/230 volt AC. Liquid cooled. Automatic starting.*



Right—**MODEL 3.5RM61,** *3500 watts, 115/230 volt AC. Air cooled. Remote starting.*

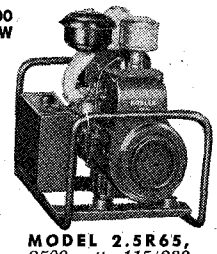
Kohler Co., Kohler, Wisconsin Established 1873

Automatic Stand-by. Insure uninterrupted light and power when central station power is cut off by storm or accident. Models for homes, farms, hatcheries, greenhouses, hospitals, theatres, stores, communication systems, fire alarms, airports, civil defense.

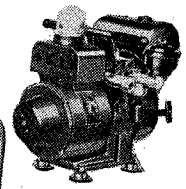
Portable and Mobile. On-the-job electricity for power saws, drills, sanders, pipe threaders and cutters, hedge and tree trimmers, public address systems, excavators, draglines, fire trucks.

Sole Source. For ranches, camps, oil drilling rigs, pipelines, mines, trailers, lumber camps, work boats. Write for folder K-12.

Sizes from 500 watts to 35 KW



MODEL 2.5R65, *2500 watts, 115/230 volt AC. Air-cooled. Remote starting.*



MODEL 1.5M25, *1500 watts, 115 volt AC. Air-cooled. Manual starting. For portable sole supply. Also 115 volt DC.*

KOHLER OF KOHLER

PLUMBING FIXTURES • HEATING EQUIPMENT • ELECTRIC PLANTS
AIR-COOLED ENGINES • PRECISION CONTROLS

WHY NOT EARN MORE?

You can easily earn extra money by selling magazine subscriptions in your spare time. Thousands of our representatives made their start by asking for our generous commission offer. No obligation. Address a postal card today!

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
342 Independence Square Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania

Not Satisfied With Your Present Income?
Investigate This Really Unusual **BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY**
Serving Americans on the go!

WE FINANCE AND TRAIN YOU!
Once in a lifetime opportunity to handle new, triple-income, 3-in-1 Automatic Hot Drink Unit. Instant, piping-hot servings of nationally advertised Maxwell House Coffee—Bakers Chocolate—Tenderleaf Tea. (NO SELLING) Start for as little as $1,190.00. Operate full or spare time from your home.

YEAR 'ROUND BUSINESS
Doing the 1954 National Average
10 sensational units would pay $314.00 weekly, $1,361 monthly, $16,332 yearly.

WIRE OR WRITE TODAY:
SUPERIOR DISTRIBUTING CORP., Dept. 10
4555 E. WARREN AVE., DENVER 22, COLO.

Vatco AMERICA'S GREATEST VALUE

AUTO SEAT COVERS AND FURNITURE SLIP COVERS

SOLD AT ALL LEADING STORES

VATCO MFG. CO.
BOSTON
NEW YORK CHICAGO

FLUFFIER, MORE TENDER THAN ANY OTHER POPCORN

SO TENDER IT MELTS IN YOUR MOUTH!
Always gives you heaping bowls of tender, fluffy pop corn! Always poppin' fresh—sealed air tight in tin.

EVERY KERNEL POPS - OR YOUR MONEY BACK!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cold, hard, cruel as one of Johnny's *conquistador* ancestors. *Don't underrate him*, he told himself; *he's tough, and he's smart. And watch yourself; don't step out of line.* And for the first time, thinking of Johnny upstairs, waiting; thinking of the others, too, throughout the city, also waiting—for the first time he felt the nervousness beginning.

A.P. and *El Presidente* shook hands and regarded each other. The ballroom was still. *El Presidente* looked at Bill, merely glanced at Bill, and something flickered deep in his eyes. And then he looked at Agatha, and his expression changed. He studied her from head to toe until color started up from the depths of her dress.

In Spanish, *El Presidente* said, "I will dance with this one."

And one of the aides smiled and bowed and translated, "His excellency will honor you with the first dance."

Agatha looked at Bill. He was expressionless. She looked at A.P. She produced a smile false as a paper mustache, and turned it on the white uniform. The music began.

A.P. said, "I suppose it's an honor." He looked at Bill.

Watch yourself, Bill thought. He said, "Yes, sir."

"We're guests in his country." A.P.'s eyes were on the dance floor. *El Presidente* had Agatha clutched to his bosom, enveloped. He was enjoying himself. Agatha's face appeared briefly. She was not.

"It—was not always his country." Bill paused. "But I see what you mean, sir."

"Do you?" And then, "I'm not sure I do, myself." His eyes had not left the dance floor; he turned them now on Bill. "She's a spoiled brat, and she's rubbed you the wrong way." It was a statement.

Bill said nothing. He thought of Johnny; he tried to concentrate on Johnny and the others, himself included.

"And so," A.P. said, "you enjoy seeing her nuzzled by that ——" He stopped there. He said, almost angrily, "Business is one thing ——" And then, "Who gets her next? One of the uniformed flunkies? After the fat man's tired of her?"

"I—don't know, sir." He assured himself that he didn't care. It was none of his business—none at all—and he had to be careful. And then the music stopped, and he was walking straight out onto the dance floor. Couples turned to watch. *You're a fool*, he told himself.

He bowed to *El Presidente*. The big man's arm was still around Agatha, snug, cozy, gross. "Your excellency," Bill said in Spanish. "If I may, with your excellency's permission, borrow Miss Fitch for a little time?"

The cold, cruel eyes watched him steadily.

"A matter of—arrangements," Bill said. "An—entertainment has been planned. Miss Fitch's presence is necessary." It was the best he could think of.

El Presidente smiled. It was not a nice smile. The two aides had appeared from nowhere; they stood close, watching. "A *Yanqui* entertainment?" *El Presidente* said. And then, smiling still, unamused, "Perhaps." His arm loosened from Agatha's shoulder.

Bill bowed. In English, he said, "Curtsy." He gave Agatha his arm. They started for the great doors. "Smile."

"I'm fresh out of smile."

"Smile anyway." The doors opened and closed behind them.

On the terrace, it was pleasant, even cool. Bill found that he was sweating. He got out his handkerchief, mopped his forehead and the palms of his hands. A guard, in uniform and carrying a rifle, watched them stolidly.

Agatha said, "When I get the feel of those medals out of my backbone, and my knees stop knocking together ——"

"Keep up the bright chatter," Bill said.

She was silent, small, looking up at him. "I was—I still am—scared."

"Good. It's the first sensible thing I've heard you say." *I've really torn it*, he thought; *I've made him mad, and it'll be like him to leave in a huff, and we don't want him to leave. Not before midnight.* And then, *Damn, damn, damn.* He looked down at the girl.

"I'm—sorry," she said.

He made no answer. He stood there, trying to think.

"Shall I—go back? I will—if it's important." And then: "Tell me what to do."

He had gone this far, he told himself; he might as well finish it. And if the logic of his reasoning left something to be desired—well, there were times for logic and times for other things. "You're supposed to be arranging an entertainment," he said. "Go to your room and stay there." And then: "No. Go to my room. And tell Johnny what I've done. And don't ask questions."

There was a strange new expression in her eyes. "You're trusting me?"

"Beat it," Bill said. And then—and the sound of his voice astonished him: "I'm trusting you."

She was gone and the terrace was suddenly empty, a lonely place, which was ridiculous. He got out a cigarette and lighted it and smoked it slowly. He was not quite finished with it when one of the aides appeared. The guard with the rifle sprang to attention.

The aide said, "Mr. Jefferson knows of no entertainment." His eyes, like *El Presidente's*, were cold, hard. "It was an—idea of yours? In order to embarrass his excellency?" He paused. "A *Yanqui* trick?"

"Just an—idea," Bill said. "Not meant to embarrass."

"You will come with me," the aide said.

"Where?"

The aide looked at the guard. "Follow us." After that there was no more argument.

It was Jefferson's office, off the silent lobby. *El Presidente* was there, behind the great desk. A.P. was in a large chair. The second aide stood against the wall, watching, listening.

Jefferson was saying, "I assure your excellency ——" He stopped as Bill came in.

In the silence *El Presidente* said, "The girl is not important." He waited while the aide translated. "She is merely a—symbol." His eyes watched them all, came to rest on Bill. "*Yanqui* insolence."

In the office there was silence. Bill said nothing. He merely stood there, feeling the prickling beginning up and down his spine. There was more coming; this he knew, this, perhaps, he had known already.

"*Es bueno el día?*" *El Presidente* said. And then, "We have watched you for some time." The aide, translating, smiled.

A.P. said, "What's he talking about?"

"Nothing," Bill said. "He's just talking." But the palms of his hands were damp, and he thought, *We planned it and arranged it, but somewhere somebody slipped up. Maybe I slipped up today, because my mind was on other things—on the girl, although I didn't realize it—tonight, because I was thinking of her again—a silly thing, grabbing my ears out there in the gardens, looking at me from the dance floor—and so I slipped up and ruined it all.* And he stood silent, trying to show nothing.

"Tell him," *El Presidente* said, "of your childish plot to drag me down." He was enjoying himself. "Me." And for a moment the vanity of the man showed, naked, vicious. "Tell him also about the hotel."

A.P. listened to the English translation. He looked at Bill and waited.

It made no difference now, Bill thought. He said, "It—belonged to my family. They built it. I was born here."

"And?" A.P. said.

"It was confiscated, expropriated—call it what you want. My father tried to get along with him." He jerked his head toward *El Presidente*. "He couldn't. Nobody can."

There was silence. A.P. said, "Maybe."

"He's the state," Bill said. "It's his; lock, stock and barrel. He takes what he wants, and if you argue, he drives you out or drives you under—six feet under." He was talking about himself, he thought, pronouncing his own epitaph. He put his hands in his pockets, where their trembling would not show. He tried to think. Johnny was upstairs, trapped. And the others, throughout the city—they were trapped, too, because somehow, in some way, he had slipped up.

And it was then, in the silence, that the door opened, and they all turned to look. Agatha walked in. She had changed to the red dress; she looked from face to face, bright, pert, unconcerned. "A private party?" And then, to Bill, "Spoilsport. Sending me upstairs away from the fun. What did you think I'd do up there all alone—knit?"

"Beat it, kitten," A.P. said. "We're—busy."

She ignored it. She watched Bill. He said slowly, "Knit, or tat, or pitch slow curves." He heard the aide, puzzled, put the words into Spanish; they came out nonsense, which was fine, which was better than fine. He felt good, suddenly relieved, almost relaxed. Johnny was gone; that much she had made plain. And Johnny, warned somehow, could warn the others.

> When a woman throws a fit it's usually a man who catches it.
>
> ROBERT FITCH

"I dig you," he said, and he watched her eyes brighten, seem to smile.

The aide made a small, baffled gesture.

"Somebody goofed," Agatha said, "and the razzle-dazzle is snafued, whopper-jawed, caterwampus."

And you came down here to tell me, Bill thought; *scared, small, determined.* He said, "In the clutch ——" He paused there. He shook his head. "Solid. Cool. The most."

Her eyes were serious, watching him. "Put me in, coach."

"No." *You've done enough*, he thought. *There's nothing more; the rest is up to me.* He looked at A.P. "Shall I tell you about our friend here?" With his head he indicated *El Presidente*. "He's a fat slug, a leech, a bloodsucker."

One of the aides made a quick, angry gesture. *El Presidente* raised a hand. The aide stood stiff, motionless.

"He's a thug," Bill said. He was still talking to A.P. "You don't see it yet, but you will. You think you can handle him. You can't. You're ——" He stopped there, weary, empty, unwound. "Never mind. I'll try to give you a break." He was conscious of Agatha. "I owe you that."

"No," Agatha said.

Bill ignored her. He looked at the aide. "Translate this and I'll listen to see that you do it right: I had ideas, yes. Hopes, if you want to call them that. Or dreams. But these people had nothing to do with it; they didn't even know about it. I was on my own. I'll testify to that. If you think you've got a lever on the hotel because of me, you haven't." He listened to the Spanish. He nodded. There was silence.

Jefferson said—and his voice rose in its fright, "It is true, your excellency. I—the hotel management—the ownership ——" He spread his hands. "We were unaware. Anything Mr. Williams may have done was—on his own. It would be unjust to blame Mr. Fitch or me."

"The rats run for cover," Agatha said.

Bill's hand was on her elbow. "Be quiet."

She was watching Bill, and in her eyes was the same strange new expression he had seen on the terrace. She shook her head. "Not me. I choose sides."

"This isn't a game," Bill said.

She nodded then, and her face, somehow, reminded him of Johnny's, upstairs in the room, answering the same charge, the same implication; even the words were the same. "Do you think I'm not serious? Do you think you're the only one?" And then, "Put it into Spanish—the part they didn't translate—slug, leech, the other words I can't remember. And tell him it goes for me too. Tell him that—whatever you say goes for me too. In spades."

He squeezed the elbow beneath his hand. "I said it before. I'll say it again. You're quite a something."

"Tell him."

"No."

"Dammit, tell him!" And, incongruously, a tear appeared in each eye and rolled slowly down her nose. "Why do you think I came down here? They're going to lock you up."

"Yes." He smiled down at her.

"Don't be noble." And then: "They're going to lock me up, too, if I have to throw rocks at his big fat palace."

He felt his smile spreading ridiculously, but he didn't seem to mind. "Now who's being noble?"

A.P. said resignedly, "You might as well count me in. I ——" He stopped there. Bill was not listening to him; Bill's head was cocked to one side.

Somewhere a bell was ringing—loud, clear, defiant. And another bell began, tolling solemnly. And another, and another, from all parts of the city. And there was a thump, as of a distant door slamming, and a sudden burst of light.

One of the aides said, "The fireworks." His voice was puzzled. "But they are early. It is not midnight."

The door opened smoothly, closed again. Johnny stood there. He held a submachine gun in his hands. He said, "You will remain where you are, all of you. Except, of course, you, friend Bill, and your delightful little friend."

El Presidente said, "I command ——"

"Be silent, fat one," Johnny said. "They will come for you in a little time. In the meanwhile do not force me to remember that some of my ancestors were *conquistadores*. I made a promise."

Bill opened his mouth. He closed it again. He felt weak, empty.

"We are a flexible people, friend Bill," Johnny said. "With *Yanqui* ingenuity, like yours, and friendship, who knows how far we may go?" He was smiling. "Miss Fitch brought your message. I guessed that we had been—betrayed." He shrugged. "It seemed logical to advance the hour by ringing the bells. All is well." And then, "My submachine gun, is it not lovely? I thought, under the circumstances, that it would not be too melodramatic. You agree?"

Bill wanted to laugh. He wanted also, incongruously, and at the same moment, to cry. He did neither. He looked down at Agatha. Her face was solemn, grave; her eyes studied his face. She nodded, and her hands reached upward, groping. He felt them reach his ears. There was silence.

Johnny turned his head only slightly. "Ah," he said with deep satisfaction. "Did I not tell you? The way you looked at each other, the glow on your faces when you came into the restaurant ——" He stopped, clucked his tongue. "But your ears, friend Bill. If Miss Fitch insists on tugging at them, they will grow long, and limp, like those of a spaniel. You must do exercises to build up their muscles."

There was no answer.

Johnny looked at *El Presidente*. "Do you watch, fat one? Do you comprehend the lesson? Love conquers all. It is something you should have remembered."

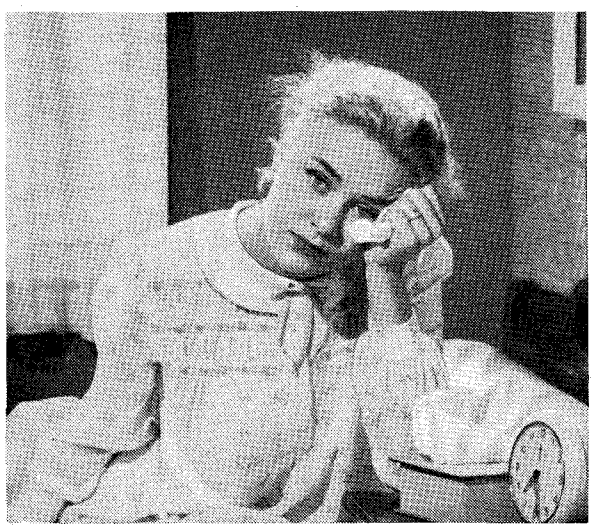
THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

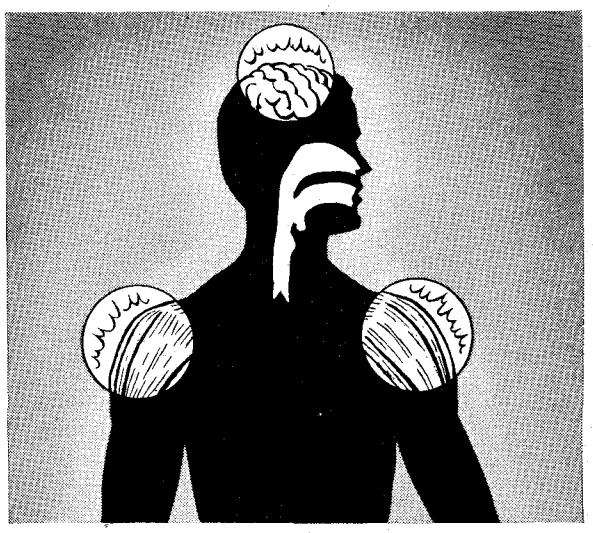
COLDS! EVEN VIRUS COLDS!

Newly Discovered Compound Of Medicines For Control Of Cold Suffering Lets You

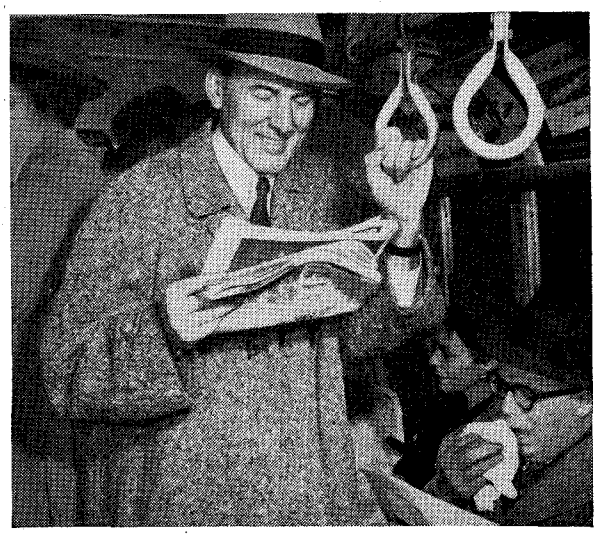
Throw Off Effects Better! Break Them Up Faster! Shorten The Time You Suffer!



Most people can't stay in bed with colds—they've got to get on the job. New Super Anahist Cold Tablets help you feel better—look better—work better, even when you have a *virus cold.*



Super Anahist helps lower fever, relieves pain of headache and muscles, shrinks swollen membranes—actually breaks up effects of colds better. You can go your way without that sniffling, sneezing misery.



Only Super Anahist combines precious, resistance-building Vitamin C into this effective formula. That's important—because the vast majority of people follow diets deficient in this vitamin.

SUPER ANAHIST®

helps defeat fever, sneezing, aching effects of Virus Colds!

Here, at long last, is the medical answer to the suffering of Virus Colds, so prevalent in America. Super Anahist Tablets now combine a unique combination of five cold-fighting wonder drugs, never before contained in a single compound.

Results are amazing! Super Anahist helps fight the toxins that poison your system during a cold—even a virus cold. Super Anahist helps put back in your blood what the virus drains away—helps lower fever—reduce pains—even shrinks swollen membranes. You *feel* better, almost at once!

What's more, you *look* better, too—so that you don't carry those ugly signs of a cold to your job. Super Anahist helps clear up red, watery eyes—puffy skin—unpleasant nasal discharge and sneezing.

Best of all, you can *work* better without that dragged-out, half-dead feeling that accompanies a virus cold. And Super Anahist even helps your body resist more serious illnesses that can follow a cold.

Be prepared, if the cold virus attacks your family. Get safe, effective Super Anahist Tablets. Bottles of 20, 98¢. Special Children's Size Tablets, 32 for 98¢.

GUARANTEE

We believe that new SUPER ANAHIST is the most effective product of its kind on the market today, and guarantee its results.

If SUPER ANAHIST does not satisfy you completely, return the unused portion to the Anahist Co., Inc., Yonkers 2, N. Y., and your full purchase price will be refunded.

REGULAR OR CHILDREN'S SIZE

And on Nasal Spray, Cough Syrup or Chest Rub—the name Super Anahist means "Best Medicine for Cold's Distress"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Chrysler Comes Back (Continued from Page 23)

company's passenger-car sales rebounded more than 100 per cent from 1954—involved many people. Colbert, as company president, was in the middle of this group in more ways than one. He became president of Chrysler Corporation in November, 1950, completing an alliterative sequence—Chrysler to Keller to Colbert.

There have been deep changes in the company since 1950: toward youth in management; toward more open relations with the public and labor; toward modern styling and new production facilities and toward "divisionalization," a long word for decentralizing the company and placing each Chrysler division on its own feet and record. Colbert did not initiate all these changes, but he bears current responsibility for them. Fortunately he is young—only fifty years old—and has unusual energy. He likes combat and tactical maneuvering and negotiation, all of which have been abundantly available to him in the last five years.

He is the third small-town boy of the three successive Chrysler chiefs: Walter P. Chrysler, of Wamego, Kansas; Kaufman T. Keller, of Mount Joy, Pennsylvania; and Lester L. Colbert, of Oakwood, Texas, population 759. Two of these were solid, expert mechanics, who built and maintained the corporation on good engineering. Colbert is a trader, nimble and astute.

The route from Oakwood to one of the three top seats in automotive Detroit is meandering. Oakwood is a cotton town, ginning, baling and trading cotton from the Trinity River flats. One train a day stops without signal. In this town Lum Herbert Colbert, Lester's father, was both cotton and general merchant—the name Lum is a not-unusual Southern contraction of Columbus. He was affable, successful and gregarious, a big figure in his community. His wife was a schoolteacher, cool, reserved, well educated. There were three children, two sisters and baby brother Lester—Detroit, of course, calls him Tex.

It was a compact, close family and powerfully influential on its youngest member. Les Colbert would gladly have followed in his father's cotton-wrapped footsteps, and if some fate today dumped him back into a cotton community he would instantly start buying and selling cotton, happily and without a backward look. Cotton is classified by the length of its fibers, and to determine this important staple, samples of it must be rubbed out straight between thumb and forefinger. As a boy and young man, Colbert rubbed so many cotton samples he had more callus than flesh on thumb and forefinger. Even today he tries proudly to convince himself that those calluses are still there. They are not.

Boyhood was a breeze for Tex Colbert. He raced through school, with ample time for side deals in boy-type business ventures. He owned a battered automobile, which he cut down and tinkered with, but not in any important way. And he learned cotton from his father, in ginning season jumping up on hundreds of farm wagons to pluck samples from the bales. At these times he worked so hard that in the evening when he went to call on golden-haired Daisy Gorman, his schoolmate sweetheart, he would just manage to say "hello" before dropping into a chair. Daisy, who became Mrs. Colbert in 1928, recalls "he would fall asleep instantly, and later on we would have to wake him up and send him home."

School was a little too easy. Les Colbert entered the University of Texas before he was quite sixteen. Although Austin was only 150 miles from home, he was lonesome, homesick and depressed by his own youth and total lack of campus friends. But he had repaired this trouble easily by his senior year, and when he went on to Harvard Law School he really began to enjoy academic life, particularly since his life was padded with cotton-trading profits his father had permitted him to keep for himself. But for once he failed to attack a chore with full steam. He had no deep regard for the law and he did not relish one segment of his classmates, the one which included Alger Hiss.

Lum Colbert wished his son to become a lawyer, perhaps in the image of respected Judge John Reagan, whose monument stood in a square at Palestine, the big town a few miles up the road from Oakwood. Lester preferred cotton, but he was willing to bow to family wishes. His sister, Mabel, a musician with a fondness for all the arts, insisted on Harvard and prevailed over their father, who spoke for a Texas law education.

So Lester studied law, dropping out one year to trade cotton and reline his wallet, then returning. He hoped that if he obtained his degree, returned to Texas and somehow was able to deliver one high-flown legal speech, preferably in Austin, his father would be sufficiently proud and satisfied. Then perhaps they could both relax and go back to cotton. A man named Nicholas Kelley interfered with that plan. Kelley's job, in 1929, was to skim the cream of Harvard law graduates each year and hire a half-dozen top students for his firm, today known as Kelley, Drye, Newhall and Maginnes, of New York.

This would not have led him directly to Les Colbert, because Colbert was not part of the cream. He had only average marks and was better known for stealing a fire engine than for scholastic eminence, although he denies the prank. "I just ran it up the street and parked it nearer the scene of the fire. I thought it would help the firemen."

Nicholas Kelley knew all this. He knew the dean had refused the young graduate a job-getting letter of recommendation on the ground that he had taken his studies much too lightly. But Kelley also knew that Colbert, just to show the dean, had canvassed the six best law firms in New York and obtained two job offers. Kelley liked this independence enough to take a chance on him. He said afterward, "I feared that the dry drudgery of a first-year clerkship would turn him into a caged lion. In a way it did, but he turned his extraordinary energy on the jobs he was given. And when, in 1933, Walter Chrysler asked me to select a resident attorney for the corporation in Detroit, I promptly recommended Lester."

The request from Walter Chrysler was logical in two ways. Nicholas Kelley had been the legal midwife when Chrysler organized his own company in 1925. He has since been not only counsel but perhaps the most influential director of the corporation. Also, in 1933, Kelley was a nationally known specialist in the labor legislation then appearing in Washington, and he had acquainted Colbert with this strange new field. Chrysler needed someone at hand in Detroit who could understand what was issuing from Washington.

It was, however, a thin chance that Colbert happened to be in New York and available. He and Daisy had agreed that they would try New York for just one year, beginning in October, 1929, after the cotton crop was in. He might never have remained in New York or been exposed to Detroit if Lum Colbert had not given him a sage warning. The Federal Government, Lum said, had entered the cotton business and would undoubtedly ruin it. Therefore it could no longer afford a young man a satisfactory career, and Lester had better stay with the law.

So in August, 1933, Colbert boarded a Detroit-bound train with Walter Chrysler. They had never met, and Colbert had never before been in a private room in a Pullman car. But the two lusty individuals had not gone far before they had each other's respect. The man who met them at the station in Detroit was K. T. Keller, Chrysler's choice as his successor. At the age of twenty-eight, Lester Colbert was about to lose his cotton-rubbing calluses.

In 1935 Walter Chrysler turned the corporation reins over to K. T. Keller, and most of Colbert's career with the company has thus been served under Keller. Keller was pleased with the new resident attorney's handling of his first major assignment, to settle a series of dealership suits scattered over the country. For Colbert, an experienced and persuasive trader, such negotiations were pie. "He not only settled every suit," Keller recalls, "but he settled all of them at less than the figure in controversy in each case."

Under its founder, Chrysler had been a monolithic corporation, highly centralized, strongly under the influence and command of one man. It was little changed under Keller, another strong man, but Keller did believe that sooner or later the Chrysler divisions would have to achieve a measure of separation and competition with one another, a pattern already set by General Motors. Colbert agreed with this, and ultimately Frank Misch was placed in charge of the change-over. Prior to the change, for example, the president of Dodge or Plymouth not only did not know how much it cost to produce a Dodge or Plymouth but there was literally no way of finding out. The divisions charged products to one another at cost, and the accounting was simply Chrysler accounting. But the correction was to come later. Meanwhile the war delayed several necessary moves.

"Expecting some good shows tonight?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Tex Colbert never did put his legal training to hard use at Chrysler, except for the first couple of years. During that time he was ushered into the operations councils to translate Washington developments into production and labor terms, and as he witnessed the workings of this big automotive organization he became conscious of his own deficiency in mechanics. Accordingly he slipped away quietly to night classes at a local Y.M.C.A. and for two years studied blueprint reading and machine techniques. As he broadened his abilities and understanding he began to move up fast on the management ladder and, when the war broke out, Colbert was vice-president of Dodge.

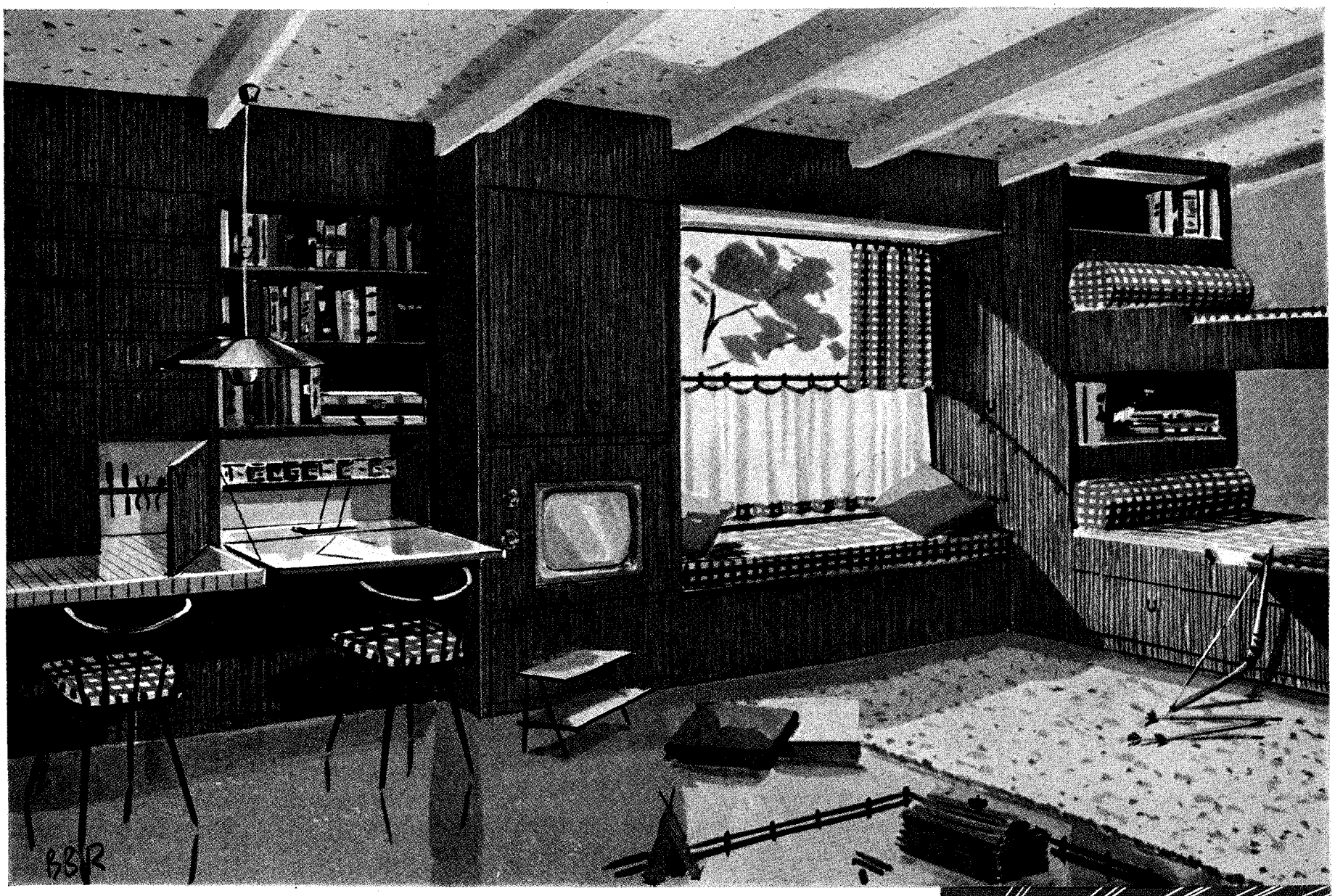
One of Chrysler Corporation's war assignments was to build and operate an enormous war factory on the prairie rim of Chicago, a plant that was eventually to turn out more than 18,000 B-29 aircraft engines. It was named the Dodge-Chicago plant and Colbert was dispatched to it first as a personnel trouble-shooter and then to operate it for the duration. From this war-born hatchery of talent and experience Chrysler Corporation later obtained a good deal of executive material. In addition to Colbert himself, Carl Snyder, master mechanic and vice-president, worked at Dodge-Chicago. So did Bill Newberg, a hearty young man from the timberlands of Washington who had come to Detroit in 1933 so determined to enter the Chrysler engineering school that he literally sat on the steps and made a nuisance of himself until he was hired.

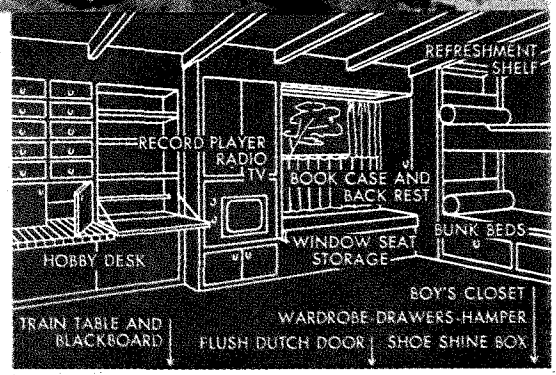
Newberg is now president of Dodge, a post that Colbert held after the war ended and he had returned to Detroit. The industry at that time was in a frustrating fix. Cars were scarce and easy to sell, but production was restricted by postwar allocations of materials, a condition that was extended because of Korea. Nevertheless the day finally arrived when manufacturers produced cars freely and had to make them attractive to buyers, and when buyers in turn were free to shop without the pressure of scarcity. It was time to tend to a few things.

One area of neglect was styling, long a stepchild at Chrysler. Chrysler needed a more active and independent styling department. Both Keller and Colbert wanted it, and in order to create it, an old and widely established Detroit system was used—grabbing good men from competitors. As any good trader would, Colbert even then had lines out around the industry, and in 1949 he told James Zeder, one of the famous engineering brothers, where a couple of likely young designers could be obtained. Zeder hired them and Keller nested one of them in an out-of-the-way office and told him to design any sort of automobile that pleased him. The attractive young man who drew this unrestricted assignment was Virgil Exner, who had earlier gained some notice by designing Studebaker's popular wrap-around rear window just after the war.

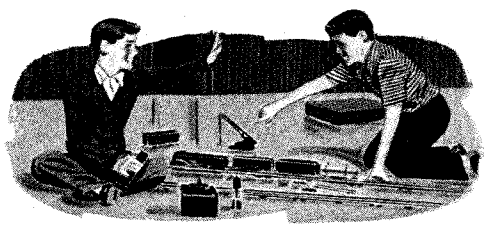
The pages of the calendar dropped off until the highly significant month of November, 1950, was reached. November was an im- (Continued on Page 99)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





a boy's bedroom...Malarkey House



Wouldn't your boy love a room like this? Here he can play, study and sleep—in a he-man setting of natural wood. And look at all the storage space! Planned storage helps a young man get the habit of neatness . . . and it makes Mother's work a lot easier.

If you're about to build or remodel, you'll want to get plans and specifications for these built-ins and sturdy walls. Just send 10c and the coupon at right for the complete booklet. Give the detailed drawings to your builder or architect—or use them as a guide to build any or all of these eleven handy features yourself. The walls and built-ins will go up fast and easily when you use Malarkey plywoods and doors.

Malarkey plywoods are real wood in its most beautiful and usable form. The large (4′ x 8′) panels are easy to work with. What's more, they keep your building costs down—whether you have the job done by someone else or do it yourself. And you can't beat Malarkey plywoods for standing up under hard use in a boy's room. This is real wood. It needs little maintenance and you'll find it a cinch to keep clean.

Take a look at the wide variety of Malarkey plywoods and doors on display at your nearby lumber dealer. But make sure you get the best (it costs no more): look for the name Malarkey in the bright red diamond trademark.

M and M WOOD WORKING COMPANY
2305 N. Columbia Blvd., Portland 17, Oregon

Enclosed find _____c for the Malarkey House plan booklets checked below, at 10 cents each.

- ☐ Boy's Bedroom (above)
- ☐ Kitchen
- ☐ Expandable House
- ☐ 11 Attic Room Ideas
- ☐ 10 Closet Ideas
- ☐ 10 Family Room Ideas
- ☐ 12 Play Room Ideas
- ☐ 8 Bedroom Ideas
- ☐ Closet, Girl's Bedroom
- ☐ Redwood Fences

Name_____

Address_____

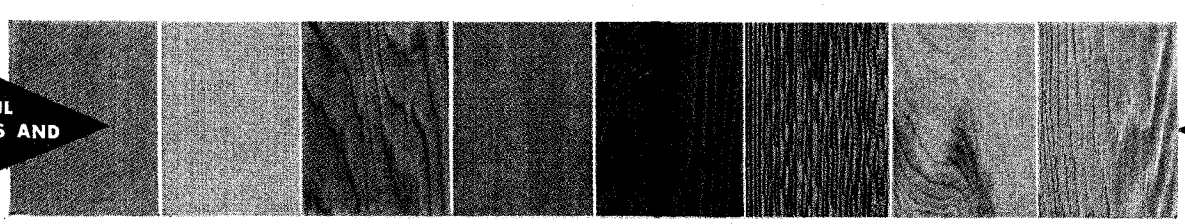
City_____

My lumber dealer is_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

FOR BEAUTIFUL CABINETS AND WALLS



RIFT GRAIN REDWOOD PLYWOOD | RIFT GRAIN FIR PLYWOOD | FIGURED GRAIN REDWOOD PLYWOOD | PHILIPPINE MAHOGANY PLYWOOD | RUSTICWOOD PLYWOOD | PLYWEAVE PLYWOOD (Redwood or Fir) | BIRCH PLYWOOD | SHADOWOOD PLYWOOD (Redwood or Fir)

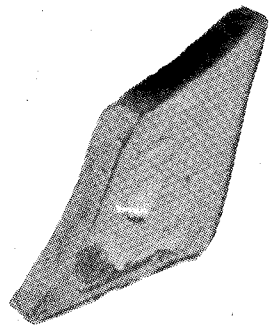
Malarkey®

PLYWOODS • DOORS
REDWOOD LUMBER • PLASTICS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Another Success Story

How to land "butter side up"



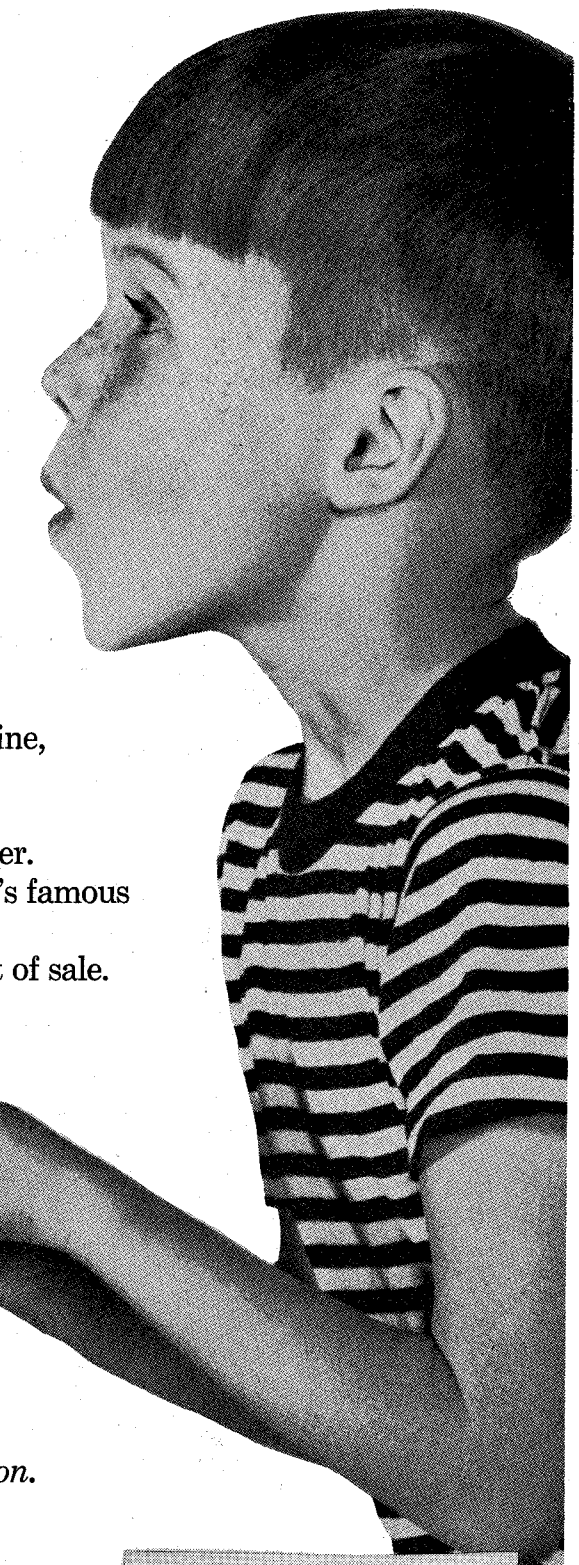
Butter was scarce during the war. Women couldn't buy enough of it. Butter was plentiful after the war. But women *didn't* buy enough of it. So dairy farmers acted through their American Dairy Association.

American Dairy Association decided to give butter powerful advertising. They divided their money two ways. To one top show, *Disneyland*, went their TV budget—to remind all the members of the family how good butter is. To one top magazine, *Ladies' Home Journal*, went their major print budget—to sell the buying members of the family: the women.

The Journal launched a big, year-round schedule for real butter. At the same time, the Bellringer—the Journal's famous merchandising service for grocers—pitched in with ideas retailers could use to promote butter at the point of sale.

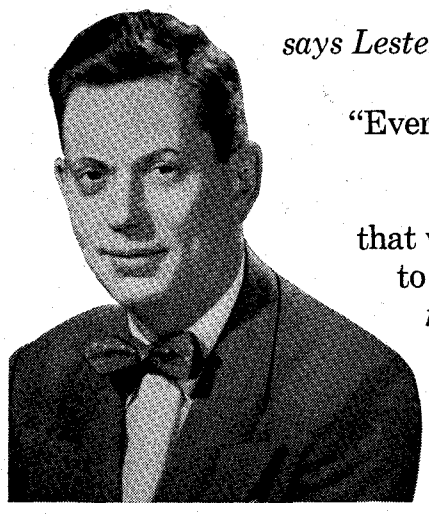
Today, dairy farmers have landed "butter side up." For the past two years, instead of continuing down, per capita butter sales have increased substantially. Home consumption has been increasing even more dramatically.

And for a big share of this success, they thank the power of the Journal—the No. 1 way to influence women.



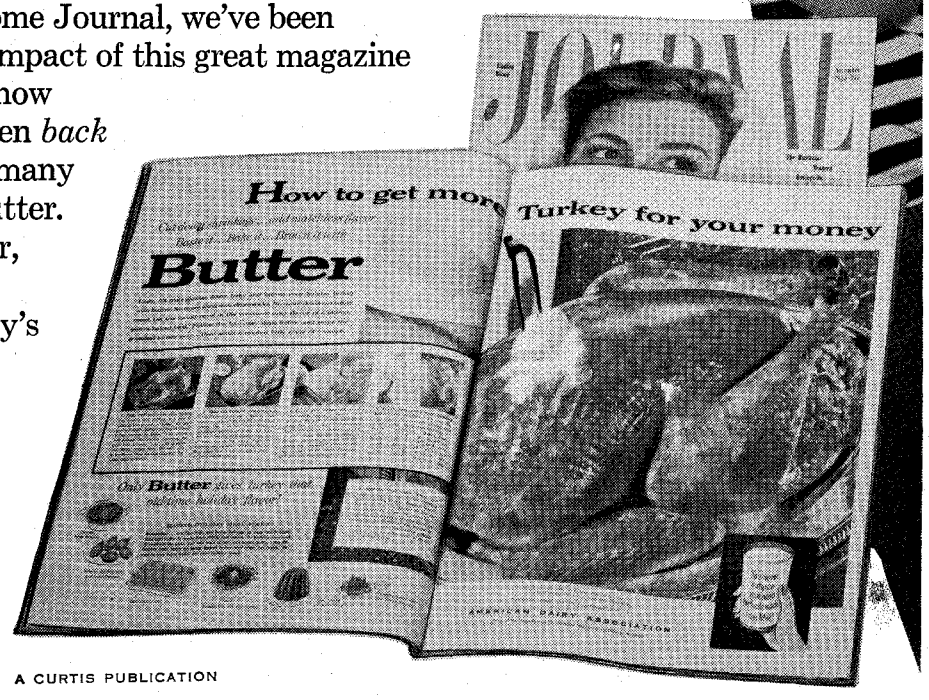
"We're selling to women the No. 1 way—and in the No. 1 women's magazine,"

says Lester Will, General Manager of the American Dairy Association.



"Ever since we began using Ladies' Home Journal, we've been able to feel the tremendous impact of this great magazine on butter sales. Our sales facts show that we've not only wooed many women *back* to real butter—but we've also won many *new* women customers for real butter.

Naturally, in the coming year, the Journal will continue to spear-head the industry's advertising for real butter."



Never underestimate the power of the No. 1 magazine for women...

Ladies' Home JOURNAL

A CURTIS PUBLICATION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Continued from Page 96)

portant milepost on the way to Chrysler's new look and new structure. In that month Exner finished his mocked-up model of an idea car—an advanced, racy design—and shipped it to Italy. Italian workmen were secretly to build a functioning automobile from the model. Colbert became president. Keller became chairman and adviser, and at almost the same time was called upon to head the Federal Government's guided-missile program. And by November a number of old-time Chrysler executives were approaching retirement age. Within the next five years this was to mean that younger men stepped into approximately two out of every three of the top three dozen or so jobs.

One year later the Italian firm delivered to a New York dock Exner's idea car, the K-310. It was raced to Detroit by relays of drivers and displayed at a directors' meeting. The design ideas which it represented were enthusiastically received. The K-310 thereupon became a lineal grandpappy of Chrysler's 1955 new look, although a good deal of crossbreeding and some fumbles intervened. Time was running against the corporation, but by February, 1953, the basic style of the new De Sotos, Chryslers and Imperials was set. Exner proceeded to complete these lines for 1955.

But the two big bread-and-butter brands, the volume cars of Plymouth and Dodge, did not share in this K-310 heritage. For 1955 they were to be stretched-out versions of the previous year's cars, which, in turn, were not greatly different from the 1953's, and it was becoming apparent even then that their emphasis on engineering and roomy comfort was not going to give them sales leadership. Alongside of competition, the 1953 and 1954 Plymouths and Dodges lacked what the public was buying—high style. They looked short and fat. It was a bad time to be putting forward a poor foot, for the two leading low-priced cars in the industry had entered a fierce contest for sales which was making competition for everyone doubly rough.

In mid-1953 some orders to suppliers for the 1955 Plymouth and Dodge components had been distributed, based on stretched-out 1954 designs. Colbert did not like the prospect. Neither did Zeder and Exner. Colbert worriedly went over the designs once again and arrived at an important, an almost vital, decision. "Ex," he said, "they just won't do. Throw them away and start over again."

So, in the middle two months of 1953 the styling division feverishly worked out completely new and, as it turned out, highly salable Plymouths and Dodges. The critical styling point had been passed. It now remained to be seen whether Chrysler could produce the new cars in just one and one quarter years. It would be something of a record if they did, since the normal interval in the industry is two to three years.

By working around the clock for months, they made it. And with the prospect of attractive and salable cars in the showrooms for the seasons ahead, all the other parts of a broad Chrysler expansion and reshuffling made sense. There were deficiencies, to be sure. A mild shortage of automatic transmissions was experienced and a new plant to produce V-8 engines in the quantity Plymouth needed was not started in time to fill the 1955 Plymouth demand. Nevertheless Plymouth sales in the first seven months of 1955 doubled those of the preceding year, and all lines were sharply higher.

Tex Colbert had to turn actor during this pressing fifteen months. Competitors "were aware that we had a New Look coming, but they didn't believe we could get it ready by autumn of 1954. They thought we were in for another year of trouble, which would have really hurt, and I had to go around looking gloomy to keep from giving the show away."

Meanwhile, after a study of dozens of American corporations in a variety of manufacturing fields, Misch had been put in charge of divisionalization. A first step was training separate comptrollers for each division. New facilities were planned which over a period of five years would mean an additional billion dollars invested, including seven new assembly plants scattered over the country. A loan for a quarter billion dollars was consummated with an insurance company, which incidentally gave Trader Colbert one of his finest hours. During loan negotiations a banking firm stepped in to offer the loan, and for a while Colbert sat happily in the middle between two bidders—just like having two buyers for a fat old pile of cotton bales.

Chrysler, once the equal of the old Ford Motor Company for keeping press, public and labor uninformed about company affairs, reversed this attitude under Colbert. Tex went out of his way to help reporters, and on more than one occasion he went directly to Walter Reuther to spell out bluntly a Chrysler labor position. He voluntarily appeared before a CIO labor convention and answered so many pointed questions so earnestly that at the end of the session the delegates rose and cheered him.

On the big evening when a television spectacular was unveiling the important Chrysler '55 cars, Colbert, with George Troost, financial vice-president, and Robert Conder, industrial-relations chief, was appearing before another body of questioners in a New York club. These were experts from Standard and Poor's Corporation, analysts, brokers, bankers, investment-trust men. Colbert had refused to scratch or alter any of the sharp questions previously submitted in writing, and one of the questioners later said, "It was a wonderful change. Chrysler Corporation had never before even agreed to meet with us."

In 1954, when Chrysler had already laid broad plans to meet what Colbert later referred to as "the competitive challenge," a maverick group of Dodge dealers gathered in a Detroit hotel to demand that Chrysler do something about the decline in sales of the 1954 cars. Colbert and Newberg rushed over to address them. There wasn't much Colbert could say at that moment but sympathize with the audience and ask them to have faith for a short while, explain that a great new program lay directly ahead and that the old string must be run out before the new could begin.

Then, suddenly, he asked that in honor of the day, Good Friday, they all pause for a moment of prayer. "That may have surprised some of them," he said later, "but I was in earnest about it. I am pretty strong on religion. I believe in it and it plays a big part in my life."

The Colberts are, indeed, devoted church attendants. In other ways, too, their home life is exceedingly American and in some basic respects identical with that of an average small-town American family. Tex works hard during the week, averaging ten hours a day. He is sometimes brusque, and when there is need for it he is equipped with verbal material well known to the cotton-wagon mules of Oakwood. He punches a desk button like a gandy dancer driving home an iron spike. But normally he has a very pleasant voice, although certainly not a shy one, and he shares the common American feeling that after a hard week he is entitled to have fun on Saturday night. Because of his size and energy, he often appears to be having more fun than anyone else.

Daisy Colbert is devoted to her house and family, worries unnecessarily about her diet and the progress of the garden, and is somewhat frustrated because the kitchen belongs to the cook. But for about two weeks a year the Colberts return to the old Colbert home in Oakwood, and Daisy rushes for the kitchen. "I just bake cakes every day and we stuff ourselves shamelessly." The Oakwood house, which Tex and Daisy maintain just for the brief annual visits, is a sentiment. Their present charming house in Bloomfield Hills, near Detroit, is a warm home. In between there have been several other houses. One of these, in the Detroit suburb of Birmingham, burned to the ground at a time when the family was away and the youngest of their three children, Nicholas, had not yet been born. Nicholas, therefore, was not trying to reenact an earlier bit of excitement, when, as a toddler, he carefully wrapped a blanket around an electric heater and set their next Birmingham house on fire. He did, however, provide Daisy with a chance to behave like a typical mother. After everyone was safe she rushed into the house to save whatever valuables she could, and emerged in triumph with vital salvage—one baby book and two pairs of baby shoes.

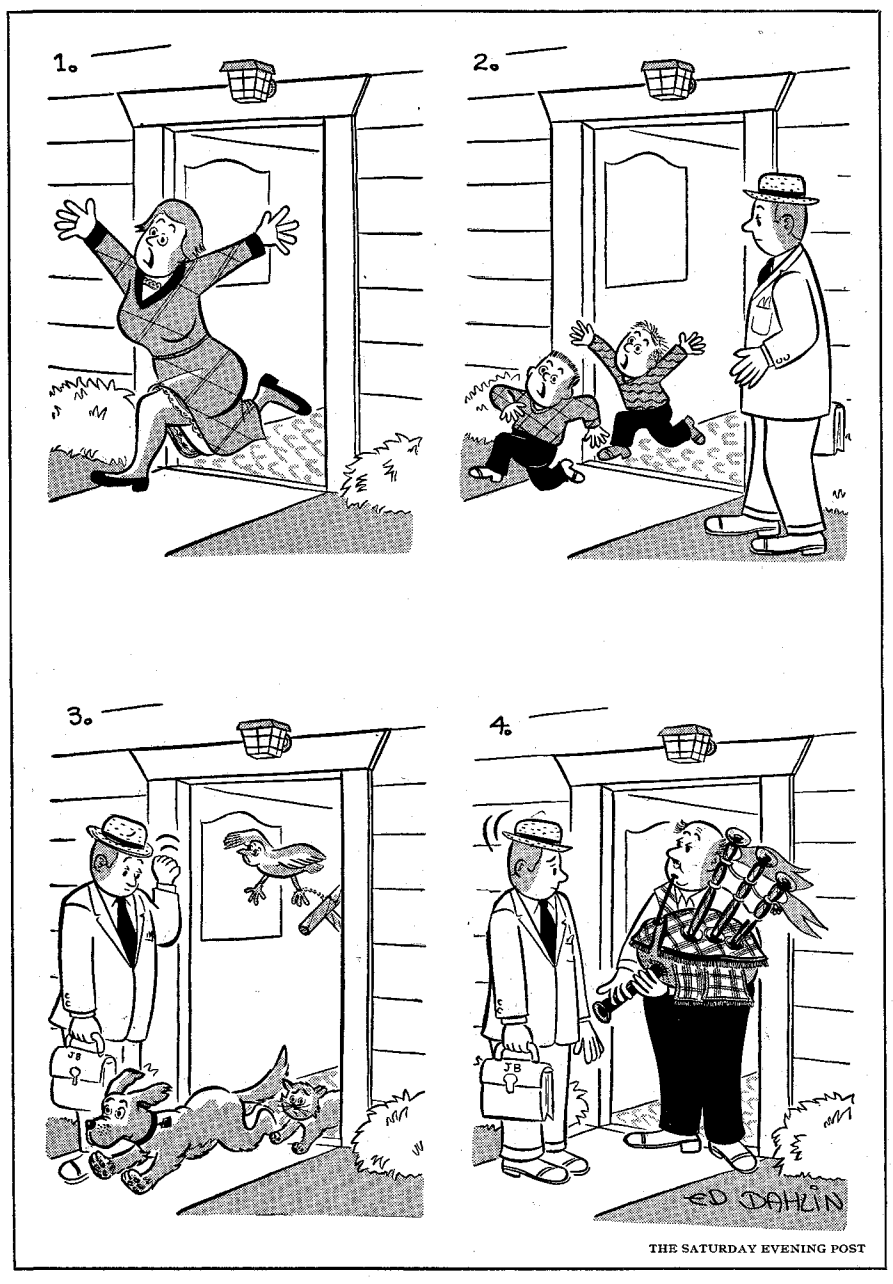
Mrs. Colbert is resigned to Tex's typical husbandly disinterest in her pet rose garden. He is invariably astonished when she wants him to look at the roses after breakfast. "What for?" he wants to know. "We just saw them yesterday." But Daisy is very proud of the help that Tex has been with the children. The Colberts were careful about permitting the children to drive automobiles as they grew up, and Daisy credits Tex with an unmatched record for patient chauffering of carloads of youngsters for years throughout the Detroit metropolitan area. The oldest boy is now in the Navy and the only girl is at college. The youngest is still in high school, further along than he would have been if his father had not helped him through a blind spot in reading when he was in his first years at school. This was in Chicago when Colbert was operating the aircraft-engine plant and under great pressure. Nevertheless he managed to give young Nicholas extra reading lessons before he left for school in the mornings.

The Colberts play golf together on Sunday afternoons, and on Saturdays Tex plays a hard-bargaining, hard-hitting game in a foursome usually composed of fellow auto makers. He works as hard at the game as at anything else, but when addressing the ball he apparently finds it difficult to believe that here is one object that won't barter with him. He shifts position a couple of times before swinging, obviously expecting the ball to make him a counteroffer in the middle of the deal. And contrary to rumor, he plays for very modest stakes.

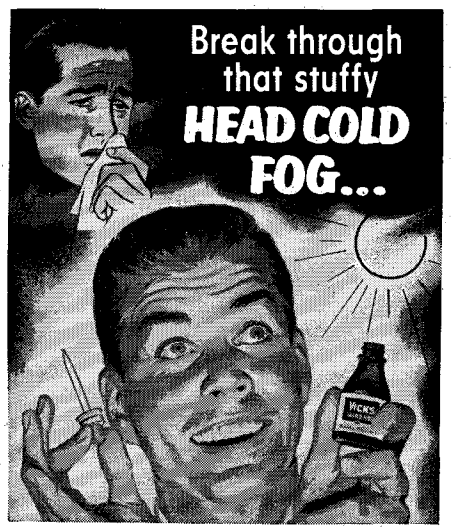
Evening walks through the suburb of Bloomfield Hills and his weekend golf are Tex's only hobbies, and it may be just as well. He has had little time recently for anything beyond the travel and desk work of company affairs, and although Chrysler is well launched on its rebound from the 1954 low point, the greatest part of its expansion program lies ahead. Colbert, at the age of fifty, has the time and energy for whatever is in store.

And if the success of the new program should require of the president a measure of easygoing amiability under any future strain, there may be some significance in the way Tex responds to dinner invitations. The phone will ring and the Colberts' prospective host or hostess, once the date is settled, will inquire whether the Colberts would like to suggest other guests. "Oh, no," Lester Lum Colbert always replies, "just please yourself. Angel and I get along with everybody."

THE END



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



OPEN UP YOUR NOSE

Breathe Again!

Don't go on suffering all the miseries of a head cold! Open up your nose—*in seconds*—with soothing Vicks Va-tro-nol® Nose Drops. Reduces swelling, makes breathing easier. A few drops up each nostril as directed gives wonderful relief from sniffles and sneezes. Try it today!

VICKS VA-TRO-NOL
NOSE DROPS

NOW—for children...
a new, different aqueous nose drop that *clings* to give longer relief. Milder-*feeling*. Fully effective.
New MILD VICKS VA-TRO-NOL Nose Drops

Enthusiastic Sportsman Says:

"Back Aches Gone!"

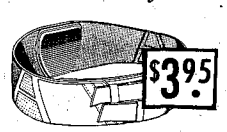
Thanks to

FUTURO

SACRO BRACE

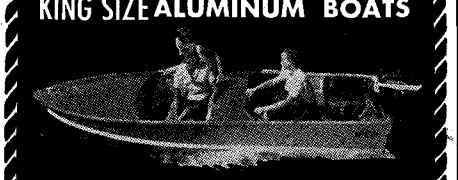
"I'm back in action without back aches," writes J. C. O. of Munhall, Pa. "Sacro Brace gives me wonderful, secure support right where it counts, yet lets me move freely and comfortably."

For wonderful relief from back pains due to sacroiliac strain, get a modern Futuro Sacro Brace at your drug store. Or write for free booklet.



JUNG PRODUCTS, INC., Dept. 126
312 East Court Street — Cincinnati 2, Ohio

KING SIZE ALUMINUM BOATS



by WAGEMAKER

Big and roomy, tough and sturdy, that's the Wagemaker All-Aluminum line. Models from 12′ to 18′. Styrofoam flotation, self-bailing valves. Also the Improved 'Seafarer 15', Ply-Lap, molded plywood, and strip boats models. See these boats at all major boat shows. Free catalog on request.

WAGEMAKER COMPANY
Dept. 43 Grand Rapids, Michigan

Housework's Harder
WHEN CORN PAIN STRIKES!
GETS-IT Liquid corn remover dissolves even toughest corns! Painless, safe. Buy GETS-IT today!

Busdriver, Beware!

(Continued from Page 36)

fare from her apron pocket, and sat down in the front seat across from him.

She watched him like a delighted child as he munched the persimmon. Then she turned the other way, looking out of the window like a little sphinx, as if he should go on now and drive his bus and keep his mind on his business.

He took a chance and said, "You're a big flirt. You know that, don't you?"

"To be sure!" she answered, her eyes sparkling. "Mit such a handsome man, vhy not? Vas goot persimmon, yes?"

That morning she had ridden into Wayland, the end of his run and a fifty-five-minute layover. "You call me Marika," she said on leaving the bus. "Ve haf goot times together."

"I'm Mike Grader," he laughed. "When you goin' back?"

"Not mit you!" she said impishly. "I got oder mans vot vant to take me!" She tripped away from the bus depot and down the main street of Wayland into the bank building.

"I'll be darned!" he had said to himself. "Now, why couldn't she be forty years younger!" That was always the way. He'd never found a gay-hearted gal yet who wasn't too old or too married or too dangerous. When they had that certain something, there was always a road block someplace. But brother, he promised himself, if the right one ever came his way, look out.

In the drugstore, during his layover, he had pumped Sam Nickels about who the old gal, Marika, was.

"Oh, you mean Aunt Mary!" the druggist grinned. "She's been around here thirty-forty years. Name's Eckhart. Got a farm fifteen-sixteen miles down the highway, back a little. Old Eckhart place. Eckhart's dead. Dead twenty, twenty-five years. She's from the old country. Goes back ever' so often too. Still got people there. Raises geese. Ain't a feather piller f'r twenty-thirty miles around that ain't stuffed with her goose down. Picks 'em live, she does. Old folks swear by 'em."

"Now wait a minute," he broke in. "How come she never rode my bus before?"

"Been comin' into town with old man Jaffery's boy, Clarence. Ever' Friday f'r years. Clarence got took in the Army a few weeks back. They got the car jacked up in Aunt Mary's barn till Clarence gets back."

"Her car?" he asked.

"Sure, her car!" Sam Nickels laughed. "Good one too."

"The old lady can't drive it herself?"

"Wouldn't say that," Sam answered dryly, "but she'd have to have a license. Anyways, somebody'll always give her a lift in and out from town."

"What part of the old country you say she's from?" he asked.

"Place called Strassberg," Sam answered. "German, I reckon."

"You mean Strasbourg," Grader smiled.

"That's what I was sayin'," Sam nodded. "You ever been there?"

"No," he admitted.

"Didn't think you had," Sam said. "That's a big goose-raisin' country. She'll tell you about it. Ask her sometime."

"I'll do that," he had promised.

That was the way you got to know people, he mused, as he pushed his bus out through East St. Louis and on to Highway 50. After just that one first trip, he'd found himself wondering if she'd ride in with him again the next Friday. Having people who liked to ride with you was good as a family. Even the regular grouches had their points.

A man following a horse and cultivator in a patch of corn casually threw up his hand. He touched the horn. A woman hanging up clothes waved, and he tooted again. The driver of an oil truck touched his cap as they passed. And then the kids! Brother, those kids racing along the farm fences, waving from barnyards and creek banks and tree limbs. Sometimes you felt as if you knew every kid for miles on both sides of the highway.

He leaned over and hugged the wheel. This was one of those mornings! And this was Friday! His mind veered back to Marika and the marshmallow bar in his ticket box. He wondered if he'd been right about the strawberries. She'd brought him some last week, and he'd poured the cream over them and eaten them in Sam Nickels' drugstore while Sam stood behind the counter and laughed at him.

"It's that uniform of yours that gets her," Sam had joked. "All the women in the old country go for uniforms."

... ...

Stray

By Bessie F. Collins

In the dolesome dark, the
acid cold,
A cat leans tense against a
hedge,
Stares with eyes the color of
iced gold
At the exciting, splintered
edge
Of light, seeped through a
threshold crack,
Made wider now by
someone at the door,
And springs inside, uncoiling
its arched back,
Safe for a blessed instant, if
no more,
And prays (assuming even
cats may pray),
"Please make them want to
let me stay."

... ...

"Don't kid yourself!" he had joked back. "If she was my age, I'd marry her!"

He remembered all the things she had brought him on Friday mornings these past winter and spring months. Little jars of wild-blackberry preserves, fresh sausage meat when her pigs were butchered, warm cinnamon coffee cake in a little split basket covered with a bright embroidered napkin.

Sometimes he took the stuff back to Mrs. Clark's boardinghouse, where he had a room. Sometimes he ate it in the bus restaurant or in Sam Nickels' drugstore. And a couple of times, like with the apple cobbler and the chicken pie, he had rolled the bus out to the creek at the edge of Wayland during his layover and sat there by himself and eaten undisturbed.

Then there was the time she had brought him the stone crock of *pâté de foie gras*.

"From mine own gooses," she had beamed. "Truffles yet from the old country mine niece sent."

The delicate paste from the goose livers had been out of this world. He had taken the crock with him into Charlie Meyer's bar in St. Louis.

"Next thing, that old woman will give you her farm," Charlie joshed him. "A broken-down marine like you could do worse!"

"I'm sure gonna miss her," he confided. "If I ever get my transcontinental express, I'm gonna write her a letter sometimes from Kansas City or Los Angeles. I sure am!"

"You ain't gone yet," Charlie said soberly. "You better think twice before you pull out of here. You got it good here."

"Sure, I know, Charlie. But I'm made for the big babies! I want one of the big souped-up cannon balls!"

Well, he'd finally worked it out in his mind that Marika was just one of those warmhearted continental mamas who had loved like seven hundred volcanoes when she was a girl. It had all just naturally turned into mothering everybody and everything as the years stacked up and she got older. He bet she mothered every goose and chicken and cow she had on her place, and half her life was spent seeing they had it good.

But he couldn't quite square that either. Not with the way she looked at him sometimes. Sure, he knew now that Sam Nickels was right that she went for uniforms. One time he had nailed her on the subject. "You just like the cut of my jacket," he teased. "You should've seen me in full dress when I was a marine. I'd have raised your temperature then, baby!"

Her eyes had filled with smoldering amusement for a moment, before she tipped her chin and laughed softly. "Soldiers!" she said. "From the time I'm little girl. Such soldiers!"

Well, he guessed the old gal had a romantic past, all right. And he wondered about Eckhart, the man she had married, and her homeland of Alsace that had been trampled by French and German heels and fought over for generations.

When she looked at him, he wondered, what did she see? A man, or a soldier, or what? Those young-girl eyes sparkled sometimes with a kind of delighted possessiveness, remote and yet appraising, as if she were pretty pleased, and smiling to herself about something. You just couldn't figure it. You couldn't see through it, and you couldn't ask, and half the time he had a busload, and all she did was sit there as if wholly contented just to be looking at him and riding with him.

"Holy jeepers!" he exclaimed half aloud. There were such things as May-and-December love affairs, but cripes! That couldn't be it! But what was it about her? It was something, and it drove him nuts. Something he had, and still didn't have. Like a name you couldn't remember. Or something you thought you saw at night on the road, but when you beamed the spot on it, it wasn't there. Something wonderful, maybe, that should have happened, only for some reason it didn't, and it was still there, sort of, without anything to it. He gave it up. *I got her a candy bar, anyway*, he thought. *She'll like that*. His mouth watered at the thought of the red, sun-ripened strawberries with thick cream.

He was due in Wayland at 1:00 P.M. He was on schedule at 12:17, twenty-five miles out. In another ten she'd be waiting at the row of mailboxes at the head of the lane. She'd have her little split basket and be wearing the bright blue checkered sunbonnet instead of a scarf, on account of the heat. Brother, that sunbonnet killed him! It had a starched part that went around her face like a nun's hood, sort of frilly behind and tied under her chin. "It makes goot shade," she had told him once, when he had teased her that he liked the bright scarves better. "Mine brains ain't so goot mit the heat."

Just so she didn't have a goose in a sack. Christmas week she had got on with a big white gander tied in a sack, all except its neck, and the whole bus had gone screwy. The gander had set up a ruckus every time anybody got on or off near her. Three kids had fed it their tickets, and it had bitten one of them before the old gal tucked the gander's head under her arm to hold it quiet. She was taking it to the president of the bank, she had confided. "That man—

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

such a fine looker!" she beamed. "So polite mit an old voman!" He could imagine what had happened in the bank.

He could see the line of mailboxes a mile ahead now, but there was no little figure waiting beside them. He slowed. Probably she was late. At the mailboxes he braked the bus to a full stop and looked down the lane. Being late, she would be hurrying like a tiny wisp of milkweed blowing with the wind. But the lane was empty. He checked his watch. She'd come in sight in a minute, and he could make up the time.

Without explanation, he got out and looked at his tires. After stalling behind the bus, he thought of her mailbox. He found it in the row, but it was empty when he opened it. He felt disturbed and disappointed. What if she'd found some jerk to run that jacked-up car of hers? Well, after all, why not? But just the same, she could've said something last week about it. After a last look down the empty lane, he pulled out.

In Wayland he made for Sam Nickels in the drugstore. "Haven't seen my gal friend, Marika. Have you?" he asked casually.

"Nope," Sam shrugged. "Might've missed her, though. Been catchin' up on my fishin'."

"She didn't get any medicine or anything, did she?" he asked.

Sam walked to the ledger behind the glass partition. "No mixed medicine," he answered. "Why?"

"Missed her this morning. Friday's her day to come in with me. She's regular as a clock."

"I'll drop the word f'r somebody to look in at her place," Sam said. "Like as not, she had a man comin' to plow or something."

"Yeah," he answered. "That's a good idea. She's pretty far out there, all by herself."

After that he strolled around to the grocery store, but Marika hadn't been in. Nobody had seen her since the previous Friday. Finally, he decided to go to the bank and ask for the president. *The guy got the goose, didn't he?* he thought.

The marker on the desk behind the railing said JOHN V. SHEPHERD, PRESIDENT. When the man looked up, Grader said, "Excuse me, sir, but I'd like to know if you've seen Mrs. Marika Eckhart this week."

"She was in the bank about three weeks ago," Mr. Shepherd answered, eying him curiously. "Any particular reason?"

"She just didn't come in with me this morning on the bus," he answered. "I'm asking around to see if she's all right."

Mr. Shepherd frowned. "She withdrew quite a little sum of money at the time she was in," he said. "Had some business to attend to, she said. Something about a relative, I think."

"Then maybe she's gone somewhere?"

"I wish I could tell you"—Mr. Shepherd smiled—"but that's all I know."

"Much obliged," he said. "If you see her, tell her Mike Grader missed those strawberries this morning." He touched his cap and left the bank.

At 1:55 P.M. he rolled out of the bus depot on schedule. Nobody had seen her. He calculated the risk of taking the bus off the highway on the way back to St. Louis and barreling down the lane to find her farm, but the company'd have his hide for that. With his transfer hanging fire—well, it couldn't be done. But suppose the old gal was sick or something had happened? What about that dough she drew out of the bank? You never could tell. He tried to figure a way to fake the mileage if he turned off.

But as he bore down upon the mailboxes that marked the lane he saw a spot of color on the right side of the highway and his hands gripped the wheel tighter.

"What'a you know!" he shouted aloud to himself. "What'a you know!"

It was her, all right, no bigger than a tiny bright field flower. She had white gloves on, a gay little red hat and a light spring coat over a bright embroidered dress. Beside her was a little straw-work bag.

"Marika! My baby!" he shouted, as he reached for the bag and helped her on. "Don't tell me you're going to St. Louis!"

"And vhy shouldn't it?" she sparkled. "The old sveetie surprise you, no? You don't see nutink yet, you big bum!"

"Who's a bum! I was worried sick about you!"

"I can bet!" She smiled impishly. "You tink it gives always strawberries mit cream! Now you get fooled!"

She settled herself, arranging her dress carefully, and he could see she was fairly bursting with excitement. Her young-girl eyes were bright as diamonds, and warm color tinged the weathered cheeks. In a few moments, after he had the bus rolling again, he saw that she was watching him in a way he hadn't seen since he was a kid. His mother used to watch him that way, to see how he liked something she had given him, maybe on his birthday or at Christmastime. Lord, it was a long time ago, and there hadn't been many Christmases with her.

"You look—*wunderschön!*" he said. "Understand?"

"*Naturlich,*" she smiled. And presently she asked, "You come back mit the bus tonight?"

He thought quickly. The evening bus left St. Louis at 7:15, reaching her stop about 9:35. That was Milt Sears' run on 461, and Milt would drop the old gal in the middle of the hot night on the lonely country lane and give it no thought.

"You figuring on comin' back out tonight?" he asked.

"Mit you I come back," she answered evenly. "Mit somebody else I stay in the hotel."

"Well, you're in luck, sweetheart!" he laughed. "It just happens I am!" Milt Sears would trade off runs with him. Milt hated the night pull. The load would be light or nothing, and what else did he have to do anyway? Bowl a few frames maybe. Sit around some lousy bar and shoot the breeze.

"I'll pull out of the station at seven-fifteen," he said.

He thought about getting out the marshmallow bar and giving it to her, but something about her made it seem the wrong thing. Swapping little presents and wisecracking on the trip into Wayland was a big kick, but all dressed up, like she was now, it didn't seem proper. What he ought to have got her was a little bottle of perfume maybe. He'd do that sometime.

"I always enjoy this stretch of country," he said soberly. "'Specially in the early summer."

"Such a day!" she smiled back. "*Schönes Wetter und schönes Leben!*"

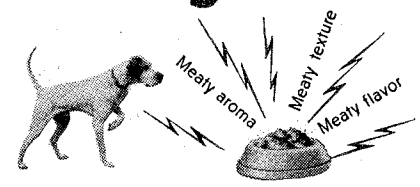
Beautiful weather and beautiful life! It was as if, all of a sudden, he had glimpsed the eternal secret behind the young-girl eyes that gazed so delightedly out over the green fields. It struck him with the impact of a fist. If ever he found the right girl, that's what she'd have to have. That joy for living. That was the thing that cheated the years and all the bad breaks. When you had that, you had everything.

The ride was hot and the bus crowded as they neared St. Louis, but Marika was enjoying every minute of it. When they pulled into the terminal on schedule at 4:50 P.M., he said, "Marika, is there anything I can do for you? You name it and we got it. If it's in St. Louis, it's yours!"

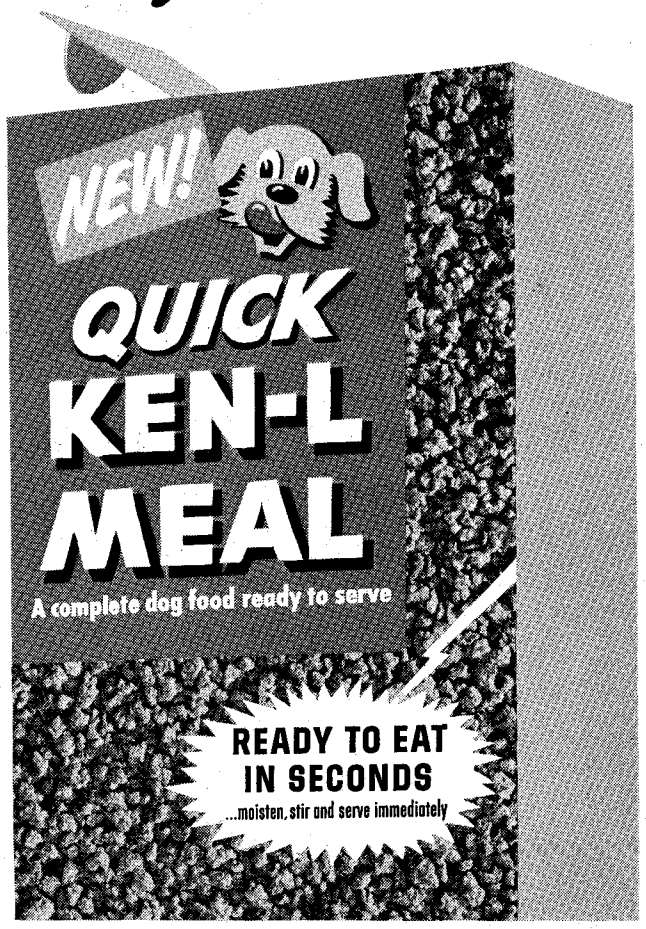
"Plenty times already I'm here," she answered gaily. "I take care of me." But there was a different note in her voice, a sugges-

The Quaker Oats Company Announces

New instant dog food mix sends out strong "meat signals" dogs can't resist



...the instant you add water!



There's no thriftier way to give your dog what he needs *... and loves!*

Absorbs liquid the instant you add it. Turns into a crumbly-moist, hamburger-like texture. Never turns mushy, cakes, or sticks to the dish. No wasteful, messy left-overs to clean up.

First quick mix for dogs contains 16 nourishing ingredients. Provides more nourishment than fresh raw meat (at much lower cost). It contains all vitamins, minerals, and other healthful ingredients known to be essential to dog health. Real meat meal packs in extra meat flavor and protein.

Jury of dogs casts landslide vote. In free-choice feeding tests, 9 out of 10 dogs—regardless of breed—chose Quick Ken-L-Meal and turned their backs on other dry dog foods. It's easier for you . . . best for your dog . . . and he'll love it!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion of fright, as she said, "You don't make fun when you say about the bus tonight? You take me?"

"Sure, I'm takin' you!" he laughed.

"Then I bring you something!" Almost instantly she sparkled mysteriously. "Better than strawberries! You see, big Mike!"

That decided him. As he watched her trip through the gate into the station, he made up his mind to get the perfume. Tonight. A ritzy stink water that'd rock the bus and put red garters on the moon! No rain-water lavender for her! Not for Marika! Ten to one, she'd like as not show up with a box of cigars or a quart of *Schnaps* for him. A man was a man to that gal!

He had the good feeling all over as he barned the bus. Then he called Milt Sears from the dispatcher's office. All Milt had to say was, "Watch them farmers' daughters, buddy boy!"

"Why loaf in town on a hot night like this?" he laughed. Then he cleared the switch with the dispatcher.

He stashed his box in the locker and decided the heck with washin' up at the terminal. He'd go back to his room and do it right—shower and put on a fresh uniform. Then he'd grab some grub and buy the perfume. But not at the terminal. Too close to home.

At 6:30 he stood at the counter in Union Station, studying the bottles. "I'm givin' the railroads a break," he grinned at the girl. "What's the best?"

He tried a lot of them. The girl rubbed drops into the back of his hand and sprayed him until he smelled like a bus load of gypsies.

"I'll take this French one," he said finally. "It'll drive the geese crazy."

"I beg your pardon?"

"I'm buyin' it for my mother," he winked. "She raises geese."

"I'll bet she does!" the girl smiled. "Big handsome ones!"

He paid the tariff, and her fingers lingered as she gave him his change. But it wasn't her night. "Ride the buses sometime," he grinned. "*Auf Wiedersehen*, baby!"

Back at the bus terminal, he got his ticket box, shot the breeze for a few minutes in the garage and checked his bus. At 7:10 he was at the gate as the loud-speaker call blared through the waiting room. An express was loading ahead of him, and the crowd was heavy. He put his box on the front seat to hold it open, stepped out and began taking tickets, looking for Marika.

He spotted her little red bonnet as she came bustling through the gate, and waved at her. "No hurry!" he called. When she stood beside him, he took her ticket. But why was she handing him two tickets? He looked up into a pair of sparkling brown eyes that left him dumb. Eyes like stars.

"Mine niece, Lisa Bonn," he heard Marika say. And then a swift whisper in German to the girl which ended in delighted gaiety. "Ain't I told you he vas?"

So she was the niece! She had everything. Lovely creamy skin with almost no make-up, and her wavy black hair fell away from under a little blue nothing for a hat. She wore a peasant blouse and a loose skirt.

"I'm—it's—certainly glad to meet you," he gulped.

"It's a pleasure, Mr. Grader," the girl said in a clear, clipped voice with a foreign accent that melted him. "My aunt has often written how delighted she is with you."

"Surprise—yes?" Marika chuckled. "Better than strawberries!" On the bus step, she turned. "You fix mit the baggage, sweetie!"

As the girl got on behind Marika he picked up her luggage. Plain worn pieces, but good stuff. And from the stickers she'd been every place. No goose picker, that one!

Suddenly his heart sank and pounded like a flat on the highway. She was a dead ringer for Marika. But it was Marika of forty years ago, the way he'd imagined her. Only this girl was—well, she'd never go for a bus driver. She'd never even stay here long enough. Anyway, she'd be in that car of Marika's and he'd never see either of them again after tonight. What if his transfer came through?

His mouth was dry and his uniform felt like a strait jacket as he lifted the luggage into the racks over the front seat.

"You ladies sit here," he managed to say.

"Phew! Vas stinkt so fine in the bus?" Marika exclaimed.

A wave of crimson swept over him. He couldn't explain the perfume. Not now! He wheeled and slumped into the driver's seat.

"Next stop, East St. Louis!" he called. He shot the doors shut, jerked out the fresh air and cooling knobs, and thundered the motor. *I got to get the road under me,* he thought. *I got to think.*

Marika seemed to ignore him all through the city, but she whispered often to the girl. At the East St. Louis stop he picked up a bundle of evening papers, and when he bent to reach for them through the door, he saw the girl's legs. The jolt was like a flash of summer lightning.

Grader, he groaned inwardly, *get ahold of yourself.*

He swung onto St. Clair Avenue, and when he hit U.S. 50 he heaved his shoulders and took a belt-straining breath. What he needed was a barrel of oxygen and Bing Crosby's luck. He turned as if the bus company paid him to be polite to strangers.

"Are you planning to stay with us long, Miss Bonn?"

The words seemed to fill the bus, until the girl's ripple of laughter came through. "I'm sorry," she said; "Aunt Marika just told me something very funny."

He felt like a kid with a busted balloon. "I was asking," he repeated awkwardly, "will you be staying here with us for a while?"

"As long as Aunt Marika will have me," the girl answered.

"Then I bet you never leave!" he said recklessly. "You sure speak pretty English."

"Lisa vas in the school in England," Marika said proudly. "And in Switzerland too."

He saw the girl's hand close impulsively over Marika's. "How can I ever thank you enough!" she said. "After the war, when mama and papa were gone ——"

"Later, *mein Liebchen!*" he heard Marika say. "Tomorrow we talk."

He shouldn't be listening to them now, he felt, and tried to focus his own thoughts. But the moon, rising low and hot through the haze over the fields, stirred crazy ideas. He drove automatically, starting, stopping, and watching his lights.

He could hear the excited staccato of talk and the little explosions of laughter near him. A wave of great and deep warmth swept through him with the physical impulse to take them both in his arms. Lift them right off their feet and hold them, laughing and protesting, like two beautiful dolls. The impulse was so powerful that he swung half around in his seat.

He found himself looking directly into her eyes. It had the head-on blinding impact of express headlights. Then her lashes fell and the dazzling beam let loose of him and he could see again.

"Vatch the road!" Marika cried.

"It's too late now!" he roared happily. His shoulders hunched over the wheel again, and he watched the highway peel under him like a strip of burning silver.

He knew that he loved her. He had loved her for a long, long time. There had been that thing with Marika, that strange intangible something that he hadn't been able to put his finger on. That thing that had made the old lady so wonderful to him all these months. It was as if there was the same beautiful light in them both—some bright kind of flame that was almost burned away in Marika, but which shone bright and new in Lisa. A flame, maybe, that passed whimsically through the women of a family, missing some, but making the others shine with an inward fire that was fatal to certain men.

He was that man! For Marika it had been Eckhart. Eckhart had been the lucky one for her. And now, for him, it was Lisa. He knew it with the absolute certainty that he knew he could pilot any bus on any highway of the world and do it safely.

It came to him that this was what Marika had sensed in him too. She had had an intuition about him. She had known there was this thing in him that had been in Eckhart, this thing a man either had for a woman or didn't. You got a little of the feeling sometimes on the highway when two big, revved-up motors drew close and the vibrations synchronized and you felt the surge of greater power. You felt the thing all through you.

Marika must have thought that Lisa might have it too. She knew her niece was like herself. She had been back to the old country. She had sent the girl to school, got her letters, and she knew how Lisa felt inside. He wondered if one day the old lady had written and said, "Lisa, there is a man here you must meet—a man you will like."

Somehow, now, he knew that Lisa had been riding with him every Friday since that first morning when Marika got on the bus. Marika's love for the girl had brought her near to them both—an invisible presence—a kind of radiance that he had responded to.

Now the girl was here. But heaven almighty! So far he had merely seen her and spoken only a few words. Yet it was right.

They were nearing the line of mailboxes now and the lane where the two women would get off. But not if Mike Grader could swing a wheel and stand on his two big feet in a company office. The heck with the transfer. The express could wait.

At the lane he roared, "We're takin' a short detour, folks! Don't worry! We'll be in Wayland on schedule!"

He swung into the lane. When the wheels lined straight, he turned to Marika. "You tell me when to stop—Aunt Marika!"

It was strange how she sat there, small and smiling, more gnarled and bent beside the girl than she had ever seemed before. But her eyes danced, and her tongue was quick. She understood.

"I let you know, big Mike!"

It was only two miles. When she called out to go right, he swung the bus into her driveway.

He stepped out into the warm night, helped them down and went back for the girl's luggage. When he returned, the girl was standing with her arms outstretched, as if aching to take in the woods and fields and everything around her.

"It's all so wonderful!" she was saying. "Everything is so very beautiful!"

He carried her bags to the door of the house. Marika did not protest. He walked beside the girl, unable to find words.

"You come to see us sometimes, big Mike," Marika said. "Sunday you don't vork. You come on Sunday for supper. I make a goose in the oven."

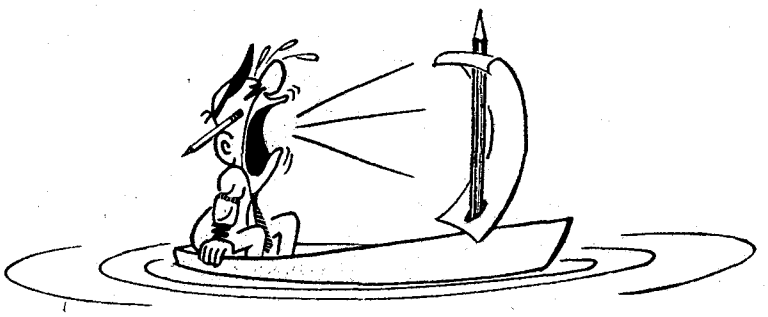
He turned to the girl, looking down into her face, his cap crushed in his hands as he held it behind him.

"May I?" he asked.

She held out her hand, smiling. "Of course. We can help baste the goose together. Come early."

He walked on air, boarding the bus with a leap that shook the giant springs. "Thanks, folks!" he said. "Thanks a lot!" What he had done would be gossip all over Wayland tomorrow, and he was glad. "A man has to look after his family!" he roared.

He barreled the bus down the lane to the highway and stopped. From his tin box he took two small packages and a heavy marking pencil. On the marshmallow bar he printed in big letters FOR AUNT MARIKA, and on the perfume, FOR LISA. Then, with a broad smile for himself and the world, he stepped out and slipped them into the Eckhart mailbox. THE END



The Perfect Squelch

Fred, an ineffectual but talkative worker, spent most of his time complaining that fortune seemed to smile at everyone else, but merely sneered at him. When another employee with less seniority was promoted, his wails of self-pity filled the boss' office.

"It's the same old story," Fred moaned. "Other guys get all the breaks. But how come *my* ship never comes in?"

"Perhaps," his boss suggested quietly, "you never discovered that steam has replaced wind."

Glenn R. Bernhardt

We pay $100 for your original, unpublished squelch anecdotes. Send typewritten, with stamped return envelope, to Box 234, The Saturday Evening Post, Philadelphia 5, Pa.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Maggie *can* read!

by JOHN CROSBY

I CAN REMEMBER when my daughter Maggie, who is now six, used to crawl into my lap and say: "Daddy, read me a story." Last year, 1955, is chiefly notable in my book as the year Maggie first crawled into my lap and announced: "Daddy, I'm going to read *you* a story." Maggie, in short, has succumbed to the charms and the perils of the printed word, so much so that she can hardly be persuaded to leave the stuff alone and go out and play with the other children.

I can now put *that* apprehension behind me. But, while it lasted, it *was* an apprehension, because 1955 produced a best-selling book called "Why Johnny Can't Read," which with formidable coherence endeavored to prove that our public schools are turning out a race of semi-illiterates. Well, if Johnny can't, Maggie can. The literates have lost one and gained one.

Maggie is a television child; by that I mean when she first became conscious of anything beyond sleeping and eating, the TV set was right there, and it soon commanded an awful lot of her attention. A few years back, you'll recall, we were all mighty worried not only that we'd never get the kids away from the set long enough to teach them how to read, but that we'd forget how to read ourselves.

There were some grounds for this fear. Reading probably did fall off for a while. But in 1955, despite the fact that there was probably five times as much

television to choose from, there was more reading than ever before in history. People are now buying some 55 million newspapers a day, about 58 million magazines a week, to say nothing of 800 million books a year!

Clearly, reading has survived television as it has survived a lot of other things. When my mother was six years old, a great hue and cry went up over the popularity of the bicycle. The bicycle, according to this lament, would take everyone out of the home, and so no one would find time to read any more. And when I was six, a new wail — or rather two new wails — went up. They were, respectively, the automobile and the movies. The automobile was supposed to be an even greater menace than the bicycle, because it would take the whole family away from home at once. So no one would ever read again. When Maggie came along, there was television. And when her daughter arrives, I expect there'll be something else.

Still, the whole thing is a little puzzling. After all, the automobile, the radio, the movies, television do take up an awful lot of our time. How then do we

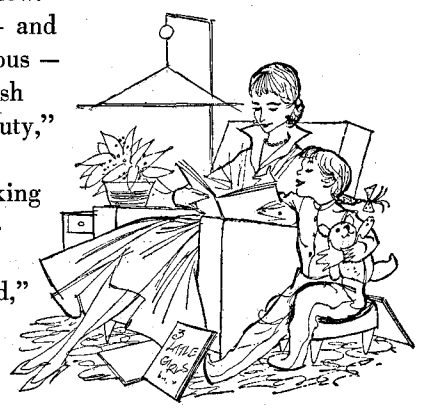
manage to gulp down so much reading matter? You can't dismiss it simply by increased population, either. Since 1920 the population has gone up less than half, but the sale of magazines has more than tripled. I brought this up one day with my advertising friend Jim Mainwaring.

"Well," said Jim, "the competition for our time is terrific all right. But we've *got* more time. When your mother was a girl, people worked around sixty hours a week. Now it's forty. When Maggie grows up, it'll be thirty or less. She'll have to read. You can't look at Arlene Francis all day long."

"Now all I got to worry about is what she'll read. 'Saucy Stories'? 'Keyhole Crime'?"

"Oh, probably. But she can't read that stuff all the time, either. Sooner or later she's bound to stumble on something good. And eventually Maggie will be a consumer," said Jim with that faraway look ad men get when they view a potential customer. "And we in the advertising business will have to chase her through a lot more magazines than we had to chase your mother through. Nowadays women read a lot of things they never read before. Boxing stories, for example. Women could never be persuaded to read boxing stories until they got the boxing bug by watching TV. Some magazines are printing more fantasy for the same reason. You see, television arouses more curiosity than it can possibly satisfy."

But Maggie, I was thinking, has bigger things than that ahead of her. Right now her reading is largely a matter of Johnny Woodchuck scampering through the Green Meadow.



Ahead of her — and I'm a little envious — are her first brush with "Black Beauty," Alice stepping through the looking glass, the apple-barrel scene in "Treasure Island," Huck and Jim drifting down the Mississippi with the King and the Duke.

And along with the delights and splendors, there'll be some terrors and torments — Dostoievsky's "The Possessed," "From Here to Eternity," "A Streetcar Named Desire." For reading is not all joy. It is — like life itself — compounded of many moods, ranging from ecstasy to despair, and Maggie will have to learn to take the rough with the smooth, the emotional storms of Shakespeare, the intellectual furies of Shaw, the spiritual torments of Tolstoy, gathering from the ancient wisdom of long-dead genius a little fire to enrich her own living spirit.

And someday — if she's lucky — she'll get the biggest thrill of all when a little girl first climbs into her lap and says: "Mummy, I'm going to read *you* a story."

Dear Mr. Crosby,

Good for Maggie! She helped to make 1955 the readingest year ever.

Although we can't speak for the entire publishing industry, we've added up our own figures and they certainly underscore your point. It was the biggest year The Saturday Evening Post, Ladies' Home Journal and Holiday ever had. Together they sold more than 310,000,000 copies — an all-time record. And each was ahead in advertising linage and revenue. That's particularly significant when you remember that all three — the Post, the Journal and Holiday — are reading magazines in the full sense of the word.

What about 1956? Judging by advance reports from our editorial, circulation and advertising departments, it promises to be an even bigger year than 1955. All best wishes,

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING CO.

[This page first appeared as an advertisement addressed to advertisers and agencies. It received so much favorable comment that it is reprinted here.]

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

PEOPLE WHO GO FAR... GO WITH

BANK OF AMERICA

TRAVELERS CHEQUES

BUY THEM AT BANKS AND TRAVEL AGENCIES EVERYWHERE

More Power for TOUGH JOBS!

Gravely does jobs other tractors won't . . . because the 5-HP Gravely has the *extra* power that makes tough jobs easy.

Proof? See the Gravely and Rotary Plow attachment making a perfect seedbed in one operation!

Let us show you the advantages of the Gravely's *extra* power . . . all-gear drive . . . power reverse . . . your choice of 23 tools. Push-button Starter optional.

EASY PAYMENT PLAN

Write for FREE Booklet "Power vs Drudgery"

GRAVELY TRACTORS, INC.

BOX 272 DUNBAR, W. VA.

GRAVY MASTER sign of good gravy

My Battles in War and Peace

(Continued from Page 27)

most of them, that had been established in Indian days. The first was at Walla Walla, Washington, and it will always linger in my memory, for it was there that my father gave me my first rifle. It wasn't a real rifle, but the standard weapon of the small boy of that day—an asthmatic air gun, which fired a little lead pellet with a sound like a small sneeze. Like any inexperienced soldier, I shot up all my ammunition in a hurry, and, like any soldier, I had to scramble around to solve this problem in supply. Happily, I discovered that the hard winter wheat they grew in Washington state made an excellent substitute for a BB shot, a fact which I proved to my own satisfaction by shooting a local farmer in the backside as he bent over to select some ripe tomatoes for my mother.

My pleasure in this discovery did not long survive my father's homecoming that night. By strongly applying his palm to the seat of my pants, he impressed upon me the fact that I must never point a weapon at another unless my own life was in danger. I never forgot that admonition.

My father was a splendid soldier, who loved the military service, but he believed that a boy should follow his own bent, and he made no effort to persuade me that I should make the Army my career, a philosophy which I am trying to follow in the rearing of my own six-year-old son. A man of inflexible principle, with a soldierly directness about him, he was at the same time possessed of infinite gentleness and patience and he had a deep love for many things that had nothing to do with war. His greatest pleasure, when off duty, came from books and music, and one of my happiest moments as a youngster came when I saved up enough money to take him, as my guest, to a performance of Samson and Delilah at the Boston Opera House.

His interest in music was shared by my beautiful and talented mother, who played the piano and sang, and brought an atmosphere of warmth and gaiety to whatever bleak and shabby quarters might be our lot. One of my happiest memories, in fact, is of a freezing winter spent at Fort Snelling, Minnesota, in old quarters that had not been inhabited, except by rodents, since Indian days. We arrived there from Washington state just as the bitter cold began, and we spent the greater part of that winter in one room—the only one that had a fireplace—singing while my mother played, the sound of the music drowning out the shriek of the harsh winds that blew the snow in deep drifts against the doorways.

For all his love of books and music, though, my father in one respect was a typical artilleryman. He was not disturbed by loud and sudden noises, and he felt that it was every youngster's inalienable right to shake the universe with explosions on Independence Day. Consequently, for every Fourth of July he bought a prodigious quantity of cannon crackers, rockets and Roman candles, and let me set them off.

He had a woodsman's knowledge of the outdoors, and a poet's eye for the beauties of nature, and from him I learned to love every type of terrain that God has made—mountains and plains, forests, deserts and the seashore, and all the creatures that dwell therein.

The most tangible things in life are the most intangible, and my most vivid memories, strangely, are not of strife or battle, but of quiet days and nights spent with good companions in the open. One such moment came to me while serving as military adviser to the UN. Along with a number of other officers, in October of 1946 I went to Oak Ridge, Hanford and Los Alamos to see the atomic-energy installations, and to marvel, as all men must, at these supreme achievements of the faith, the courage and the intellect of the American people. Our route lay over the great mountains of the West, a punishment to me, who remembered the wonderful days I had spent hunting and fishing and hiking and camping in these same areas as a boy. Then, after Los Alamos, we did have one wonderful day. Eight of us crowded into a pickup truck with chains and compound gear and, leaving the highway just south of the Colorado-New Mexico line, we penetrated far into the headwater meadows in the shadow of the continental divide. There, at an altitude of almost 11,000 feet, in the glory of the October sunshine, with the great snow-capped peaks rising all around us, we spent several hours fishing, taking in that short time over 200 brook trout, rainbows and German browns.

That night, as we got back onto the main highway well after dark, the most amazing display of meteorites I have ever seen flashed across the sky. Ten or twelve shooting stars could be seen streaking across the heavens at once, leaving trails of fire that hung in the air for as long as two minutes after the head had burned out. There was a half moon, no clouds, and that crystal clarity of atmosphere which only the high mountains can offer. To me, such moments are unforgettable. They uplift my soul as does no other experience on earth, and from them comes a renewed appreciation of Deity and of man's small place in the great scheme of things.

> By the time most men have money to burn, the fire has gone out.
>
> DAN BENNETT

The lone virtue I can see in war, in fact, is the chance it gives a man to feel these deep emotions, to live under the open sky, to bed down at night on Mother Earth, to find again the talents for survival our pioneer forebears had, but which civilization has dulled in us. Millions of men who remember the dust of Africa, the mud of Normandy, the cold snows of Holland and the Bulge, will snort at this, I know. But living in the open, bedding down like a bear wherever night found me, was one aspect of a soldier's life that never greatly troubled me. Hunting and fishing and camping with my father, I learned to take care of myself under primitive conditions when I was very young, and I have never lost the knack of it.

Though my schooling in the ways of the woods was fairly complete, my formal education suffered, as did that of every other soldier's son. My father, like any soldier, changed duty stations frequently, which meant that I would be pulled out of one school in midterm and plunked down in another a thousand miles away, sometimes losing half a year's work. This did not disturb me greatly, for I was used to being uprooted, and only once was I somewhat shaken by the experience.

I was going to a small, friendly, co-educational high school in Virginia, when my father, who had transferred from the field to the coast artillery, was ordered to Boston Harbor. I was suddenly plucked out of the little school where I had made many warm friends, and was dropped down in a huge high school in Boston. The student body numbered about 2000—all boys—none of whom I knew, and none of whom, at first, showed the slightest desire to know me.

As I drew near to the end of my high-school days I sensed, perhaps, that my father, who had graduated from West Point in the class of 1883, would be pleased if I chose to go there too. So, out of the deep affection and admiration I felt for him, rather than from any strong desire to be a soldier, I decided to make the military my life's career.

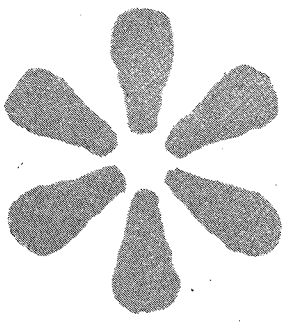
My parents gave me every chance. Knowing that the interruptions in my education had left me shakily prepared in some subjects, they sent me down to Washington to Swavely's, a school which is now defunct, but which in those days had a fine reputation for preparing boys for West Point. In my first attempt at the entrance exams, I did little to add luster to that reputation. I fell flat on my face in the math tests, flunking geometry badly. It was a bitter disappointment to me, but my parents took it calmly, and dug down in their pockets to send me back to Swavely's for more seasoning. Up to that time I had not cared particularly whether I went to the academy or not. After this failure, of which I was deeply ashamed, I was determined to go. For the next three months I worked as hard as I ever worked in my life, before or since. Day and night, Saturdays and Sundays included, I studied mathematics. In the examination that spring seven appointments were open, and twenty candidates were competing for them, so my chances were about one in three. But the months of hard study paid off. My average mark in algebra and geometry was 96 and I entered the academy that June. The year was 1913.

As a cadet I did nothing particularly remarkable, either good or bad, as I recall. I made the usual stab at football and soon found out that I wasn't worth a damn. A horse I was riding bareback threw me over his head onto the wall I was trying to make him jump, which left me with a sore back that has plagued me, off and on, ever since. I got myself all lopsided trying to earn a letter by breaking the school shot-put record, which was very low, and I sang in the choir until I found out that, by teaching Sunday school, I could sleep an hour later on Sunday morning. I had some disciplinary troubles. Early in my yearling year I showed the extremely poor judgment of getting caught by the commandant of cadets while hazing a plebe. I was causing him no physical anguish. I was merely "bracing" him—urging him to assume a more soldierly posture by pulling in his chin and sucking in his belly. But the commandant was a severe man, and for my sins I spent that fall and winter walking the area, an athletic exercise from which I derived no pleasure. I picked up other demerits along the way, from various tactical officers whom I had displeased, and for a while I doubted the wisdom of having entered West Point at all.

Somehow, though, all my troubles seemed to fade away at once. Somewhat to my surprise, I was made assistant manager of the football team, which meant I would be manager in my fourth year, and this took much of the sting out of my failure to make the grade as a player. In military I had no trouble. I was the top "make," or noncom, at the end of my yearling year, and ended up as the cadet adjutant as a senior.

I took on a lot of extracurricular activities, which may have cut down my class standing a few points, but I've never regretted this, for I made many warm friendships in these extra activities which have endured for all these years. My scholastic ability was not spectacular, and I was graduated, as I remember, somewhere around the top of the middle third of my class. That was fairly good, but not high enough to give me my choice of service. We named our preference in order of our class standing, and I chose the artillery, which I knew

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Note these Carbon Paper features

* **Exclusive Scale Edge** prevents running over, makes carbon handling easier, cleaner.
* **Stays flat** in extreme temperatures.
* **Weights and finishes** to fit your individual typing requirements.

At stationers everywhere
Make it clear . . . you want

WEBSTER'S DURAMETRIC

MULTI KOPY

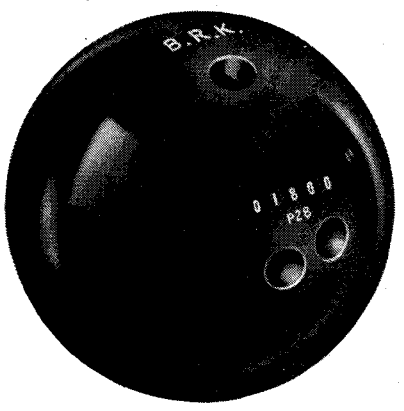
TRADE MARK REG. MADE IN U.S.A.

CARBON PAPERS

FREE SAMPLE. Write on your office letterhead, specifying make of typewriter and number of carbons usually required. Address F. S. Webster Co., 13 Amherst St., Cambridge 42, Mass.

MULTI KOPY DURAMETRIC WEBSTER CO.

BOWLING BALL!



YOU can easily earn one of these nationally advertised Mineralite Bowling Balls, bored to fit your hand, within one week.

Send us six 2-year *Saturday Evening Post* subscriptions at $10.00 each or eight 2-year *Holiday* subscriptions at $8.00 each. All subscriptions must be sold outside your own home at the full price. Both new and renewals count, but not your personal or personal gift subscriptions.

Write subscribers' names and addresses on plain paper and mail with your own name and address and full remittance. You'll receive a gift certificate with which to claim your ball. Your initials will be put on the ball without charge.

Offer good in continental U. S. only, until May 31, 1956. Sorry, no bowling balls may be sold for cash.

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
343 Independence Square
Philadelphia 5 Pennsylvania

would please my father. But by the time they got to me, all the artillery vacancies had been filled by men higher up on the roster than I was, and I was given my second choice, which was infantry.

I have never for a moment regretted the change. To my mind, the highest service a man can perform is to lead other men in battle. It requires of him competence and courage of the highest order, and it develops in him a deep and abiding love for those whose lives are entrusted to his hands—love that creates in him a complete willingness to sacrifice his own life, if need be. To my way of thinking, there never was a great battle commander in all history who did not feel this deep love for his men. On the field of battle all men's lives are equally precious, as they are in the sight of God, and the commander who through stupid tactics or callousness drives his men to slaughter against an objective that is not worth the cost is not a leader, but a butcher and a fool.

I remember a bitter joke that went the rounds of the Army soon after World War I, a conflict which gave to history many prize examples of men's lives being thrown away needlessly. There was a staff meeting before a big attack, and some division commander tapped with his riding crop on a little dot on the map, and said, "I'd give ten thousand men to take that hill."

From the back of the room where stood the battalion commanders whose units would have to go against the hill, there came an ironic voice, "He's a generous so-and-so, isn't he?"

I have never admired the commander who was generous with men's lives, and I will go to my grave proud of the fact that on at least four occasions I have stood up at the risk of my career and denounced wild-eyed tactical schemes which I was convinced would have resulted in needless butchery. I do not mean to convey the idea that I am an advocate of timidity on the battlefield. The timid commander, by prolonging combat unnecessarily, causes the death of as many men as does the reckless and foolhardy commander. Neither is a true battle leader, for the finest combat leader is the man who can accomplish his mission the quickest, with the least cost in blood to the men under his command.

None of these thoughts were in my mind, of course, thirty-eight years ago when my class—the class of 1917—graduated six weeks early, just fourteen days after the United States had gone to war against Germany. Within a week, with my second lieutenant's bars shining on my shoulders, I was on my way to join the fight. At least I thought I was. I had asked for assignment to the 3rd Infantry, down on the Mexican border. It was at full war strength, one of the few Regular Army regiments that had not been broken up to form cadres for the divisions that were going overseas, and the rumor was that it was soon to be shipped intact to France.

The rumors were wrong. It stayed on the Mexican border, and so did I, until September of 1918, when, to my bitter disappointment, I received orders to report back to West Point as an instructor in the Department of Modern Languages. To me, this was the death knell to my career. The last great war the world would ever see was swiftly drawing to a close. There would never be another. Once the Hun was beaten, the world would be safe for democracy forever. I took what steps I could to avoid the assignment. I wrote to the only friend I knew in Washington, a lieutenant colonel, and pleaded with him to get my orders countermanded. For a while I heard nothing. Then I got a telegram. Its tone was curt and it was signed by some officer who had replaced my friend. It told me to carry out my orders immediately and to keep my mouth shut in the future.

I reported to West Point expecting to teach Spanish, in which I was fairly fluent. They put me to teaching French to a second-year class that knew more French than I did. I arrived there low in spirit to find the spirit of the rest of the faculty at an equally low ebb, for each man felt that by having no combat on his record, he had lost all chance for advancement. This urge to get into the fighting was almost universal among career officers in W.W. I. Strangely though, this spirit did not burn so strongly in W.W. II. Then many officers seemed quite content to remain in Stateside jobs for the duration.

I stayed at West Point six years as instructor in French and Spanish and later, under General MacArthur, as graduate manager of athletics. On the side, in order that I would not lose too much contact with the basic tools of my profession, I volunteered to teach special classes in tactics and weapons in the evenings.

No duty lasts forever, even in the Army, so finally orders came sending me to Fort Benning, to take the Company Officer's Course. From there I went to China, to the 15th Infantry, whose second in command was one of the great soldiers, great patriots and great gentlemen of all time, Gen. George C. Marshall, who was then a lieutenant colonel. From China I came back to the States, to San Antonio and the 9th Infantry, for service with another great soldier-statesman, Gen. Frank R. McCoy, who, along with General Marshall, did much to shape and mold my career in later years.

During this service in San Antonio came one of those opportunities which I look back on now as marking a turning point in my life. Though I had never been a top competitor in any one sport, I was tough and agile and fairly competent in many of them, and my ambition at the time was to represent the Army in the 1928 Olympics as a member of the pentathlon squad. My orders to start training had already been cut, when General McCoy, who knew I spoke fair schoolbook Spanish, asked me to go with him to Nicaragua, as a member of a United States mission which was to supervise the elections in that strife-torn republic.

On the one hand lay the chance to make some sort of name for myself as an Olympic athlete. On the other lay the opportunity to broaden my horizons and gain experience in a field that was new to me. At the age of thirty-three, I was almost finished as an athlete before I began; but the job with General McCoy opened up limitless vistas for the future in the field of military diplomacy.

I have never regretted that I laid aside my Olympic ambitions and went with General McCoy. It was a definite milestone in my career, and I believe some guidance from above helped me to make the right decision.

In Nicaragua, Mr. Henry Stimson had already arranged a truce between the warring factions. It was our job to bring the belligerents together, rewrite the electoral laws, and to conduct and supervise an absolutely honest and fair election. This was done.

Not all the land was at peace, however, for Sandino, the bandit leader, was still active in the hills and there were many hot skirmishes between his army and the United States Marines. Whenever my duties would permit I would slip off to fly with the marine pilots on scouting missions over the rebel country, a recreation which was mildly hazardous, for aircraft maintenance was none too dependable in that day. The single-engined planes would sometimes fall in the jungles, where pilot and observer, even if they escaped death in the crash, soon would be hacked to pieces by the machete-armed rebels. There in Nicaragua

Does "Doing-it-Yourself" give you

sore aching muscles?

Here's relief—fast!

● Smart trick for problem ceilings: *paper* them! And if your muscles ache afterward, it's smart to rub on *Absorbine Jr.*

Absorbine Jr. has been a stand-by for many trainers of top athletes for over 60 years. "Like a heat lamp in a bottle," it warms and soothes—gives safe, fast, long-lasting relief from pain at the point of application.

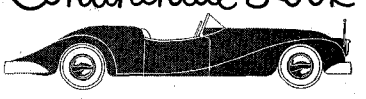
You can buy Absorbine Jr. wherever drugs are sold.

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

ABSORBINE JR.

NOW . . . it's the Continental Look



FROM COAST-TO-COAST

RAYLINE

License Plate Frames

TO FIT ANY NEW SIZE, NEW DESIGN PLATES

Sparkling Chrome or Goldray Finish

Plates in some states will now be valid for 5 years. Non-breakable, rubber cushioned Raylite Lens keeps plate clean, theft-proof. Instant installation at your car dealer.

$5.50 ea. Brilliant Chrome
$7.50 ea. Sparkling Goldray

INTERNATIONAL MANUFACTURING CO.
Roxbury 19, Massachusetts

FEET HURT?

Tired, Aching Feet, Weak, Fallen Arch Easily Relieved!

Like so many others, you, too, will marvel how Dr. Scholl's Foot-Eazer and exercise make short work of the pain of Weak or Fallen Arches. Thin, light, flexible. Fit in any shoe like an insole. Expertly fitted at Shoe, Department Stores and at Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort® Shops in principal cities. $6.50 pair.

Dr Scholl's FOOT-EAZERS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I saw marines in action for the first time and gained an abiding respect for their fighting qualities. Three of the young marines I met there, Captains Schilt, Lamson-Scribner and Chesty Puller, I was to serve with again, when I commanded the 8th Army in Korea. They were general officers then, but they had lost none of the drive and fire they had in Nicaragua days.

Some of the hunts we had in Nicaragua were probably potentially more hazardous than the jungle flights I took with the marines. The Nicaraguan lakes were full of monster crocodiles, wary creatures, but dangerous to a man alone. We hunted them by creeping up on them, crawling on our bellies through the slime, and we'd have to shoot them just between those little knobs in which their eyes are set, which is all you can see sticking up when they are in the water. It was a fine test of marksmanship, for it was all offhand shooting at unknown ranges, at a very small target, and you had to get in a brain shot to kill. I used a .30-06, with an unusually wide iron-post front sight and a big peep sight, for much of the shooting was done late in the day when the light was dim. I have killed as many as seven in a day—fourteen-footers, with big wide bellies on them, weighing up to 1000 pounds.

If you missed the brain, you lost the crocodile. If you hit it, he would flip over on his back with his two little stubby front legs sticking up out of the water, floating there for about a minute before he sank. We used to have big arguments about how long it took one to die, if you hit him just right. I said they died instantly. And once, to prove my point, when I had shot a fourteen-footer on land, I ran up and sat on him within ten seconds after the shot. There wasn't a flicker out of him, but looking back on it now, I think it was a damn-fool thing to do. Some of the places I crawled through, wearing nothing but shorts and shoes, I wouldn't wade through now wearing hip boots, for a thousand dollars. It was a lot of fun then, though it did cost me one treasured memento. My West Point ring slipped off my finger while stalking one big old bull and it's still there somewhere, buried in the jungle muck.

When that tour ended, late in 1928, I asked General McCoy's permission to come home overland. Unlike most general officers, who can find a dozen reasons why young subordinates cannot be spared for off-beat adventures of their own, he agreed immediately and wrote our embassies along the route to give me what aid and comfort I might need. In the congenial company of a young lieutenant, Irvin Alexander, I set out. By bull cart, canoe, mule-back, bus and train we made our way through El Salvador, Guatemala and Mexico, a three months' journey. By the time I arrived in San Antonio, General McCoy had another job for me—this time as a member of the mission that was trying to conciliate a bitter dispute between Bolivia and Paraguay.

After that service I went back to school, to the Field Officer's Course at Fort Benning. General Marshall was assistant commandant then and Vinegar Joe Stilwell was teaching tactics, and under Marshall's leadership the school had turned into one of the finest and most thorough advanced military courses in the world. After that I had brief tours in Nicaragua again, and with the 33rd Infantry in the Canal Zone. Then I was sent to the Philippines as liaison officer to the insular government, and adviser to the governor general, Theodore Roosevelt, Jr. There I contracted a very severe case of dysentery, a complaint which was first diagnosed as cholera, for which they prescribed injections of horse serum. I proved to be allergic to horse serum and my hands and feet swelled up until they resembled footballs. This disaster was more than compensated for, though, by the deep friendship that grew up between me and that great soldier and great gentleman, Ted Roosevelt—a relation that was to grow warmer and deeper on the battlefields of World War II. With the accession to the presidency of Mr. Roosevelt's cousin, Franklin D., he was out of a job, and so was I, and I came back to the States by way of Europe, to spend two years at the Command and General Staff School at Leavenworth.

With that course of study behind me I was ready for heavier responsibilities. General McCoy was commanding what was then a corps area, but is now a continental army, with headquarters at Chicago, and he offered me either the G-4 job, which is supply and logistics, or G-3, which is operations and training. I took the job as G-3 and immediately worked, and worried, myself into a state bordering on collapse. My first task was to plan a big maneuver for the late summer of 1936, and since most of the other G's were older officers who long since had lost their enthusiasm for hard work, the burden of the whole thing fell largely on me. The big problem was to find open areas in that Midwest farming country where troops could maneuver without ruining the crops, which were just coming to harvest. We had four divisions in the maneuver, plus the 7th Cavalry Brigade, mechanized, the daddy of our armored force of W.W. II and the most modern element we had in the field.

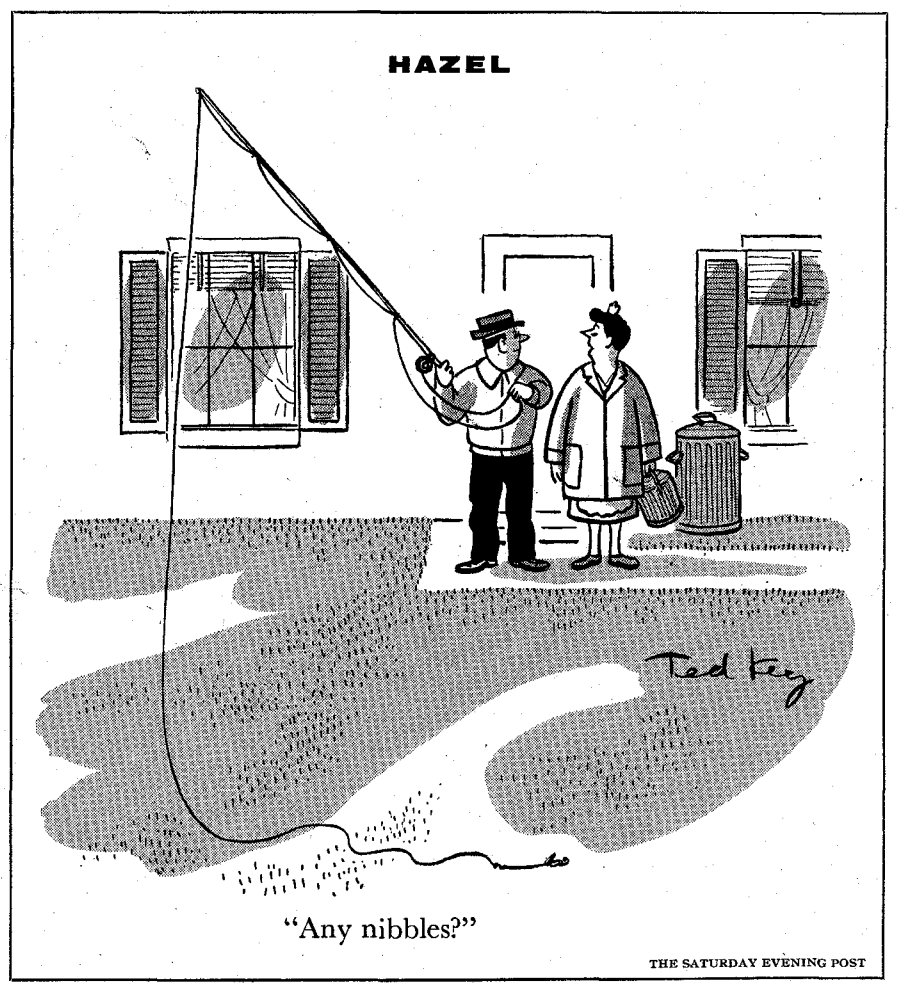
I would first reconnoiter by air, freezing in an open-cockpit plane, looking for open space, and then would go over the ground on foot. Then I'd go home and toss and turn all night, visualizing a thousand angry farmers chasing me with pitchforks, because their crops had been ruined. I knew that if I fouled up on this thing my career as a soldier would be shot. Fortunately, though, it went off all right, and afterward General Marshall, who had a brigade in the maneuver, came to me and said a few kind and complimentary words that boosted my spirits more than if he'd pinned a medal on my chest.

After that it was back to school for me, to the Army War College, the most advanced course we had at that time. When that two-year tour was over, I was ordered to the Presidio of San Francisco, as G-3 of the 4th Army.

The caldron of war was bubbling then all around the world. In Europe, Hitler was mouthing his insane doctrines, and every day, on the West coast, we watched the Jap tankers and cargo ships go out through the Golden Gate, loaded with aviation gas and scrap steel. We knew what that meant, and were powerless to stop it, just as we knew that in Europe the big explosion was soon to come. It came in 1939, and I still remember the frantic message we got from Washington.

"Hitler has invaded Poland," it said. "Take all necessary measures."

We got a good laugh out of that, for we didn't know what the hell measures we could take in San Francisco that would have any effect on a war in Poland.



"Any nibbles?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

We did take some steps, though, that were of great value to us later, when we went to war with Japan. I wrote the scenario for a big maneuver. Its basic assumption was that the Pacific Fleet had been destroyed at Pearl Harbor, and three enemy armies were landing on the West Coast. The problem was to test how well and quickly we could bring men and supplies by rail from the East in sufficient numbers to oppose this invading force. Criticism of this plan was instantaneous and vociferous. I was told that my basic assumption—that the Pacific Fleet had been destroyed—was so fantastic that it was not a proper premise on which to base an exercise of this scope. With the backing of the War Department, though, we went ahead. Top railroad men from throughout the country left their desks to run the troop and cargo trains through the three great bottlenecks in our transcontinental rail system—the holding and reconsignment points at Spokane, Ogden and San Bernardino. Every troop and cargo train was actually dispatched and spotted, and we learned where our weaknesses lay, and how to correct them.

Two years later, when the Pacific Fleet had been temporarily knocked out at Pearl Harbor, and men and munitions were pouring across the continent, this knowledge came in very handily.

Soon after that maneuver I again was ordered to South America. General Marshall, who was soon to take office as Chief of Staff, went to Brazil as head of a mission charged with finding out what help and co-operation we could expect from our oldest and strongest Latin-American ally in the event we got into the war with Germany. Following that mission, which ended happily for us, and unhappily, I trust, for the thousands of Germans who had infiltrated Brazil, General Marshall went to Washington as Chief of Staff and I followed soon after.

My job was in the War Plans Division. It was fascinating work, but I preferred troop duty to a staff job, and I kept asking to be assigned to an active unit. Finally, the Chief of Infantry called me in and told me he had an assignment for me—if I wanted it—commanding a new regiment of native troops which was being formed in the Philippines. Again, I think, some power from above came to my aid in making a decision. Not quite knowing why, I turned it down. That action certainly shaped the course of my future life, for if I had gone out to the Philippines I certainly would have been killed or captured on Bataan.

I stayed in War Plans until early December, 1941, when I was sent down to Benning to take a refresher course. I never attended a class. Gen. Ralph Huebner and I arrived at Benning by car at noon on December seventh. While we were waiting to have our lunch, word came that Pearl Harbor had been attacked. The next morning I was back at my desk in the old Munitions Building in Washington.

And there I stayed, and stayed, sending in one request after another, asking to be assigned to troops. Every day I would go in to see Bedell Smith, General Marshall's staff secretary, and ask what word he had for me. Bedell was sympathetic, but not too sympathetic, for he also was doing all he could to break away and get into the war.

Finally, one day when I stuck my head in Bedell's office and asked, "Any word?" he nodded.

"Yes," he said. "This morning General Marshall said, and I quote: 'Tell Ridgway I don't want to see him hanging around outside my door any more. When I have something for him, I'll send for him.'"

That cooled me down considerably, and I went back to my duties. There were the usual planning duties, but, in addition, I had a little extra job thrown in. Every morning at five o'clock I'd get up, assemble all the dispatches that had come in during the night from all over the world, and digest them into a brief summary, with maps and sketches. This summary had to be on the desks of General Marshall, the Secretary of War, Mr. Stimson, and the President, by eight o'clock daily. Then I'd get on with my regular work until ten or eleven o'clock that night, a routine that left me a little hollow-eyed.

Early in February I got a call to General Marshall's office. The famous old 82nd Division of World War I was being reactivated, he told me. General Bradley was to take command. I was to be the assistant division commander. That put life into the flagging spirits of the old mare. Those orders meant combat. They also meant a first, if temporary, star.

I got word at eleven o'clock. At one o'clock I was high-tailing across Memorial Bridge, bound for Camp Claiborne, Louisiana, where the 82nd's cadre was assembling. After twenty-five years in the Army I was off to war at last. It turned out to be enough war to last a reasonable man a lifetime, and of a form of which I'd never dreamed.

Editors' Note—This is the third of six articles by General Ridgway.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Felt our name lately?

Every time you use a Bell telephone — including the lovely new color telephones—your fingers touch our name, *Western Electric* . . . and that's your clue to what we do.

For over 73 years we've been the manufacturing unit of the Bell System. So we *don't* make refrigerators, toasters, television sets or motors. We *do* make good telephone equipment . . . like telephones, cable, switchboards and literally thousands of kinds of things that make good telephone service possible.

Working side by side with Bell Laboratories people who *design* telephone equipment and Bell telephone people who *operate* it, we have helped to give Americans the most and the best telephone service in the world. Valuable always, such service is priceless in emergencies.

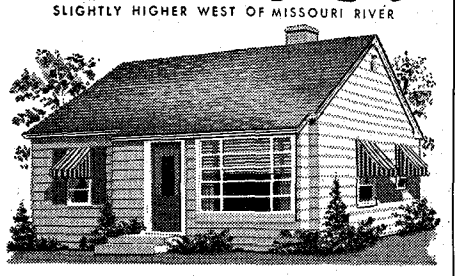
Western Electric

MANUFACTURING AND SUPPLY UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This ALADDIN Readi-Cut House delivered to you $1985

SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF MISSOURI RIVER



BUILD IT YOURSELF and SAVE!

All Aladdin Houses come to you with lumber cut to EXACT size and each piece plainly marked. You get easy-to-understand drawings and instructions so you can't go wrong. It's fun to build, and you SAVE up to 50% on the cost. Aladdin has been manufacturing readi-cut houses for 50 YEARS. Only the finest materials are used and all lumber is guaranteed THOROUGHLY DRY. 120 plans to choose from in 5 to 8 room modern styles.

WHAT YOU GET WHEN YOU BUY AN ALADDIN HOUSE

- ALL THE LUMBER accurately cut to fit, marked and numbered ready to erect practically without use of a saw.
- SIDING
- MILLWORK
- FLOORING
- WINDOWS
- DOORS
- TRIM
- MOULDINGS
- HARDWARE
- PAINT
- GLASS
- NAILS
- ROOFING
- COMPLETE DRAWINGS & INSTRUCTIONS

120 PLANS TO CHOOSE FROM

YOU SAVE UP TO 30% ON LABOR—18% ON WASTE!

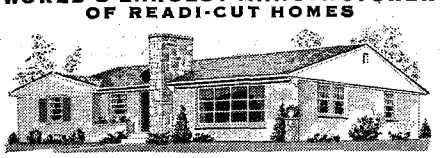
Your ALADDIN comes to you ready to nail together—you don't waste time measuring and cutting each piece of lumber. All that has been done by precision machines at our mill. That's why it fits together perfectly—why it takes less time and labor to build. Even if you hire a carpenter to help, his time is not spent in measuring and cutting. And the Aladdin Readi-Cut System eliminates waste. There are no short ends left over that cost you money. No wonder thousands of people WITHOUT any carpentry experience whatsoever have built their own Aladdin Homes and saved thousands of dollars.

ALADDIN HOUSES ARE NOT PREFABRICATED

50 YEARS HOMEBUILDERS TO THE NATION

BUY DIRECT from the Manufacturer SAVE Agents' & Dealers' Profits

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF READI-CUT HOMES



MAIL THIS COUPON TO

THE ALADDIN CO., BAY CITY, MICH.

I enclose 25¢. Please Send 72 Page, 4 Color Catalog EM-6

Name.....

Street.....

Town.....State.....

Keeping Posted

The Watery Research of Austin Briggs

After the flood, Austin Briggs and his lady found it charming to get home.

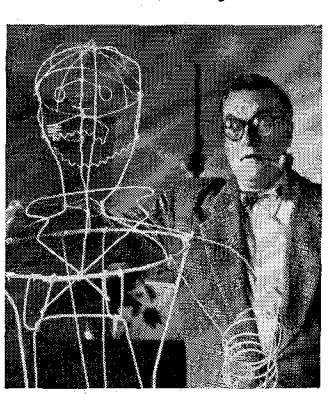
It's remarkable how far our illustrators will go to achieve sympathetic understanding of situations they paint. Take Austin Briggs, who has done some raging flood scenes for the Hawkins serial, The Floods of Fear, page 41. Last autumn Briggs and his wife, Ellen, vacationed in Europe and the husband thoughtlessly chose a return plane flight which arrived in New York at a moment when it was raining something awful. The rain was being caused by that hurricane which caused the horrible floods in Connecticut, which is where Briggs lives.

The illustrator, treading water around Idlewild airport, finally influenced a taxi driver (for spot cash) to ferry himself and spouse home to Redding, Connecticut, a sixty-mile cruise. It was some ride for a while; then it became no ride at all when the taxi driver, who looked seasick or perhaps was merely scared white, refused to proceed another mile, or knot. So the voyagers waded to a Red Cross shelter. There Briggs complained that the food wasn't as good as French cooking, and this made the relief people mad, they not realizing he was making a funny joke. Next day the tourists boarded another craft, a seaworthy truck, which eventually dropped anchor off shore from their house; and that was some ride too.

Well, Associate Art Editor Frank Kilker thought it was admirable of Briggs to do all this research, for he had given Briggs the flood manuscript just before the European trip with the understanding that the illustrator would start painting people in water right after he got back. Which Briggs, after dehydrating himself, did with emotional authenticity.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"I Lead a Goofy Life"



Meet Dave Garroway, of the early-morning TV show "Today." He will tell you what mad things happen as he diverts seven million fans from a New York show window.

She Sold Us a Lettuce Leaf

"The Spanish have a saying . . ." begins Nancy Pope Mayorga's story on page 32, and this opening is because her husband, Aristides, is Spanish and he is full of Spanish words and sayings which

Says Mr. Mayorga, "Do nothing today that you can put off till mañana."

the lady finds delightfully expressive. For instance, the author reports that she was recently laid low by Virus X, but she says the Spanish have a so much better word for it, *trancazo*, which literally, and neatly, translates into "a blow on the head with a two-by-four." Following the *trancazo*, the convalescent found herself in a condition which her husband defines as *dengue*—this word she says is rather hard to translate without gestures, but it comes out approximately "aimless moving of the limbs with vacant eyes." Mr. Mayorga maintains that there is even an old Spanish saying for selling a story to the Post. When his wife first did this in 1954 after some twenty years of trying, he patted her affectionately on the shoulder and said, "Well, dear, *entre col y col, lechuga.*" In other words: "Between cabbage and cabbage, a lettuce leaf." The author's production of cabbages is rapidly diminishing; she has now sold us four lettuce leaves.

The Mayorgas, residents of Los Angeles, have a son, Lincoln, of whom his mother states, "Being half Spanish and half American, he is therefore a genuine Californian." She says Lincoln was born playing a piano and, consequently, has his sights trained on Carnegie Hall. If he doesn't make the concert-pianist grade, he has something to fall back on, for he recently entered the University of Southern California's School of Music on a scholarship won with an oboe.

He's Still With Us

Actor James Cagney, having finished his autobiography a couple of Posts ago, will now do a switch on this pleasant relationship by helping convert a Post story into a movie. Cagney and Robert Wagner will star in an upcoming 20th Century-Fox film called, unless the name is changed, The Wedding Clock. What the Post called William Fay's story last November 19 was Seven Steps to Murder.

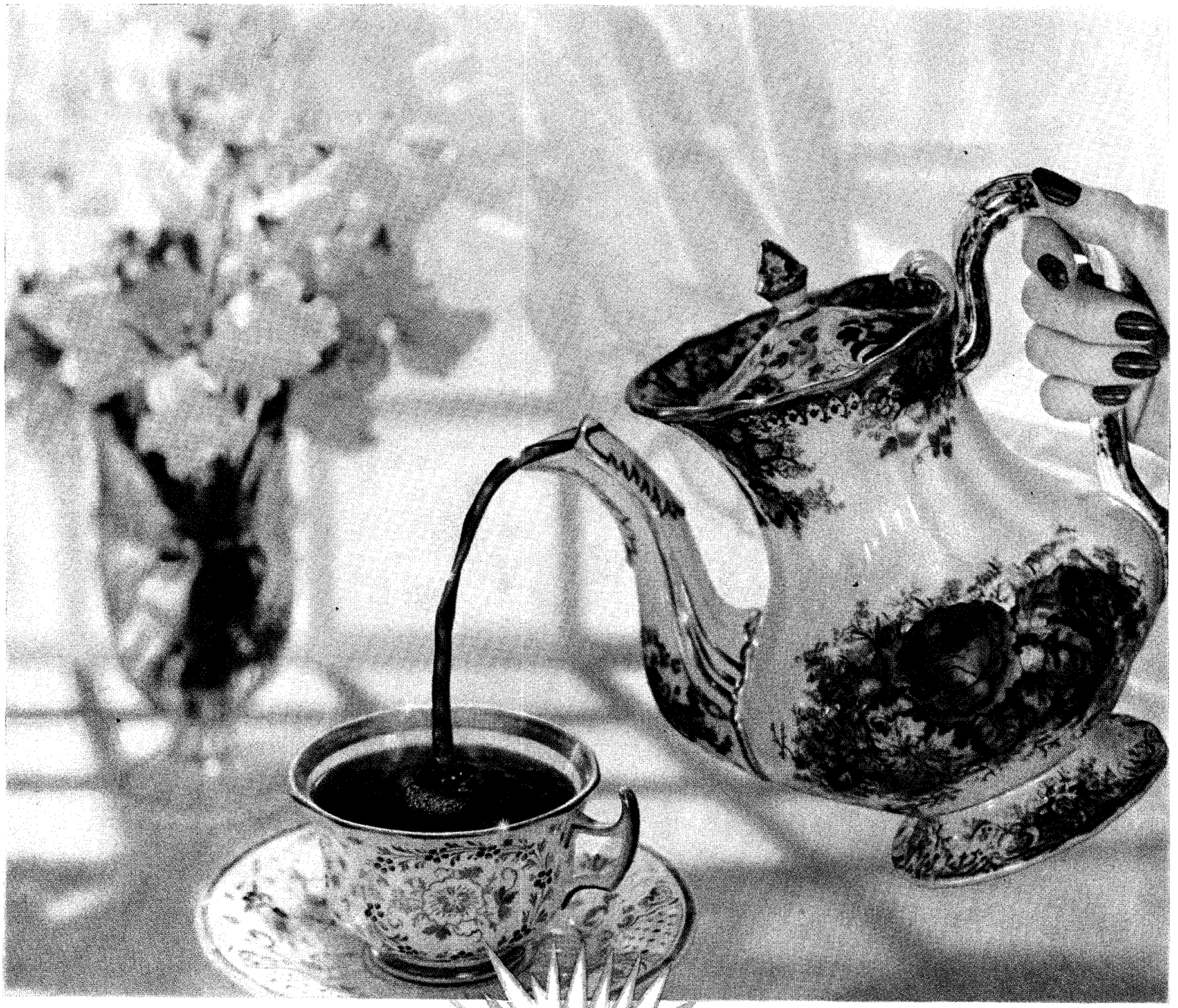
The First Wolf Call Was the Sweetest One

Author Lois Crisler got a letter from Keeping Posted just as she was going out into the woods near her Colorado home to see what had become of her pet wolf. This wolf, named Miss Alatna, was acquired after Lois and her husband Herb had had the fascinating experiences with Alaskan wolves set forth on page 34. It seems that Lois had hurt Alatna's feelings by not taking her on a daily walk with the dogs; so she hunted up Alatna, fed her some steak and ice cream under a pine tree, and that made things O.K. with the wolf.

Returning home, the lady found that her husband was answering the Keeping Posted letter for her, as follows: "Lois Crisler, while an instructor at the University of Washington in 1940, was on a mountain-climbing expedition when she heard her first wolf call. The source of the sound proved to be Herb Crisler, a wilderness photographer, who was making a movie of the Olympic Mountains for the Olympic National Park. Lois later married the guy, and for her the marriage contract turned out to be a matter of love, honor and backpack—they have been backpacking for fourteen years while photographing wilderness animals, the past two years in arctic Alaska." As wolves, like the unidentified ones in the photo, seem to abound in the lives of the Crislers, let's go ahead and believe Lois when she insists that her husband has taught several of them how to howl.

Printed in U.S.A.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



CHANGE TO THE COFFEE THAT'S *Alive* WITH **FLAVOR!**

What a world of difference *true freshness* makes . . . as you'll delightedly discover once you taste fresh-as-tomorrow A&P Coffee! From your first tantalizing whiff of this exciting coffee's fragrance, to the last richly-satisfying sip of sprightly flavor, you'll agree . . . *you never had it so good!* Try it!

Mild & Mellow *Rich & Full-Bodied* *Vigorous & Winey*

CUSTOM GROUND TO GIVE YOU ALL THE FLAVOR!

Coffee loses flavor faster once it's ground, so A&P *premium-quality* Coffee is never ground until you buy. *Then* it's Custom Ground to give you cup after cup of bean-fresh coffee . . . "*alive with flavor*"!

A&P Custom Ground Coffee

SOLD EXCLUSIVELY AT A&P FOOD STORES AND
A&P SUPER MARKETS

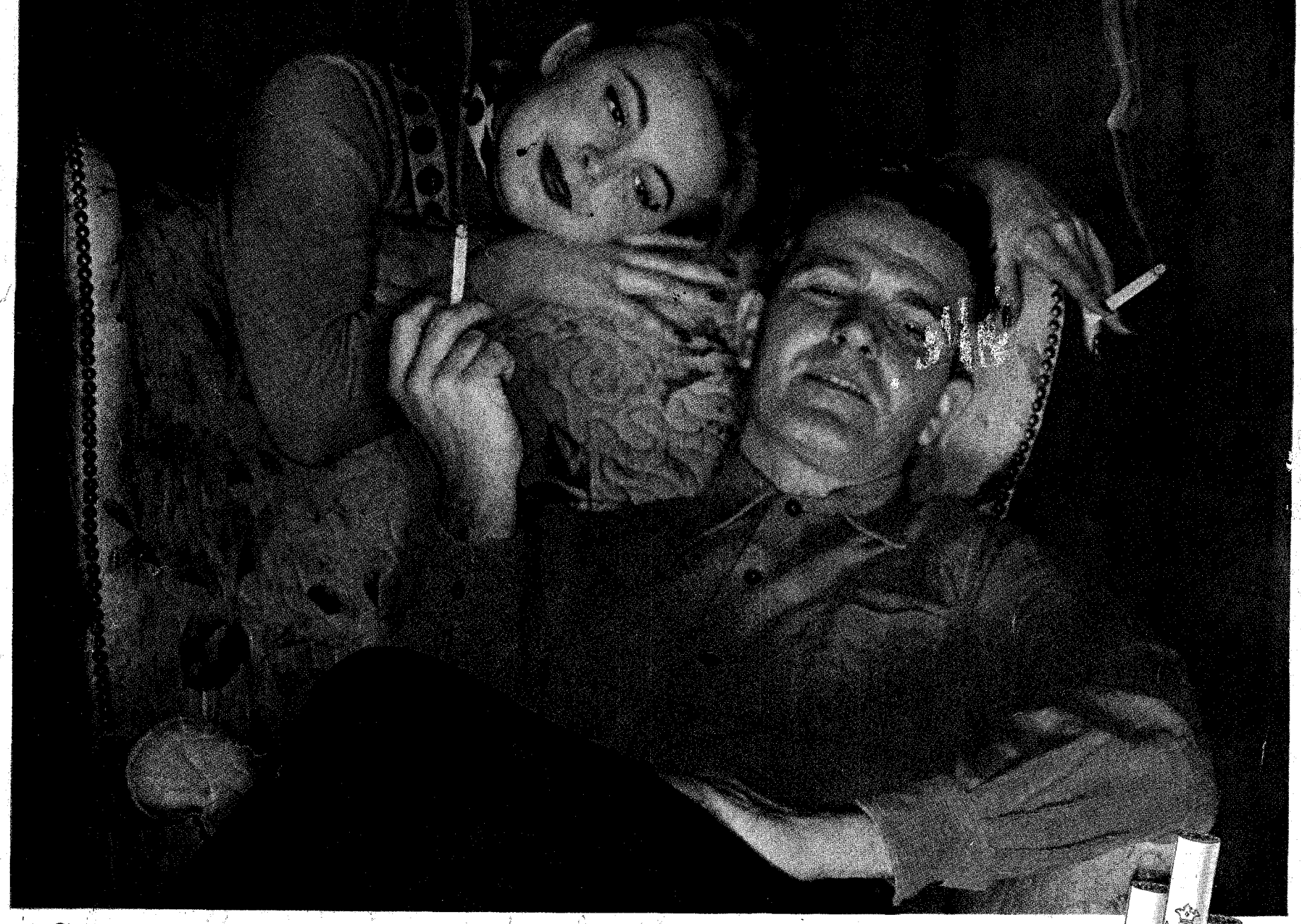
A&P

MORE FLAVOR IS WHY THOUSANDS ARE CHANGING TO A&P COFFEE

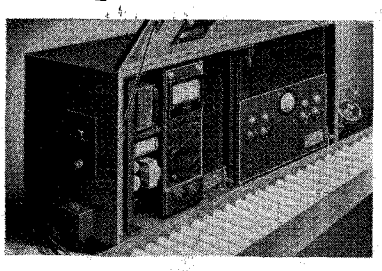
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PACKS MORE PLEASURE

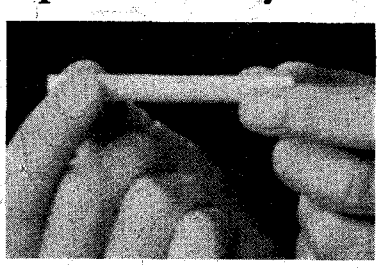
because it's More Perfectly Packed!



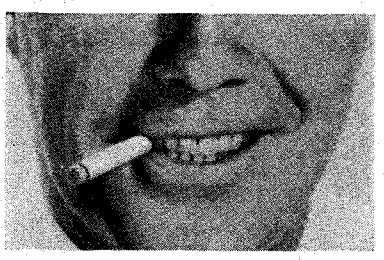
Satisfy Yourself with a Milder, Better-Tasting smoke — packed for more pleasure by exclusive *Accu-Ray*...



The more perfectly packed your cigarette, the more *pleasure* it gives . . . and Accu-Ray packs Chesterfield far more perfectly.



To the touch . . . to the taste, an Accu-Ray Chesterfield satisfies the most . . . burns more evenly, smokes much smoother.



Firm and pleasing to the lips . . . mild yet deeply satisfying to the taste — Chesterfield alone is pleasure-packed by Accu-Ray.

CHESTERFIELD

MILD, YET THEY Satisfy!

© Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE COLLEGE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED